

The World's Story

Rome, Italy

VOLUME SIXTEEN

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 16
Rome, Italy

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 16
Rome, Italy

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ROME

I

HISTORY AND LEGEND



THE LAST TOKEN

BY GABRIEL MAX

(*German painter*, 1840)

IN 64 A.D., more than half of Rome was burned. It was rumored that the Emperor Nero had caused the flames to be kindled, and that he had watched them with great pleasure, singing, as they swept away the homes of his subjects, a poem of his own composition on the siege of Troy. To distract attention from this rumor, Nero accused the Christians of causing the conflagration. The wrath of the Romans, eager for a victim, turned upon them. A cruel persecution followed, during which awful tortures were inflicted upon the believers in Christ. Some yielded for the time, but hundreds stood firm and met agonizing death at the hands of the executioner or by the wild beasts in the arena, with a calmness and fearlessness that aroused the admiration as well as the despair and wrath of their persecutors.

The illustration reproduces one of the most touching incidents of these martyrdoms.

A young girl stands in the arena between leopards and hyenas, who will in a moment leave their play to spring upon her. She is robed in white, but about her head and shoulders is wrapped a black mantle, which contrasts with the pallor of her face. Her expression is sweet but sad; she meets the inevitable calmly, and makes no appeal for mercy. On the ground lies a single rose, which some friend from the seats above has dropped at her feet. She rests one hand upon the wall and looks upward, hoping to win a glance of love and sympathy to help her in the terrors of the next moment.

HISTORICAL NOTE

AFTER the Greeks had succeeded in overthrowing Troy, Æneas departed under the guidance of the gods, especially of his goddess-mother Venus, to found a new home for himself and his followers. After long and wearisome wanderings he at last reached Italy, and anchored in the mouth of the river Tiber. Here ruled King Latinus, whose only daughter Lavinia was sought in marriage by many suitors. A dream had warned Latinus that she must become the bride of one who should come from a foreign country. He was ready to accept Æneas as that stranger, but was aroused by Lavinia's most importunate suitor and others to declare war. Æneas was victorious, and the legend goes on to declare that he founded a city which, in honor of his wife, he named Lavinium. His son Iulus founded Alba Longa, and here was born Romulus, the founder of Rome.

Such is the story as told by Virgil, the great Roman poet who lived in the times of the Emperor Augustus.

According to tradition, Rome was founded in 753 B.C. It soon became the most powerful of all the little towns of Latium. Here ruled seven kings, as the story goes, a founder, a lawgiver, two conquerors, a builder, a reformer, and, last of all, a tyrant, whose arbitrary rule led to the establishment of a commonwealth. It is not at all probable that there were exactly seven kings, for the length of time allotted to their reigns is far too long to be reasonable; but it may be counted as fact that there was first a time of warfare, then a period when the arts of peace were encouraged; that later the city was enriched with handsome buildings; that tyrannical rule led to the driving out of the kings and the establishment of a commonwealth; and that strife between the patricians and the plebeians resulted in the winning of equal rights by the latter.

All dates given in this section are according to Roman legend.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF ANCHISES

BY VIRGIL

(From translation of Christopher Pearse Cranch)

[ONE year after the death of his father Anchises, Æneas called his companions together and invited them to celebrate games in honor of his father's spirit. The invitation was gladly accepted, and offerings were made at the tomb.

The Editor.]

AT length the expected time had come. The steeds
Of morning brought the ninth day clear and bright.
Acestes' fame and great renown had called
The neighboring people. Joyous groups filled all
The shores, coming to view the Trojan men,
And some expecting to contend. And first
The gifts were placed within the middle ring:
The sacred tripods and the crown of green,
And palms, the victors' prize, and arms, and robes
Of purple, gold and silver talents too.
And from a mound a trumpet rings, to tell
The games commenced.
And first, four well-matched ships
Chosen from all the fleet, with sturdy oars,
Enter the lists. The rapid Sea-wolf first
Comes, urged by Mnestheus, with his rowers strong;
Mnestheus, Italian soon in his renown;
From whom the line of Memmius is derived.
The huge Chimæra with its stately bulk

Next comes, a floating city, Gyas' charge,
By Dardan youth impelled, with triple banks
Of oars ascending. Then Sergestus, he
From whom the Sergian family is named,
Borne in the mighty Centaur. Last, the chief
Cloanthus, in the dark blue Scylla comes;
From him, O Rome's Cluentius, thy descent.

Far in the sea there is a rock that fronts
The foaming coast, at times by swelling waves
Submerged and buffeted, when winter winds
Obscure the stars. When skies are calm, it lifts
A level plain above the tranquil waves,
A pleasant haunt where sea-birds love to bask.
And here Æneas plants an ilex tree,
A goal and signal green, to tell the crews
When to turn back upon their winding course.
Their places then are given to each by lot,
And the commanders, standing in the sterns,
Shine in proud robes of crimson and of gold.
The rest with leafy poplar wreathe their brows,
Their naked shoulders smeared with shining oil.
Upon their rowing-benches, side by side,
They sit, their arms extended to their oars;
Intent they wait the signal, and with hearts
Beating with mingled fear and love of praise.
  Then, when the trumpet sounds, they bound away
Swift from their barriers, all; the sailors' shouts
Resound; the frothy waves are turned beneath
Their sinewy arms; and keeping time, they cleave
The furrows of the yawning ocean deeps
Surging before their oars and trident-beaks.

Less swiftly start the chariots and their steeds
In the contesting race, across the field;
Less eagerly the charioteers shake loose
The waving reins upon the coursers' necks,
And, bending forward, hang upon the lash.
Then, with the shouts and plaudits of the crowd,
And urging cries of friends, the woods resound.
The shores, shut in, roll on the loud acclaim,
Re-echoed from the hills. First, before all,
Amid the crowd and noise, flies Gyas past
Upon the waves. Cloanthus follows next,
With better oars, but lags from heavier weight.
Behind, at equal distance, in close strife
The Sea-wolf and the Centaur come: and now
The Sea-wolf gains, and now the Centaur huge
Passes her; now together both join fronts,
Ploughing long briny furrows with their keels.

And now they neared the rock, and almost touched
The goal, when Gyas, foremost on the waves,
Calls to Menœtes, helmsman of his ship: —
"Why to the right so far? Here lies thy course!
Keep close to shore, and let the oar-blades graze
The rocks upon the left. Let others keep
The open main." But, fearing the blind rocks,
Toward the sea Menœtes turns his prow.
"Why steer so wide? Make for the rocks again,
Menœtes!" Gyas shouted; and behold,
He looks, and sees Cloanthus close behind
And gaining on him. He, between the ship
Of Gyas and the rocks, glides grazing by
Upon the left, and suddenly outstrips

Him who was first, and passes by the goal;
And, turning, holds his safe course o'er the deep.
Then grief and rage burned in the warrior's breast,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears. Forgetting then
His pride, reckless of safety for his crew,
He hurled the slow Menœtes from the stern
Into the sea, and takes the helm himself,
Pilot and master both, and cheers his men,
While to the shore he turns. But heavily built
And old, with difficulty struggling up,
Menœtes, dripping wet, climbs up the rock,
And on its dry top sits. The Trojans laughed
To see him fall, and laughed to see him swim,
And laugh again to see him spewing forth
The salt sea-brine. Now flames a joyful hope
In Mnestheus and Sergestus, the two last,
To pass the lagging Gyas. First to gain
The space between, Sergestus nears the rock,
Not with his ship's whole length, for close behind
The Sea-wolf presses on him with her beak.
But pacing through his galley, Mnestheus cheers
His comrades: "Now, now bend upon your oars,
Ye friends of Hector, whom in Troy's last hours
I chose for my companions! Now put forth
Your strength, your courage, on Gætulian shoals
Once tried, and on the Ionian sea, and through
The close-pursuing waves of Malea.
'T is not that Mnestheus hopes to gain the prize, —
Though let those conquer, Neptune, whom thou will'st.
But shame if we are least! Be this your thought,
And win at least by shunning a disgrace!"
They ply their oars with utmost rivalry;

The brazen galley trembles as they pull
With long-drawn strokes. Beneath them flies the sea;
With panting breasts, parched mouths, and sweating limbs
They row. And now mere chance gives to the crew
The honor and success so hotly sought.
For while Sergestus, wild with furious haste,
Urges his vessel on the inner track
Toward the shore, a space too narrow far,
On the projecting crags he hapless struck.
Loud crash the struggling oars, and on a rock
The prow hangs fixed. Up rise the mariners,
And, shouting, strive to force the vessel back,
And ply their stakes with iron shod, and poles
With sharpened points, and from the flood collect
Their broken oars. But Mnestheus, full of joy,
And animated more by his success,
With rapid march of oars, and winds to aid,
Runs on the smooth wave and the open sea.
As when a dove, whose home and darling nest
Are in some secret rock, from out her cave
Suddenly startled, toward the field she flies
Affrighted, with loud flapping of her wings;
Then, gliding through the quiet air, she skims
Along her liquid path, nor moves her wings;
So Mnestheus, — so his ship the outer seas
Cuts in her flight, by her own impulse borne.
And first he leaves behind upon the rock
Sergestus, struggling in the shallow flats,
Calling for help in vain, and striving hard
To row with shattered oars. Then Gyas next,
In the Chimæra huge, he overtakes

And passes, he his helmsman having lost.
Cloanthus now alone has nearly won,
Whom he pursues, straining with all his strength.
The clamor then redoubles; with their shouts
All cheer him on. And thus they might have shared,
Perchance, with equal prows, the expected prize;
When to the sea Cloanthus stretched his hands
In prayer, and called upon the deities: —
"Ye gods, whose empire is the watery main,
Whose waves I stem, to you I joyfully
Will place upon your altars, on the shore,
A snow-white bull, bound to fulfill my vow,
And throw the entrails in the sea, and pour
An offering of wine." He said; and all
The band of Nereids and of Phorcus heard,
And virgin Panopea, from the depths
Of ocean; and himself Portunus pushed
With his great hands the ship, which swifter flew
Than wind, or flying dart, and reached the land,
And hid itself within the ample port.

Them, all being summoned, as the custom was,
Æneas by a herald's voice proclaims
Cloanthus victor, and with laurel green
He wreathes his brows. And to the ships he gives
Three steers for each, by choice, and also wines,
And a great silver talent. On the chiefs
Distinguished honors he confers; a cloak
He gives the victor, wrought with work of gold
And Melibœan purple running round
In double windings. Woven through the cloth
The tale of Ganymede, as when he chased,

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF ANCHISES

Eager, with panting breath, the flying stag
With javelins, on the leafy Ida's top;
Or by the thunder-bearing eagle snatched,
While the old guardians stretch their hands in vain
To heaven, 'mid furious barking of the dogs.
Then next, to him who held the second place
In honor, a coat of mail with polished rings
In golden tissue triple-wrought, he gives, —
Which from Demoleos he himself had won
In battle by the Simois, under Troy.
For ornament and for defence alike
He gives it. The two servants Sagaris
And Phegeus scarcely can sustain its weight
Upon their shoulders; and yet, clothed in this,
Demoleos once the scattered Trojans chased.
The third gifts were two caldrons made of brass,
And silver bowls embossed with chasings rich.
The honors now conferred, the rivals all,
Proud of their sumptuous gifts, were moving on,
With scarlet ribbons bound about their brows,
When, with his ship saved from the cruel rock
With difficulty and great skill, his oars
Lost, and disabled by one tier entire,
Sergestus slowly brought his vessel in,
Jeered and unhonored. As when on a road
A serpent by a wheel is crushed, or blow
Dealt by some traveler with a heavy stone,
And left half dead and wounded, all in vain
Seeking escape, it writhes, its foremost part
With flaming eyes defiant, and its head
Raised, hissing; but the other portion, maimed
By its wounds, retards it, twisting into knots,

And doubling on itself, — so moved the ship
With slow and crippled oars, yet set its sails,
And so steered into port. But none the less
Æneas to Sergestus gives a gift
As promised, glad to know his ship is saved,
And crew brought back. To him a female slave
Of Cretan race, called Pholoe, he gives,
Expert to weave, with twins upon her breast.

[Then follows a foot-race, after that a fight between two sturdy champions, and next an archery contest. Last of all comes the review of Ascanius's company of boys.]

But ere the contest closed, Æneas calls
To him Epytides, — the guardian he
Of young Iulus, and companion true, —
And thus his trusty ear addressed: "Go now,
And tell Ascanius, if his band of boys
Be ready, and the movements of their steeds
Arranged in order, to bring up his troop
Of cavalry, to show themselves in arms,
In honor of his grandsire, and his day."
He then commands the crowd to leave the course,
And clear the open field. The boys advance;
With glittering arms and well-reined steeds they shine
In equal ranks before their parents' eyes;
And as they move, the admiring hosts of Troy
And of Trinacria shout in loud applause.
All have their hair confined by crowns of leaves;
Each bears two cornel spears with heads of steel.
Some on their shoulders carry quivers light;
And round their necks, and falling on their breasts,
Circles of soft and twisted gold are worn.

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOR OF ANCHISES

Three bands of riders, with three leaders, go
Coursing upon the plain, twelve boys in each;
And each division has a guide: one band
Led by a little Priam, named for him,
His famous grandsire, and Polites' son,
Destined one day to increase the Italian race.
On a white-dappled Thracian steed he rode,
His forefeet white, and white his forehead held
Aloft in pride. Atys came next, from whom
The house of Latin Atii is derived;
The little Atys, by Iulus loved.
And last, more beautiful than all the rest,
Iulus, borne on a Sidonian horse,
Fair Dido's gift, memorial of her love.
The rest rode on the king's Trinacrian steeds.

The Trojans greet them thrilling with the applause,
And gaze with pleasure, noting on each face
Their parents' features. When the joyous train
Had passed upon their steeds before the throng,
And their proud fathers' eyes, Epytides
Gave from afar a signal by a shout,
And cracked his whip. They equally divide
By threes, in separate bands. Then at command
They wheel, and charge each other with fixed spears,
With many a forward movement and retreat
Opposing, circles within circles mixed,
Through all the mimic battle's changes borne.
And now they turn and fly, now aim their darts
Each at the other; and now, peace restored,
They ride abreast; as once the labyrinth
In lofty Crete is said to have had a path

With blind walls through a thousand ways inwoven
Of doubt and artifice, which whosoe'er
By guarding marks endeavored to explore,
Error unconscious, irretraceable
Deceived his steps. Even so the Trojan youths
Their courses interweave, of sportive flight
And battles; as when dolphins swimming cleave
The Libyan and Carpathian seas, and sport
Amid the waves. These movements and these jousts
Ascanius afterwards revived, when he
The walls of Alba Longa built, and taught
The ancient Latin race to celebrate
The sports which he and Trojan youths with him
Had learned; the Albans taught them to their sons;
And mighty Rome adopted and preserved
Her fathers' honored custom, now called "Troy";
The youths performing it, "the Trojan band."

Thus far, in memory of a sacred sire,
His day was kept, with contests and with games.

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY

BY VIRGIL

(From translation of Christopher Pearse Cranch)

[After long years of wandering about on the sea, Æneas comes at last to the coast of Latium, sails joyfully up the Tiber, and moors his vessels to the grassy bank. Now Latinus, the King of Latium, has a fair daughter Lavinia, who is sought in marriage by many a suitor. The favored one among them is Turnus; but the gods have declared with terrible omens that not Turnus, but a stranger from over the seas, is to be her husband.

The jesting remark of Iulus that they are eating up their tables recalls to his father Æneas a prophecy that has greatly alarmed him, but, as he now sees, without need: —

> "Your Italy ye shall find, with winds invoked,
> And sail into her ports. But ere ye gird
> Your city with its walls, by famine dire,
> For this your outrage, ye shall be compelled
> To gnaw the very boards on which you eat."
>
> *The Editor.*]

Æneas, fair Iulus, and the chiefs
Under the branches of a tall tree stretched
Their limbs, arranged the banquet, and beneath
Their viands, on the grass, placed wheaten cakes
(Jove so disposed their thought), and on this base
Of Ceres' gifts, wild fruits were heaped. It chanced,
All else being eaten, here their scant supply
Forced them upon their slender biscuit store
To turn their appetites, and violate
With daring hand and hungry tooth the disks
Of fated bread, nor spare their ample squares.

"What! are we eating up our tables too?"
Iulus cried, nor further led the jest.
That word dispelled their cares. His father caught
The meaning from the speaker's lips, amazed
At its divine significance, and mused
Awhile thereon; then suddenly exclaimed: —
"Hail, land for me predestined by the fates!
And you, ye true Penates of our Troy,
Hail! Here our home, and here our country lies.
For now I do recall to mind, my sire
Anchises told this secret of the fates:
'When, O my son, driven upon unknown shores,
Your food exhausted, you are forced to eat
Your tables in your hunger, weary and worn,
Remember then to hope a steadfast home,
And found your walls, and build a rampart round.'
This was that hunger; this remained, the last,
Ending our sufferings. Come then, and blithe
Of heart, soon as to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Let us find out by different ways what men
Inhabit here, and where their cities stand.
Now pour your cups to Jove, and call upon
Anchises, and replace the festal wine."

Thus having spoken, with a leafy branch
He wreathes his brows, the Genius of the place
Invokes, and Tellus, first of gods, — the Nymphs
And Rivers yet unknown; then Night, and all
Night's orient stars, Idæan Jove, and next
The Phrygian Mother, and his parents twain
In heaven, and in the shades of Erebus.
Here the Omnipotent Father in the heights

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY

Thrice thundered, and displayed a cloud that burned
With light and gold, and waved it in his hand
Before them. Suddenly the rumor spread
Among the Trojan bands, that now the day
Had come when they should found their destined walls.
With emulation they renew the feast,
Rejoicing in the mighty omens given,
And set the bowls, and crown the wine with flowers.

Soon as the early morning lit the earth,
The city and the confines, and the coast
By different ways they explore, discovering here
The waters of Numicius' spring, and here
The river Tiber, and the towns where dwelt
The hardy Latins. Then Æneas sends
A hundred envoys, chosen from all ranks,
To the king's city, — bearing in their hands
Branches of Pallas' olive-tree, enwreathed
With fillets, — charged with gifts, and overtures
Of peace. Without delay they haste to do
Their errand, with fleet steps; while he himself
Marks out a rude trench where a wall shall be,
And builds upon the spot, and girds about
His first seat on these shores, with palisade
And rampart, in the fashion of a camp.

And now, their journey o'er, the warriors see
The Latins' lofty houses and their towers,
And pass beneath the wall. Before the gates
Were boys and youths in the first flower of life,
Riding their steeds, or taming them to draw
The chariot on the dusty course; and some

Were bending the stout bow, or hurling spears,
Or challenging each other to the race
Or cestus: when a mounted messenger
Appears, who to the aged king brings word
That men of mighty stature and strange garb
Approach. The king commands them to be called
Into his palace, and there takes his seat
On his ancestral throne.

An edifice
Of stately form and spacious size there stood,
Upon the city's summit, lifting up
A hundred columns, once the royal seat
Of Picus, shadowed round with solemn trees,
And the religion of ancestral times.
Here, to receive the sceptre and to raise
The first signs of their royal sway, was deemed
By kings an omen that betokened good.
This was their senate house; here sacred feasts
Were held, when, having sacrificed a ram,
The fathers at the extended tables sat.
Here statues of their ancestors were ranged,
Of ancient cedar carved; here Italus,
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
With crooked pruning-knife, and Saturn old,
And Janus, double-faced, — all stood within
The vestibule; and other kings of old,
Who, fighting for their country, suffered wounds.
And here, upon the sacred pillars hung
Armor and captive chariots, and the keen
Curved battle-axe, and flowing helmet-crests,
And mighty bars of city gates, and spears

And shields, and beaks of ships, torn off.
Here too, his augur's wand held in his hand,
And girt with scanty garment of the seer,
A shield upon his arm, Picus himself,
Tamer of horses, sat; whom Circe once,
Enamored, changed, with touch of golden wand
And charms of magic herbs, into a bird.

Within
This sacred place Latinus takes his seat
On his forefathers' throne, and summons in
The Trojans; and they having entered, thus
With tranquil mien he speaks: "Say, Dardan chiefs,
For you to us are not unknown, — your race,
Your city, and your voyage o'er the deep, —
What seek ye here? What cause, what urgent need
Across such breadths of azure seas has borne
Your ships, and brought you to the Ausonian shores?
If by some error in your course, or driven
By tempests, such as sailors oft endure
Upon the ocean, ye have entered here
Our river-banks, to settle in our ports,
Then do not shun our hospitality,
But know the Latins to be Saturn's race,
Not by constraint of bonds or laws kept just,
But in the fashion of the ancient god
Holding their faith and honor by free will.
And I indeed a legend do recall
To mind, obscured somewhat by lapse of years,
Told by Auruncans old, that from these lands
Came Dardanus, and the Idæan cities reached
Of Phrygia, and the Thracian Samos, now

Called Samothrace. He, leaving Corythus,
Now in the starry courts of heaven is throned,
And adds another altar to the gods."

He said; and Ilioneus thus replied: —
"O king, of Faunus the illustrious son,
We come not to your shores by tempests driven,
Nor from our course direct has any star
Nor any coast misled us. We have all,
With purpose fixed, and of our own free will,
Come to your city, driven out from realms
The mightiest once the sun in all his course
Beheld. From Jove our origin; in Jove
Their ancestor the Dardan youth rejoice.
Our king himself, Trojan Æneas, born
Of that high race, has sent us to your gates.
How great a storm, outpoured by ruthless Greeks
On the Idæan plains, — by what fates driven,
Europe and Asia clashed, e'en he has heard
(If such there be) who in the extremest lands
Of earth, by circling ocean sundered far
From all his kind, or in the midmost heats
Of scorching suns, is shut from other zones.
Swept by that deluge over seas so vast,
Some small abode for our country's gods we ask,
Some inoffensive shore, and what stands free
To all, the waves and air. We shall not bring
Dishonor to your realm; nor lightly esteemed
Shall be your fame, nor for such favor done
Our grateful feelings ever be effaced.
Nor shall the Ausonians ever grieve that Troy

Was taken to their lap. By Æneas' fates
I swear, and by his strong right hand, in faith
Of friendship, and in arms alike approved, —
Many a nation (nay, despise us not
That thus of our free will, with suppliant speech,
We come bearing these fillets in our hands)
Has sought to join us to itself; but fate
Divine commanded us to seek these lands
Of yours. Here Dardanus was born, and here
Apollo calls us back with urgent voice
To Tuscan Tiber and the sacred wave
Of the Numician fount. Gifts too we bring,
Small remnants of our former fortunes, snatched
From burning Troy. Out of this golden bowl
Father Anchises poured the sacred wine.
And these were Priam's, when he sat and gave
The assembled people laws; this sceptre his,
And this tiara; and these robes were wrought
By Trojan women."

While he spoke, the king
Sat motionless, his looks fixed on the ground,
And rolled his eyes in thought. Nor broidery
Of purple wrought, nor Priam's sceptre moved
The monarch, as the marriage of his child
Absorbs his mind, revolving in his breast
The oracle of Faunus: this is he,
Come from a foreign land, by fates foretold
To be his son-in-law, and called to rule
The realm with auspices that equaled his;
Whose future race, for valorous deeds renowned,
Should by its prowess dominate the world.

At length with joy he speaks: "May the great gods
Speed their own augury and our design!
Trojan, we grant what thou dost ask, nor spurn
Thy gifts. While I am king, you shall not want
A fertile soil, or wealth like that of Troy.
But let Æneas come himself, if such
Desire be his to ally himself with us;
Let him not shun our friendly countenance,
Part of our peaceful league 't will be to have touched
Your king's right hand. Now bear this message back
To him: I have a daughter, whom to unite
In marriage with a prince of our own race,
The fateful voices from my father's shrine
And many a warning sign from heaven forbid.
From foreign shores a son-in-law should come
(This fate, they say, for Latium is in store),
Who, mingling race with ours, shall lift our name
To starry heights. That this is he the fates
Require, I must believe; and if my mind
Foreshadow aught of truth, him I desire."

He said; and to each Trojan gives a steed
(Within his royal stall three hundred stood,
With glossy skins); to every one in turn
A swift wing-footed courser overspread
With housings of embroidered purple cloth;
And golden chains are hung upon their breasts;
And, decked with gold, on golden bits they champ.
A chariot to the absent prince he gives,
Also a pair of harnessed steeds of blood
Ethereal, from their nostrils breathing flame, —

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS IN ITALY

Born of that spurious race which Circe bred
By stealth, without the knowledge of her sire.
With gifts and words like these, the sons of Troy
Upon their steeds return with peaceful news.

HOW ROME WAS FOUNDED

[753 B.C.?]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[ÆNEAS married Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, and in her honor he gave the name of Lavinium to the city which he built. He was succeeded by Ascanius, who built Alba Longa. Three hundred years later, one Amulius managed to drive from the throne his brother Numitor, the rightful king. He killed Numitor's son and made his daughter, Rhea Sylvia, a priestess of Vesta. These priestesses were forbidden to marry, and therefore Amulius thought that there would be no heir to disturb him. One day, however, he learned that Rhea Sylvia was the mother of twin sons whose father was the god Mars. Amulius put her to death and ordered the babies to be thrown into the Tiber. The man to whom this order was given seems to have felt some compassion for the children and to have left them in a pool made by the overflow of the river. The water soon subsided and left the twins on dry land, but crying with hunger. A she-wolf heard them, bore them to her den, and nursed them as if they had been her own cubs. They were taken away from her by a shepherd named Faustulus, who brought them up as his own children. After they were grown up, they learned that they were grandsons of the king. They called together their shepherd friends, put the usurper to death, and placed their grandfather on the throne. Then they set to work to build a city for themselves.

The Editor.]

THERE were seven distinct hills on the ground which was subsequently included within the limits of Rome. Between and among these hills the river meandered by

sweeping and graceful curves, and at one point, near the center of what is now the city, the stream passed very near the foot of one of the elevations called the Palatine Hill. Here was the spot where the wooden ark in which Romulus and Remus had been set adrift had been thrown upon the shore. The sides of the hill were steep, and between it and the river there was in one part a deep morass. Romulus thought, on surveying the ground with Remus his brother, that this was the best spot for building the city. They could set apart a sufficient space of level ground around the foot of the hill for the houses — inclosing the whole with a wall — while the top of the hill itself might be fortified to form the citadel. The wall and the steep acclivity of the ground would form a protection on three sides of the inclosure, while the morass alone would be a sufficient defense on the part toward the river. Then Romulus was specially desirous to select this spot as the site, as it was here that he and his brother had been saved from destruction in so wonderful a manner.

Remus, however, did not concur in these views. A little farther down the stream there was another elevation called the Aventine Hill, which seemed to him more suitable for the site of a town. The sides were less precipitous, and thus were more convenient for building ground. Then the land in the immediate vicinity was better adapted to the purposes which they had in view. In a word, the Aventine Hill was, as Remus thought, for every substantial reason, much the best locality; and as for the fact of their having been washed ashore at the foot of the other hill, it was in his opinion an insignificant circumstance, wholly unworthy of being taken

seriously into the account in laying the foundation of a city.

The brothers, therefore, having each expressed his preference in respect to the best place for the city, were equally unwilling to recede from the ground which they had taken. Remus thought that there was no reason why he should yield to Romulus, and Romulus was equally unwilling to give way to Remus. Neither could yield, in fact, without in some sense admitting the superiority of the other. The respective partisans of the two leaders began to take sides, and the dissension threatened to become a serious quarrel. Finally, being not yet quite ready for an open rupture, they concluded to refer the question to Numitor, and to abide by his decision. They expected that he would come and view the ground, and so decide where it was best that the city should be built, and thus terminate the controversy.

But Numitor was too sagacious to hazard the responsibility of deciding between two such equally matched and powerful opponents. He endeavored to soothe and quiet the excited feelings of his grandsons, and finally recommended to them to appeal to *augury* to decide the question. Augury was a mode of ascertaining the divine will in respect to questions of expediency or duty, by means of certain prognostications and signs. These omens were of various kinds, but perhaps the most common were the appearances observed in watching the flight of birds through the air.

It was agreed between Remus and Romulus, in accordance with the advice of Numitor, that the question at issue between them should be decided in this way. They were to take their stations on the two hills respec-

tively — the Palatine and the Aventine, and watch for vultures.

It was, to certain appearances, indicated in the flight of these birds — such as the number that were seen at a time, the quarter of the heavens in which they appeared, the direction in which they flew, as from left to right or from right to left — that the people of Numitor's day were accustomed to look for omens and auguries. So Romulus and Remus took their stations on the hills which they had severally chosen, each surrounded by a company of his own adherents and friends, and began to watch the skies. It was agreed that the decision of the question between the two hills should be determined by the omens which should appear to the respective observers stationed upon them.

But it happened, unfortunately, that the rules for the interpretation of auguries and omens were far too indefinite and vague to answer the purpose for which they were now appealed to. The most unequivocal distinctness and directness in giving its responses is a very essential requisite in any tribunal that is called upon as an umpire, to settle disputes; while the ancient auguries and oracles were always susceptible of a great variety of interpretations. When Remus and Romulus commenced their watch no vultures were to be seen from either hill. They waited till evening, still none appeared. They continued to watch through the night. In the morning a messenger came over from the Palatine hill to Remus on the Aventine, informing him that vultures had appeared to Romulus. Remus did not believe it. At last, however, the birds really came into view; a flock of six were seen by Remus, and after-

ward one of twelve by Romulus. The observations were then suspended, and the parties came together to confer in respect to the result; but the dispute, instead of being settled, was found to be in a worse condition than ever. The point now to be determined was whether six vultures seen first, or twelve seen afterward, were the better omen, that is whether numbers, or simple priority of appearance, should decide the question. In contending in respect to this nice point the brothers became more angry with each other than ever. Their respective partisans took sides in the contest, which resulted finally in an open and violent collision. Romulus and Remus themselves seem to have commenced the affray by attacking one another. Faustulus, their foster-father, who, from having had the care of them from their earliest infancy, felt for them an almost parental affection, rushed between them to prevent them from shedding each other's blood. He was struck down and killed on the spot, by some unknown hand. A brother of Faustulus, too, named Plistinus, who had lived near to him, and had known the boys from their infancy, and had often assisted in taking care of them, was killed in the endeavor to aid his brother to appease the tumult.

At length the disturbance was quelled. The result of the conflict was, however, to show that Romulus and his party were the strongest. Romulus accordingly went on to build the walls of the city at the spot which he had first chosen. The lines were marked out, and the excavations were commenced with great ceremony.

In laying out the work, the first thing to be done was to draw the lines of what was called the *pomœrium*. The

pomœrium was a sort of symbolical wall, and was formed simply by turning a furrow with a plough all around the city, at a considerable distance from the real walls, for the purpose, not of establishing lines of defense, but of marking out what were to be the limits of the corporation, so to speak, for legal and ceremonial purposes. The *pomœrium* included a much greater space than the real walls, and the people were allowed to build houses anywhere within this outer inclosure, or even without it, though not very near to it. Those who built thus were, of course, not protected in case of an attack, and of course they would, in such case, be compelled to abandon their houses, and retreat for safety within the proper walls.

So Romulus proceeded to mark out the *pomœrium* of the city, employing in the work the ceremonies customary on such occasions. The plough used was made of copper, and for a team to draw it a bullock and a heifer were yoked together. Men appointed for the purpose followed the plough, and carefully turned over the clods *toward* the wall of the city. This seems to have been considered an essential part of the ceremony. At the places where roads were to pass in toward the gates of the city, the plough was lifted out of the ground and carried over the requisite space, so as to leave the turf at those points unbroken. This was a necessary precaution; for there was a certain consecrating influence that was exerted by this ceremonial ploughing which hallowed the ground wherever it passed in a manner that would very seriously interfere with its usefulness as a public road.

The form of the space inclosed by the *pomœrium*, as

Romulus ploughed it, was nearly square, and it included not merely the Palatine hill itself, but a considerable portion of level land around it.

Though Romulus thus seemed to have conquered, in the strife with Remus, the difficulty was not yet fully settled. Remus was very little disposed to acquiesce in his brother's assumed superiority over him. He was sullen, morose, and ill at ease, and was inclined to take little part in the proceedings which were going on. Finally an occasion occurred which produced a crisis, and brought the rivalry and enmity of the brothers suddenly and forever to an end. Remus was one day standing by a part of the wall which his brother's workmen were building, and expressing, in various ways, and with great freedom, his opinions of his brother's plans; and finally he began to speak contemptuously of the wall which the workmen were building. Romulus all the time was standing by. At length, in order to enforce what he said about the insufficiency of the work, Remus leaped over a portion of it, saying, "This is the way the enemy will leap over your wall." Hereupon Romulus seized a mattock from the hands of one of the laborers, and struck his brother down to the ground with it, saying, "And this is the way that we will kill them if they do." Remus was killed by the blow.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII

[About 650 B.C.?]

BY LIVY

[TULLUS HOSTILIUS, the king who succeeded Numa, thought that his people would become dull and slow if they were always at peace; therefore he seized upon the first excuse for a war. It was not long before the Romans and the men of Alba Longa were drawn up in opposing lines. King Tullus did not have a battle after all, however, for the Alban leader reminded him that if they became weakened by warfare, it would be an easy matter for their enemies to come down upon them and destroy both parties. The plan which he suggested for settling their dispute is told in the following story.

The Editor.]

IT happened that there were in each of the two armies three brothers born at one birth, unequal neither in age nor in strength. That they were called Horatii and Curiatii is certain enough; nor is there any circumstance of antiquity more celebrated; yet in a matter so well ascertained, a doubt remains concerning their names, to which nation the Horatii and to which the Curiatii belonged. Authors claim them for both sides; yet I find more who call the Horatii Romans. My inclination leads me to follow them. The kings confer with the three brothers, that they should fight with their swords, each in defense of their respective country; assuring them that dominion would be on that side on which

victory should be. No objection is made; time and place are agreed on. Before they engaged, a compact is entered into between the Romans and Albans on these conditions, that the state whose champions should come off victorious in that combat should rule the other state without further dispute.

Different treaties are made on different terms, but they are all concluded in the same general method. We have heard that it was then concluded as follows, nor is there a more ancient record of any treaty. A herald asked King Tullus thus: "Do you command me, O king, to conclude a treaty with the *pater patratus* of the Alban people?" After the king had given command, he said, "I demand vervain of thee, O king." To which the king replied, "Take some that is pure." The herald brought a pure blade of grass from the citadel; again he asked the king thus, "Dost thou, O king, appoint me the royal delegate of the Roman people, the Quirites, including my vessels and attendants?" The king answered, "That which may be done without detriment to me and to the Roman people, the Quirites, I do." The herald was Marcus Valerius, who appointed Spurius Fusius *pater patratus*, touching his head and hair with the vervain. The *pater patratus* is appointed "*ad jusjurandum patrandum*," that is, to ratify the treaty; and he goes through it in a great many words, which, being expressed in a long set form, it is not worth while repeating. After setting forth the conditions, he says: "Hear, O Jupiter; hear, O *pater patratus* of the Alban people; and ye, Alban people, hear. As those conditions, from first to last, have been recited openly from those tablets of wax without wicked fraud, and as they have been most cor-

rectly understood here this day, from those conditions the Roman people will not be the first to swerve. If they first swerve by public concert, by wicked fraud, on that day do thou, O Jupiter, so strike the Roman people as I shall here this day strike this swine; and do thou strike them so much the more as thou art more able and more powerful." When he said this, he struck the swine with a flint stone. The Albans likewise went through their own form and oath by their own dictator and priests.

The treaty being concluded, the three brothers on each side, as had been agreed, take arms. Whilst their respective friends exhortingly reminded each party that their country's gods, their country and parents, all their countrymen at home and in the army, had their eyes then fixed on their arms, on their hands; naturally brave, and animated by the exhortations of their friend, they advance into the midst between the two lines.

The two armies sat down before their respective camps, free rather from present danger than from anxiety: for the sovereign power was at stake, depending on the valor and fortune of so few. Accordingly, therefore, eager and anxious, they have their attention intensely riveted on a spectacle far from pleasing. The signal is given and the three youths on each side, as if in battle-array, rush to the charge with determined fury, bearing in their breasts the spirits of mighty armies: nor do the one or the other regard their personal danger; the public dominion or slavery is present to their mind, and the fortune of their country, which was ever after destined to be such as they should now establish it. As soon as their arms clashed on the first en-

counter, and their burnished swords glittered, great horror strikes the spectators; and, hope inclining to neither side, their voice and breath were suspended. Then having engaged hand to hand, when not only the movements of their bodies and the rapid brandishings of their arms and weapons, but wounds also and blood were seen, two of the Romans fell lifeless, one upon the other, the three Albans being wounded. And when the Alban army raised a shout of joy at their fall, hope entirely, anxiety, however, not yet, deserted the Roman legions, alarmed for the lot of the one whom the three Curiatii surrounded. He happened to be unhurt, so that, though alone he was by no means a match for them all together, yet he was confident against each singly. In order, therefore, to separate their attack, he takes to flight, presuming that they would pursue him with such swiftness as the wounded state of his body would suffer each. He had now fled a considerable distance from the place where they had fought, when, looking back, he perceives them pursuing him at great intervals from each other; and that one of them was not far from him. On him he turned round with great fury. And whilst the Alban army shouts out to the Curiatii to succor their brother, Horatius, victorious in having slain his antagonist, was now proceeding to a second attack. Then the Romans encourage their champion with a shout such as is usually given by persons cheering in consequence of unexpected success: he also hastens to put an end to the combat. Wherefore before the other, who was not far off, could come up, he dispatches the second Curiatius also.

And now, the combat being brought to an equality of numbers, one on each side remained, but they were

equal neither in hope nor in strength. The one, his body untouched by a weapon, a double victory made courageous for a third contest; the other dragging along his body exhausted from the wound, exhausted from running, and dispirited by the slaughter of his brethren before his eyes, presents himself to his victorious antagonist. Nor was that a fight. The Roman, exulting, says, "Two I have offered to the shades of my brothers; the third I will offer to the cause of this war, that the Roman may rule over the Alban." He thrusts his sword down into his throat, whilst faintly sustaining the weight of his armor; he strips him as he lies prostrate.

The Romans receive Horatius with triumph and congratulation; with so much the greater joy, as success had followed so close on fear. They then turn to the burial of their friends with dispositions by no means alike; for the one side was elated with the acquisition of empire, the other subjected to foreign jurisdiction. Their sepulchers are still extant in the place where each fell; the two Roman ones in one place nearer to Alba, the three Alban ones towards Rome; but distant in situation from each other, and just as they fought.

Before they parted from thence, when Mettus, in conformity to the treaty which had been concluded, asked what orders he had to give, Tullus ordered him to keep the youth in arms, that he designed to employ them if a war should break out with the Veientes. After this, both armies returned to their homes. Horatius marched foremost, carrying before him the spoils of the three brothers; his sister, a maiden who had been betrothed to one of the Curiatii, met him before the gate Capena, and having recognized her lover's military robe, which

she herself had wrought, on her brother's shoulders, she tore her hair, and with bitter wailings called by name on her deceased lover. The sister's lamentations, in the midst of his own victory and of such great public rejoicings, raised the indignation of the excited youth. Having, therefore, drawn his sword, he ran the damsel through the body, at the same time chiding her in these words: "Go hence with thy unseasonable love to thy spouse, forgetful of thy dead brothers and of him who survives, forgetful of thy native country. So perish every Roman woman who shall mourn an enemy."

This action seemed shocking to the fathers and to the people; but his recent services outweighed its guilt. Nevertheless, he was carried before the king for judgment. The king, that he might not be the author of a decision so melancholy, and so disagreeable to the people, or of the punishment consequent on that decision, having summoned an assembly of the people, said, "I appoint, according to law, duumvirs to pass sentence on Horatius for treason." The law was of dreadful import. "Let the duumvirs pass sentence for treason. If he shall appeal from the duumvirs, let him contend by appeal; if they shall gain the cause, cover his head; hang him by a rope from a gallows; scourge him either within the *pomœrium* or without the *pomœrium*." When the duumvirs appointed by this law, who did not consider that, according to the law, they could acquit even an innocent person, had found him guilty, one of them said, "Publius Horatius, I judge thee guilty of treason. Go, lictor, bind his hands." The lictor had approached him and was fixing the rope. Then Horatius, by the advice of Tullus, a favorable interpreter of the law,

says, "I appeal." Accordingly the matter was contested by appeal to the people.

On that trial persons were much affected, especially by Publius Horatius the father declaring that he considered his daughter deservedly slain; were it not so, that he would by his authority as a father have inflicted punishment on his son. He then entreated that they would not render childless him whom but a little while ago they had beheld with a fine progeny. During these words, the old man, having embraced the youth, pointing to the spoils of the Curiatii fixed up in that place which is now called Pila Horatia, "Romans," said he, "can you bear to see bound beneath a gallows amidst scourges and tortures, him whom you just now beheld marching decorated with spoils and exulting in victory; a sight so shocking as the eyes even of the Albans could scarcely endure? Go, lictor, bind those hands, which but a little while since, being armed, established sovereignty for the Roman people. Go, cover the head of the liberator of this city; hang him on the gallows; scourge him, either within the *pomœrium*, so it be only amid those javelins and spoils of the enemy; or without the *pomœrium*, only amid the graves of the Curiatii. For whither can you bring this youth, where his own glories must not redeem him from such ignominy of punishment?"

The people could not withstand the tears of the father, or the resolution of the son, so undaunted in every danger; and acquitted him more through admiration of his bravery than for the justice of his cause. But that so notorious a murder might be atoned for by some expiation, the father was commanded to make satisfaction

for the son at the public charge. He, having offered certain expiatory sacrifices, which were ever after continued in the Horatian family, and laid a beam across the street, made his son pass under it as under a yoke, with his head covered. This remains even to this day, being constantly repaired at the expense of the public; they call it Sororium Tigillum. A tomb of square stone was erected to Horatia in the place where she was stabbed and fell.



BRUTUS CONDEMNING HIS SONS TO DEATH

BY GUILLAUME GUILLON LETHIÈRE

(*France.* 1760–1832)

WHEN the tyranny of King Tarquinius had become unendurable, he was driven into exile. Soon there came from him a request that his property should be sent to him, and to this the Senate agreed. But those whom he had sent as his messengers had another errand, and they plotted with some of the young Romans to restore the house of Tarquinius. This plot was revealed to the consul Brutus, and what was his horror and grief to find his own two sons among the traitors. They were brought before him and Publius Valerius, the other consul, and although some of the Romans pleaded for them, Brutus sternly refused to pardon even in his own dearly loved sons the treason which he would have punished in others, and he bade that they with the other conspirators should first be scourged and then beheaded.

HORATIUS

[508 B.C.?]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[ACCORDING to legend, there were seven kings of Rome. The last one, Tarquin the Proud, was so cruel and wicked that his own nephew stood out boldly before the people and recounted his evil deeds. The result was that Tarquin was driven out in 510 B.C., and Rome became a republic. Tarquin had no idea of giving up his throne, and he induced various leaders to try to regain it for him. One of these was Lars Porsena of Clusium. The "Lay" is supposed to have been written "about the year of the city CCCLX," or in 393 B.C.

The Editor.]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,

ROME

When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
  From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
  Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
  Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,
  Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
  For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
  Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
  Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
  Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
  Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
  Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
  Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
  Drop in dark Auser's rill;

HORATIUS

Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
  Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
  Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
  The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman
  Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
  Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
  Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the waterfowl may dip
  In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,
  This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
  Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
  This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
  Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
  The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
  Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
  Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
  By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven:
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men:
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gate of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;

HORATIUS

A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;

ROME

Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
  Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
  The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
  Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light
The long array of helmets bright,
  The long array of spears.

And plainly, and more plainly
  Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
  Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
  Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
  The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
  Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
  Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
  On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
  By reedy Thrasymene.

ROME

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,

HORATIUS

For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe.
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
  Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
  Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
  A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
  Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
  And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
  From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
  Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
  To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
  Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
  Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
  Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
  O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.

With shield and blade Horatius
  Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
  To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
  He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
  Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
  So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
  Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
  Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
  A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
  The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
  Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
  Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
  Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
  Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
  To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath and shame and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius·
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

ROME

They gave him of the corn-land,
  That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
  Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
  And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
  To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
  Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
  Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
  In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
  Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
  To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
  For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
  In the brave days of old.

And in the night of winter,
  When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
  Is heard amidst the snow;

HORATIUS

When round the lonely cottage
  Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
  Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
  And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
  And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
  Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

HOW THE PLEBEIANS WON THEIR RIGHTS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THE preceding stories of gods and kings and heroes are told of the first two hundred and fifty years after the supposed date of the founding of Rome, that is, from 753 B.C. to 496 B.C. In one way they are false. For instance, there never was a god Mars to be the father of Romulus and Remus; and no nation ever suddenly gave up fighting and began to spend the time in cultivating the ground, as the legends say was done in the days of Numa. Indeed, there is no authentic history of Rome with definite dates until at earliest 309 B.C. Nevertheless, even in the most impossible of these stories there is always some bit of truth for a foundation. By searching for this, we learn that Rome was founded by the Latins to protect them from the Etruscans; that, after much hard fighting, two other villages united with the Romans, took the level space between the two hills for their forum, or public square, and built on the Capitoline Hill a strong citadel, or fort, which should serve to defend them both; and that later they were joined by other settlers who lived on the Cælian Hill. Rome is said to have been founded 753 B.C. A century and a half later, the city walls, then nearly five miles in length, inclosed seven hills, the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Cælian, Aventine, Palatine, and Capitoline. That is why Rome is often spoken of as the seven-hilled city.

The chief reason why Rome grew so rapidly was be-

cause it had so excellent a location. There were other groups of hills in Italy and other settlements on them, but in these other groups, the hills were higher and farther apart, and the settlements could be independent of one another and did not have to unite; therefore they increased in size slowly. In another way the location of Rome was most desirable. It was beside the Tiber, and for that reason the Romans could carry on trade with all the districts through which the Tiber and its branches flowed. Moreover, it was far enough from the sea to be safe from the attacks of pirates. No other town in Italy had so many advantages.

There was one great disadvantage, however, and this was that the people were not united. Servius Tullius had done a good deal to bring them together when he admitted all landowners to the army, but the old distinction of patricians and plebeians was by no means forgotten, and the patricians still had many privileges which were not shared by the plebeians.

In all the fighting between the Romans and the friends of Tarquinius, the plebeians had suffered most. When there was warfare in the summer, most of the patricians could have their land cared for by slaves; but the plebeian had to go to the army and leave his farm with no one to cultivate it or gather in the crops. He was fortunate if the enemy did not destroy the crops altogether, steal the cattle, and burn the house. The plebeian was required to pay taxes, but he received no pay for his service in the army, and no one thought of asking the state to make good his losses. The result was that the plebeian must either starve or borrow of some patrician.

Borrowing was dangerous business in Rome. If a man

did not pay his debt within thirty days of the appointed time, the law was that he should be imprisoned, loaded down with chains, and fed on bread and water for thirty days. If he did not pay then, he might be sold as a slave or even put to death. One day, fifteen years after Tarquinius was driven out, an old man came into the forum. His clothes were nothing but rags, and he was thin and pale. The people gathered around him. "I know him," said more than one of them. "He was an officer and a brave soldier. See on his breast the scars of his wounds." The old man told his pitiful story. "While I was in the army," he said, "the enemy destroyed my crops, drove away my cattle, and burned my house. I had to pay a tax, and the only thing to do was to borrow money. I could not repay it, and my creditor beat me. Behold!" He threw off his robe from his shoulders, and the crowd saw the bloody marks of the whip. The plebeians were furious. "Call the Senate together," they demanded, "and make laws that are just to us." The senators were so frightened that they did not know whether there was more danger in staying at home or going to the Senate house, but at length they came together and began to discuss what should be done. Suddenly some Latin horsemen galloped up to the city. "The enemy is at hand!" they cried. "Call out the army." But the plebeians would not be called out. "Why should we fight for Rome?" they demanded, "when warfare brings us nothing but debt and ruin? Let those fight who gain by war." One of the consuls promised that if they would join the army, he would propose a just law for debtors. The plebeians trusted him, and the enemy was driven away; but the other consul, Appius Claudius, induced

the Senate to refuse to make any change in the laws. Then the plebeians were angry indeed. "Why should we stay in Rome?" they said to one another. "Why not leave the city and found a city of our own?" They decided to do this, and one day they set out for a hill a few miles away and made ready to build themselves houses.

Then the patricians were disturbed, for they had lost the cultivators of the ground. "Let them go," said Appius Claudius scornfully; "we have no need of the rabble." Fortunately, the other chief men were wiser, and it was decided to send three patricians to try to persuade them to return. But they would not be persuaded. Then Menenius Agrippa told them a little story. "Once upon a time," he said, "the members of the body resolved that they would no longer support the belly, which did nothing at all, but lay at ease while they toiled. 'We will not carry it,' said the feet. 'We will do no more work for it,' cried the hands. 'And we will not chew a morsel for it, even if the food is placed between us,' declared the teeth. They kept their word, and the belly suffered; but they suffered with it, and soon they, too, began to waste away."

The plebeians understood the meaning of the fable. They talked together, and finally they said to the patricians, "We will return to Rome if you will agree, first, to forgive the debtors who cannot pay; second, to free those who have been made slaves; and, third, to have two tribunes appointed to see that the patrician magistrates do not wrong us." The patricians agreed to these terms, and they and the plebeians made a treaty as formally as if they had been two nations. The hill where this meeting was held received the name of the Sacred

Mountain. At its summit an altar was built and sacrifices were offered to Jupiter.

It was not long before the number of plebeian tribunes was increased to ten; and, moreover, plebeian œdiles were also chosen who aided the tribunes and cared for the streets and public records, and superintended the public games.

It was a great gain to the plebeians to have tribunes, but their troubles were not over by any means. Many of them were exceedingly poor, and those whose debts had been forgiven had nothing to make a start with, and were almost as wretched as they had been in the first place. This was all the harder to bear because the patricians had a large amount of property which the plebeians felt ought fairly to be shared with them. This property was in land which had been taken in war. The plebeians said, "We have fought to win the land, and we ought to have a part of it." This was not so easy a thing to bring about, because the patricians held possession of it and were not at all inclined to give it up. They cultivated it or used it for pasturage of their flocks and herds as they chose. They were supposed to pay the state for its use, but the collectors were patricians and seldom troubled them. If the owner of flocks and herds can have free pasturage for them, he can hardly help becoming rich. The patricians, then, were growing richer, while the plebeians were growing poorer. The plebeians could not even get employment on the land, for they were liable to be called away to war at any moment; and the patricians naturally preferred slaves who could be kept at their work.

Some, even among the patricians, saw how unfair this

was, and one of them, Spurius Cassius, proposed that the patricians be obliged to pay a fair rental for the land which they were using, and that part of the state lands be divided into small farms and given to needy Romans and Latins. Then there was anger among the patricians. "Spurius Cassius is trying to make himself popular and become king," they declared; and even the plebeians were not especially grateful, for, although the Latins had become their allies, they did not like the idea of giving them Roman lands. This land law, or Agrarian Law, may possibly have been passed, but it was never carried out.

Nevertheless, the plebeians were slowly increasing in power. Their next gain came about by the passing of a law proposed by the tribune, Publilius. The tribunes had always been elected by the assembly of the centuries. Each century had one vote; but as more than half the centuries were made up of wealthy men, no one who would not be inclined to favor the rich rather than the poor could become a tribune. Publilius proposed that the tribunes be elected by a plebeian assembly of tribes, or meeting of plebeians who were landowners. In this assembly of tribes which he proposed, every vote would be of the same value. This law was finally passed, and now the plebeians were free to elect their own tribunes. They had nothing to do with making the laws; but if they did not obey those made by the patricians, the tribunes could protect them from unjust punishment.

The Romans had a great respect for law, but the laws of Rome had never been written. An unjust judge could declare that the law said whatever he wished it to say, and the accused man had no way of proving that the

judge was false. "Give us written laws," demanded the plebeians. "Put them up in the forum, that every man may know if he is breaking them." The patricians refused this demand, and they continued to refuse it for ten long years. The plebeians persisted, and at the end of that time the patricians yielded. Instead of consuls and tribunes, ten men, the decemviri, were chosen to rule the state and also to decide what the laws were. This was done. The laws were engraved on tablets of bronze, and these tablets, the "Twelve Tables," were set up in the forum where every one could read them. Copies of the laws were made to use in the schools, and every boy had to learn them by heart.

The Romans meant to elect new decemviri each year, but a proud and insolent man named Appius Claudius, grandson of the Appius Claudius who so despised the plebeians, contrived to get himself reëlected and to make the other nine yield to whatever he chose to do. He suspected that a brave old soldier was plotting against him, and he had the old man murdered. He wanted to get possession of a free-born maiden named Virginia, and therefore he declared as a judge that she was the slave of one of his followers. Then her father caught up a knife and plunged it into her heart. "This is the only way," he cried, "to keep you from slavery and shame." With the bloody knife still in his hand, he and a great company of citizens hastened to the army and told the terrible story. Then the soldiers left their generals and marched straight back to the city. Once more the plebeians went forth to the Sacred Mountain; and now Appius Claudius was in terror, for they declared that they would not return unless more power and better pro-

tection were given them, and they demanded that he and the other decemviri be burned alive. They finally agreed, however, to return, provided they might have tribunes again. Eight of the "wicked ten" were banished. Appius Claudius and one other committed suicide.

The plebeians had their tribunes; and a little later the "Valerio-Horatian Laws," so named from the consuls Valerius and Horatius, who secured their passage, gave the tribunes the right to sit at the door of the Senate house, listen to whatever went on, and say, *Veto* (*I forbid it*), to any measure of which they did not approve. More than this, they decreed that whatever resolutions the plebeian assembly of tribes passed should become laws. This was in 449 B.C.

The plebeians were gaining in power rapidly. They could pass resolutions which would become laws; they could elect their own tribunes, and those tribunes could listen to whatever went on in the Senate house. Before long, they were allowed to marry among the patricians. There was one office, that of consul, which the patricians were determined they should never hold. They did succeed, however, in holding a new office, that of "military tribune with consular power," which was really almost the same as that of consul. The patricians could not prevent this, but they elected some new patrician officers called "censors" and gave them much of the power which the consuls had held. These censors not only numbered the people and took an account of their property, but they had a right to reduce the rank of a man if they decided that he had been cruel to his family, or extravagant, or dishonest, or was in any way unworthy.

They could also increase his taxes, for they could set whatever valuation they chose upon his vineyards and olive trees and carriages and jewels and slaves. Indeed, while the censor held office and wore his scarlet robe, he was almost as independent in his way as a dictator.

The plebeians had felt that it was a victory when they had won the right to be military tribunes with consular power, but now that these censors held so much of the "consular power," they kept on with the fight to become consuls; and at last a law was passed which really gave them more power than the patricians, for it decreed that one consul must be a plebeian, and both might be. For a while the plebeians had to keep close watch to hold on to their rights, but by 300 B.C. the struggle had come to an end, and patricians and plebeians had equal rights in the state.

II

STORIES OF THE ITALIAN WARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

UP to the sack of Rome by the Gauls, in 390 B.C., the history of the city is chiefly a matter of legend; but every legend has its basis of fact, and a fair idea of the early story of the city may be formed. By the middle of the fourth century before Christ, the Romans had become a united people. But they were by no means the only people of Italy; indeed, all that was really in their possession was their city and a small amount of land around it. Naturally, between this ambitious race and their neighbors there was continual warfare. On the east lay the domain of the Samnites, a stout race of mountaineers, who had no notion of yielding to the men of Rome or of any other place. Three savage wars there were, made all the more difficult by the revolt of the Latin allies of the Romans; but at length both enemies and allies were subdued, and by 266 B.C. Rome had become mistress of Italy from the little rivers Rubicon and Macra to the "toe" of the peninsula.

WHEN CORIOLANUS SPARED ROME

[490 B.C.?]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

CAIUS MARIUS was a noble Roman of the race of that worthy king, Ancus Martius; his father died when he was a child, but his mother, whose name was Volumnia, performed to him the part both of father and mother; and Caius loved her exceedingly, and when he gained glory by his feats of arms, it was his greatest joy that his mother should hear his praises; and when he was rewarded for his noble deeds, it was his greatest joy that his mother should see him receive his crown. And he fought at the battle by the Lake Regillus, against King Tarquinius and the Latins, and he was then a youth of seventeen years of age; and in the heat of the battle he saw a Roman beaten to the ground, and his foe was rushing on him to slay him; but Caius stepped before him, and covered him, and slew the enemy, and saved the life of his fellow-soldier. So Aulus, the general, rewarded him with an oaken wreath, for such was the reward given to those who saved the life of a comrade in battle. And this was his first crown, but after this he won many in many battles, for he was strong and valiant, and none of the Romans could compare with him.

After this there was a war between the Romans and the Volscians; and the Romans attacked the city of Corioli. The citizens of Corioli opened their gates and made a sally, and drove the Romans back to their camp.

Then Caius ran forward with a few brave men, and called back the runaways; and he stayed the enemy, and turned the tide of the battle, so that the Volscians fled back into the city. But Caius followed into the city, and when he saw the gates still open, for the Volscians were still flying into the city, then he called to the Romans, and said, "For us are yon gates set wide rather than for the Volscians; why are we afraid to rush in?" He himself followed the fugitives into the town, and the enemy fled before him; but when they saw that he was but one man, they turned against him, but Caius held his ground, for he was strong of hand, and light of foot, and stout of heart, and he drove the Volscians to the farthest side of the town, and all was clear behind him; so that the Romans came in after him without any trouble, and took the city. Then all men said, "Caius and none else has won Corioli"; and Cominius the general said, "Let him be called after the name of the city." So they called him Coriolanus.

After this there was a great scarcity of corn, and the commons were much distressed for want, and the king of the Greeks in Sicily sent ships laden with corn to Rome: so the Senate resolved to sell the corn to the poor commons, lest they should die of hunger. But Caius hated the commons, and he was angry that they had got tribunes to be their leaders, and he said, "If they want corn, let them show themselves obedient to the burghers, as their fathers did, and let them give up their tribunes; and then will we let them have corn to eat, and will take care of them." The commons, when they heard this, were quite furious, and they would have set upon Caius as he came out of the Senate house and torn him to

pieces, but the tribunes said, "Nay, ye shall judge him yourselves in your comitia, and we will be his accusers." So they accused Camilius before the commons, and Caius knew that they would show him no mercy. Therefore he stayed not for the day of his trial, but fled from Rome, and took refuge among the Volscians. They and Attius Tullius, their chief, received him kindly, and he lived among them a banished man.

[The Volscians determined to make war upon the Romans. They raised a great army and made Attius and Caius Marcius their leaders. They took many cities in Italy, then they advanced upon Rome.]

Within the city, meanwhile, there was a great tumult; the women ran to the temples of the gods to pray for mercy, the poorer people cried out in the streets that they would have peace, and that the Senate should send deputies to Caius and to Attius. So deputies were sent, five men of the chief of the burghers; but Caius answered them, "We will give you no peace till ye restore to the Volscians all the land and all the cities which ye or your fathers have ever taken from them; and till ye make them your citizens, and give them all the rights which ye have yourselves, as ye have done to the Latins." The deputies could not accept such hard conditions, so they went back to Rome. And when the Senate sent them again to ask for gentler terms, Caius would not suffer them to enter the camp.

After this, the Senate sent all the priests of the gods, and the augurs, all clothed in their sacred garments, and bearing in their hands the tokens of the gods whom they served. But neither would Caius listen to these; so they too went back again to Rome.

Yet, when the help of man had failed the Romans, the help of the gods delivered them; for among the women who were sitting as suppliants in the temple of Jupiter in the Capitol, was Valeria, the sister of that Publius Valerius who had been called Poplicola, a virtuous and noble lady whom all held in honor. As she was sitting in the temple as a suppliant before the image of Jupiter, Jupiter seemed to inspire her with a sudden thought, and she immediately rose, and called upon all the other noble ladies who were with her to arise also, and she led them to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Caius. There she found Virgilia, the wife of Caius, with his mother, and also his little children. Valeria then addressed Volumnia and Virgilia, and said, "Our coming here to you is our own doing; neither the Senate nor any other mortal man has sent us; but the god in whose temple we were sitting as suppliants put it into our hearts, that we should come and ask you to join with us, women with women, without any aid of men, to win for our country a great deliverance, and for ourselves a name glorious above all women, even above those Sabine wives in the old time who stopped the battle between their husbands and their fathers. Come, then, with us to the camp of Caius, and let us pray to him to show us mercy." Volumnia said, "We will go with you." And Virgilia took her young children with her, and they all went to the camp of the enemy.

It was a sad and solemn sight to see this train of noble ladies, and the very Volscian soldiers stood in silence as they passed by, and pitied them and honored them. They found Caius sitting on the general's seat in the midst of the camp, and the Volscian chiefs were standing

round him. When he first saw them he wondered what it could be; but presently he knew his mother, who was walking at the head of the train; and then he could not contain himself, but leaped down from his seat, and ran to meet her, and was going to kiss her. But she stopped him and said, "Ere thou kiss me, let me know whether I am speaking to an enemy or to my son; whether I stand in thy camp as thy prisoner or as thy mother." Caius could not answer her, and then she went on and said, "Must it be, then, that had I never borne a son, Rome should never have seen the camp of an enemy; that had I remained childless, I should have died a free woman in a free city? But I am too old to bear much longer either thy shame or my misery. Rather look to thy wife and children, whom if thou persistest thou art dooming to an untimely death, or a long life of bondage." Then Virgilia and his children came up to him and kissed him, and all the noble ladies wept, and bemoaned their own fate and the fate of their country. At last Caius cried out, "O mother, what hast thou done to me?" and he wrung her hand vehemently, and said, "Mother, thine is the victory; a happy victory for thee and for Rome, but shame and ruin to thy son." Then he fell on her neck and embraced her, and he embraced his wife and his children and sent them back to Rome; and led away the army of the Volscians, and never afterwards attacked Rome any more; and he lived on a banished man among the Volscians, and when he was very old, and had neither wife nor children around him, he was wont to say that now in old age he knew the full bitterness of banishment. So Caius lived and died amongst the Volscians.

The Romans, as was right, honored Volumnia and Valeria for their deeds, and a temple was built and dedicated to "Women's Fortune," just on the spot where Caius had yielded to his mother's words, and the first priestess of the temple was Valeria, into whose heart Jupiter had first put the thought to go to Volumnia, and to call upon her to go out to the enemy's camp and entreat her son.

HOW CINCINNATUS SAVED THE CONSUL

[455 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

THERE had been peace between the Romans and the Æquians: but the Æquians and Gracchus Clœlius, their chief, broke the peace, and plundered the lands of the people of Lavici and of the people of Tusculum. They then pitched their camp on the top of Algidus; and the Romans sent deputies to them to complain of the wrong which they had done. It happened that the tent of Gracchus was pitched under the shade of a great evergreen oak, and he was sitting in his tent when the deputies came to him. His answer was full of mockery: "I, for my part," said he, "am busy with other matters: I cannot hear you; you had better tell your message to the oak yonder." Immediately one of the deputies answered, "Yea, let this sacred oak hear, and let all the gods hear likewise, how treacherously you have broken the peace! They shall hear it now, and shall soon avenge it; for you have scorned alike the laws of the gods and of men." Then they went back to Rome, and the Senate resolved upon war: and Lucius Minucius, the consul, led his legions towards Algidus, to fight with the proud enemy.

But Gracchus was a skillful soldier, and he pretended to be afraid of the Romans, and retreated before them, and they followed him, without heeding where they were going. So they came into a narrow valley, with hills on either side, high and steep and bare; and then Gracchus

sent men secretly, who closed up the way by which they had entered into the valley, so that they could not get back; and the hills closed round the valley in front of them, and on the right and left, and on the top of these hills Gracchus lay with his army, while the Romans were shut up in the valley below. In this valley there was neither grass for the horses, nor food for the men; but five horsemen had broken out before the road in the rear of the Romans was quite closed up, and these rode to Rome, and told the senate of the great danger of the consul and of the army.

Upon this, Quintus Fabius, the warden of the city, sent in haste for Caius Nautius, the other consul, who was with his army in the country of the Sabines. When he came, they consulted together, and the Senate said, "There is only one man who can deliver us; we must make Lucius Quinctius master of the people." So Caius, as the manner was, named Lucius to be master of the people; and then he hastened back to his army before the sun was risen.

This Lucius Quinctius let his hair grow, and tended it carefully: and was so famous for his curled and crisped locks that men called him Cincinnatus, or the "crisp-haired." He was a frugal man, and did not care to be rich; and his land was on the other side of the Tiber, a plot of four *jugera* [1] where he dwelt with his wife Racilia, and busied himself in the tilling of his ground. So in the morning early the Senate sent deputies to Lucius to tell him that he was chosen to be master of the people. The deputies went over the river, and came to his house, and found him in his field at work without his toga or cloak,

[1] Twelve and one half acres.

and digging with his spade in the ground. They saluted him and said, "We bring thee a message from the Senate, so thou must put on thy cloak that thou mayest receive it as is fitting." Then he said, "Hath aught of evil befallen the state?" and he bade his wife to bring his cloak; and when he had put it on, he went out to meet the deputies. Then they said, "Hail to thee, Lucius Quinctius! the Senate declares thee master of the people, and calls thee to the city, for the consul and the army in the country of the Æquians are in great danger." Then there was a boat made ready to carry him over the Tiber, and when he stepped out of the boat, his three sons came to meet him, and his kinsmen and his friends, and the greater part of the senators. He was thus led home in great state to his house, and the four-and-twenty lictors, with their rods and axes, walked before him. As for the multitude, they crowded round to see him, but they feared his four-and-twenty lictors; for they were a sign that the power of the master of the people was as sovereign as that of the kings of old.

Lucius chose Lucius Tarquitius to be master of the horse, a brave man and of a burgher's house; but so poor withal that he had been used to serve among the foot soldiers instead of among the horse. Then the master of the people and the master of the horse went together into the forum, and bade every man to shut up his booth, and stopped all causes at law, and gave an order that none should look to his own affairs till the consul and his army were delivered from the enemy. They ordered also that every man who was of an age to go out to battle should be ready in the Field of Mars before

sunset, and should have with him victuals for five days, and twelve stakes; and the older men dressed the victuals for the soldiers, whilst the soldiers went about everywhere to get their stakes; and they cut them where they would, without any hinderance. So the army was ready in the Field of Mars at the time appointed, and they set forth from the city, and made such haste that ere the night was half spent, they came to Algidus; and when they perceived that they were near the enemy, they made a halt.

Then Lucius rode on and saw how the camp of the enemy lay; and he ordered his soldiers to throw down all their baggage into one place, but to keep each man his arms and his twelve stakes. Then they set out again in their order of march as they had come from Rome, and they spread themselves round the camp of the enemy on every side. When this was done, upon a signal given they raised a great shout, and directly every man began to dig a ditch just where he stood, and to set in his stakes. The shout rang through the camp of the enemy and filled them with fear; and it sounded even to the camp of the Romans who were shut up in the valley, and the consul's men said to one another, "Rescue is surely at hand, for that is the shout of Romans." They themselves shouted in answer, and sallied to attack the camp of the enemy; and they fought so fiercely that they hindered the enemy from interrupting the work of the Romans without their camp; and this went on all the night, till when it was morning, the Romans who were without had drawn a ditch all round the enemy, and had fenced it with their stakes; and now they left their work, and began to take part in the battle. Then the Æquians

saw that there was no hope, and they began to ask for mercy. Lucius answered, "Give me Gracchus and your other chiefs bound, and then I will set two spears upright in the ground, and I will put a third spear across, and you shall give up your arms and your cloaks, and shall pass, every man of you, under the spear bound across as under a yoke, and then you may go away free." This was done accordingly; Gracchus and the other chiefs were bound, and the Æquians left their camp to the Romans, with all its spoil, and put off their cloaks, and passed each man under the yoke, and then went home full of shame.

But Lucius would not suffer the consul's army to have any share of the spoil, nor did he let the consul keep his power, but made him his own under-officer, and then marched back to Rome. Nor did the consul's soldiers complain; but they were rather full of thankfulness to Lucius for having rescued them from the enemy, and they agreed to give him a golden crown; as he returned to Rome, they shouted after him, and called him their protector and their father.

Great was now the joy in Rome, and the Senate decreed that Lucius should enter the city in triumph, in the order in which the army was returning from Algidus, and he rode in his chariot, while Gracchus and the chiefs of the Æquians were led bound before him; and the standards were borne before him, and all the soldiers, laden with their spoil, followed behind. And tables were set out at the door of every house, with meat and drink for the soldiers, and they and the people feasted together, and followed the chariot of Lucius with singing and great rejoicings. Thus the gods took vengeance

upon Gracchus and the Æquians; and thus Lucius delivered the consul and his army; and all was done so quickly that he went out on one evening, and came home the next day at evening victorious and triumphant.

THE FALL OF VEII

[396 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

THE poetical story of the fall of Veii is as follows: —

For seven years and more the Romans had been besieging Veii. Now the summer was far advanced, and all the springs and rivers were very low, when on a sudden the waters of the lake of Alba began to rise; and they rose above its banks, and covered the fields and houses by the water-side; and still they rose higher and higher, till they reached the top of the hills which surrounded the lake as with a wall, and they overflowed where the hills were lowest; and behold, the water of the lake poured down in a mighty torrent into the plain beyond. When the Romans found that the sacrifices which they offered to the gods and powers of the place were of no avail, and their prophets knew not what counsel to give them, and the lake still continued to overflow the hills and to pour down into the plain below, then they sent over the sea, to Delphi, to ask counsel of the oracle of Apollo, which was famous in every land.

So the messengers were sent to Delphi. And meanwhile the report of the overflowing of the lake was much talked of; so that the people of Veii heard of it. Now there was an old Veientian who was skilled in the secrets of the Fates, and it chanced that he was talking from the walls with a Roman centurion whom he had known before in the days of peace; and the Roman spoke of the

ruin that was coming upon Veii, and was sorry for the old man his friend; but the old man laughed and said: "Ah! ye think to take Veii; but ye shall not take it till the waters of the lake of Alba are all spent, and flow out into the sea no more." When the Roman heard this, he was much moved by it, for he knew that the old man was a prophet; and the next day he came again to talk with the old man, and he enticed him to come out of the city, and to go aside with him to a lonely place, saying that he had a certain matter of his own, concerning which he desired to know the secrets of Fate. And while they were talking together, he seized the old man, and carried him off to the Roman camp, and brought him before the generals; and the generals sent him to Rome to the Senate. Then the old man declared all that was in the Fates concerning the overflow of the lake Alba; and he told the Senate what they were to do with the water that it might cease to flow into the sea: "If the lake overflow, and its waters run out into the sea, woe unto Rome; but if it be drawn off, and the waters reach the sea no longer, then it is woe unto Veii." But the Senate would not listen to the old man's words, till the messengers should come back from Delphi.

After a time the messengers came back, and the answers of the god agreed in all things with the words of the old man of Veii. For it said, "See that the waters be not confined within the basin of the lake: see that they take not their own course and run into the sea. Thou shalt let the water out of the lake, and thou shalt turn it to the watering of thy fields, and thou shalt make courses for it till it be spent and come to nothing." Then the Romans believed the oracle, and they sent work-

men, and began to bore through the sides of the hills to make a passage for the water. And the water flowed out through this passage underground; and it ceased to flow over the hills; and when it came out from the passage into the plain below, it was received into many courses which had been dug for it, and it watered the fields, and became obedient to the Romans, and was all spent in doing them service, and flowed to the sea no more. And the Romans knew that it was the will of the gods that they should conquer Veii.

So Marcus Furius Camillus was made dictator; and the Veientians sent to Rome to beg for peace, but the Romans would not grant it. Now the Etruscans are skilled in the secrets of Fate above all other nations; and one of the chief men of Veii, who had gone with the embassy, turned round as he was going out of the Senate house, and looked upon the senators and said: "A goodly answer truly have ye given us, and a generous; for though we humble ourselves before you, ye will show us no mercy, but threaten to destroy us utterly. Ye heed neither the wrath of the gods, nor the vengeance of men. Yet the gods shall requite you for your pride; and as ye destroy our country, so ye shall shortly after lose your own."

Meanwhile Marcus Furius pressed the city on every side, and he was at the head of a mighty army; for the Latins and the Hernicans had brought their aids; and he commanded his men to dig a way underground, which would pass beneath the walls, and come out again to the light within the precinct of the temple of Juno, in the citadel of Veii. The men worked on by night and by day; for they were divided into six bands; and each

band worked in turn and rested in turn; and the secret passage was carried up into the precinct of the temple of Juno; but it had not broken through the surface of the ground; so that the Veientes knew not of it.

Then every man who desired to have a share of the spoil hastened from Rome to the camp at Veii. And Marcus, the dictator, made a vow, and promised to give the tenth part of all the spoil to Apollo, the god of Delphi; and he prayed also to Juno, the goddess of the Veientians, that she would be pleased to depart from Veii, and to follow the Romans home to their city, which from henceforth should be hers, and where a temple worthy of her majesty should be given her for her abode. After this, he ordered the Romans to assault the city on every side; and the Veientians ran to the wall to meet them; and the shout of the battle arose, and the fight was carried on fiercely. But the king of the Veientians was in the temple of Juno in the citadel, offering a sacrifice for the deliverance of the city; and the prophet who stood by, when he saw the sacrifice, cried aloud, "This is an accepted offering; for there is victory for him who offers its entrails upon the altar!" Now the Romans were in the secret passage, and heard the words of the prophet. So they burst forth into the temple, and they snatched away the entrails from those who were sacrificing, and Marcus, the Roman dictator, and not the king of the Veientians, offered them upon the altar. Then the Romans rushed down from the citadel, and ran to the gates of the city, and let in their comrades; and all the army broke into the town, and they sacked and took Veii.

While they were sacking the city, Marcus looked down upon the havoc from the top of the citadel, and

when he saw the greatness of the city and the richness of the spoil, his heart swelled within him, and he said, "What man's fortune was ever so great as mine?" But then in a moment there came the thought, how little a thing and how short a time can bring the greatest fortune down to the lowest; and his pride was turned into fear, and he prayed, if it must be that in return for such great glory and victory, some evil should befall him or his country, yet that it might be light and recoverable. Whilst he prayed he veiled his head, as is the custom of the Romans in prayer, and turned round towards the right. But as he turned, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his back upon the ground. Yet he was comforted rather than annoyed by his fall, for he said, "The gods have heard my prayer, and for the great fortune of my victory over Veii they have sent me only this little evil."

Then he ordered some young men, chosen out from all his army, to approach to the temple of Juno; and they had washed themselves in pure water, and were clothed in white, so that there was on them no sign of stain of blood and of slaughter; and they bowed low as they came to the temple, but were afraid to touch the image of the goddess, for no hand might touch it except the priest's who was born of the house that had the priesthood. So they asked the goddess whether it was her pleasure to go with them to Rome. And then there happened a wonder, for the image spake and answered, "I will go"; and when they touched it, it moved from its place of its own accord, and it was carried to Rome. Thus Juno left her abode in the citadel of Veii, and she dwelt in her temple at Rome, on the hill Aventine, which the Romans built and dedicated to her honor.

After this there were rejoicings in Rome greater than had ever been known before; and there were thanksgivings for four days, and all the temples were filled with those who came to offer their thank-offerings. And Marcus entered the city in triumph, and he rode up to the Capitol in a chariot drawn by four white horses, like the horses of Jupiter and like the horses of the sun. But wise men thought that it was done too proudly, and they said, "Marcus makes himself equal to the blessed gods; see if vengeance come not on him, and he be not made lower than other men."

THE GEESE THAT SAVED THE CAPITOL

[364 B.C.]

BY THOMAS ARNOLD

[THE Gauls from the north had pushed down into Italy and had either slain or driven away the Etruscans. In 364 B.C. they pressed on still farther south, forced the gates of Rome, and plundered the city.

The Editor.]

THE mass of the commons had fled from Rome with their wives and children, or having escaped from the route of the Alia had taken refuge at Veii. The flower of the patricians, and of the citizens of the richer classes of an age to bear arms, had retired into the capitol, to defend to the last that sanctuary of their country's gods. The flamen of Quirinus and the Vestal Virgins had departed with the sacred things committed to their charge out of the reach of danger. But there were other ministers of the gods, whom their duty did not compel to leave Rome, whom their age rendered unable to join in the defense of the Capitol, and who could not endure to be a burden upon those whose strength allowed them to defend it. They could not live the few remaining years of their lives in a foreign city, but as they could not serve their country by their deeds, they wished at least to serve it by their deaths. So they, and others of the old patricians who had filled the highest offices in the commonwealth, met together; and Marcus Fabius, the chief pontifex, recited a solemn form of words, which they each

repeated after him, devoting to the spirits of the dead and to the earth, the common grave of all living, themselves and the army of the Gauls together with themselves, for the welfare and deliverance of the people of the Romans and of the Quirites. Then, as men devoted to death, they arrayed themselves in their most solemn dress; they who had held curule offices, in their robes of white with the broad scarlet border; they who had won triumphs, in their robes of triumph overlaid with embroidery of many colors, and with palm branches of gold, and took their seats each on his ivory chair of magistracy in the gateway of his house. When the Gauls saw these aged men in this array of majesty, sitting motionless amidst the confusion of the sack of the city, they at first looked upon them as more than human, and one of the soldiers drew near to Marcus Papirius, and began to stroke reverently his long white beard. Papirius, who was a minister of the gods, could not endure the touch of profane barbarian hands, and struck the Gaul over the head with his ivory scepter. Instantly the spell of reverence was broken, and rage and thirst of blood succeeded to it. The Gaul cut down the old Papirius with his sword; his comrades were kindled at the sight, and all the old men, according to their vow, were offered up as victims to the powers of death.

The enemy now turned their attention to the Capitol. But the appearance of the Capitoline Hill in the fourth century of Rome can ill be judged of by that view which travelers obtain of its present condition. The rock, which is now so concealed by the houses built up against it, or by artificial slopings of the ground, as to be only visible in a few places, formed at that time a natural

defense of precipitous cliff all round the hill; and there was one only access to the summit from below, the *clivus* or ascent to the Capitol. By this single approach the Gauls tried to storm the citadel, but they were repulsed with loss; and after this attempt they contented themselves with blockading the hill, and extending their devastations over the neighboring country of Latium. It is even said that they penetrated into the south of Italy; and a Gaulish army is reported to have reached Apulia, whilst a portion of their forces was still engaged in blockading the Roman garrison in the Capitol.

Meantime, the Romans who had taken refuge at Veii had recovered from their first panic, and were daily becoming more and more reorganized. It was desirable that a communication should be opened between them and the garrison of the Capitol; and a young man named Pontius Cominius undertook the adventure. Accordingly, he set out from Veii, swam down the Tiber, climbed up the cliff into the Capitol, explained to the garrison the state of things at Veii, and returned by the same way unhurt. But when the morning came, the Gauls observed marks on the side of the cliff, which told them that some one had made his way there, either up or down; and the soil had in places been freshly trodden away, and the bushes which grew here and there on the face of the ascent had been crushed or torn from their hold, as if by some one treading on them or clinging to them for support. So, being thus made aware that the cliff was not impracticable, they proceeded by night to scale it. The spot, being supposed to be inaccessible, was not guarded; the top of the rock was not even defended

by a wall. In silence and in darkness the Gauls made their way up the cliff; no sentinel perceived them; even the watchdogs, said the story, heard them not, and gave no alarm. But on the part of the hill by which the enemy were ascending, stood the temple of the three guardian gods of the Capitol and of Rome,—Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; and in this precinct there were certain geese kept, which were sacred to Juno; and even amidst their distress for food, the Romans, said the old story, had spared the birds which were protected by the goddess. So now in the hour of danger, the geese heard the sound of the enemy, and began to cry in their fear, and to flap their wings; and Marcus Manlius, whose house was in the capitol hard by the temple, was aroused by them; and he sprang up and seized sword and shield, and called to his comrades, and ran to the edge of the cliff. And behold a Gaul had just reached the summit, when Marcus rushed upon him and dashed the rim of his shield into his face, and tumbled him down the rock. The Gaul, as he fell, bore down those who were mounting behind him; and the rest were dismayed, and dropped their arms to cling more closely to the rock, and so the Romans, who had been roused by the call of Marcus, slaughtered them easily, and the Capitol was saved. Then all so honored the brave deed of Marcus Manlius that each man gave him from his own scanty store one day's allowance of food, namely, half a pound of corn, and a measure containing five ounces in weight of wine.

III

ROME BECOMES MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

HISTORICAL NOTE

JUST across the Mediterranean Sea, on the coast of Africa, was the ancient town of Carthage, a great commercial center, and the most powerful maritime city in the world. Naturally, there was jealousy between Carthage and Rome. Trouble arose in Sicily. The Carthaginians helped one side, the Romans the other. This was the beginning of the Punic Wars, which raged during the greater part of the time between 246 B.C. and 133 B.C. The result was the complete destruction of Carthage.

Meanwhile, Rome acquired Sardinia, Corsica, and Illyria. She also pushed to the north and founded colonies. Spain, Greece, and Macedonia came into her hands, and by 133 B.C. the little village of Romulus and Remus controlled all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. Rome had become mistress of the world.

Power brought wealth. With the treasures of conquered provinces pouring into Rome, her citizens were no longer satisfied with their former simple ways of living, but imitated the luxurious fashions of the East. They became cruel and often brutal. The fights of the gladiators were their favorite amusement. There was much suffering among the poor, partly because the rich had monopolized the public lands. Two nobles, the Gracchi, succeeded in having laws passed which they hoped would mend matters; but the Gracchi were slain. The slaves were so wretched that in Sicily they revolted against their masters. Barbarians from the north came down upon Italy, but were driven back by Marius.

The army had become stronger than the lawmaking power. Marius was for a while driven into exile, and his former lieutenant Sulla was given command of the war against Mithridates, King of Pontus; but he succeeded in regaining his power and then put to death all who had opposed him. Sulla returned, and now the streets of Rome ran with the blood of those who had favored Marius. A young man named Julius Cæsar barely saved his life.

THE ROMANS OF THE EARLY REPUBLIC AND THEIR WAYS

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

EVEN if there were no truth in the old stories of Rome, they would, nevertheless, tell us much about the character of the Romans. People are always inclined to become like those whom they admire, and therefore the best Romans must have been like the heroes of the legends. They were, then, dignified and somewhat stern in manner, with great respect for the law and strong love of country. So long as the father lived, the son must yield to him in all private matters; but as a citizen the son was free, and if he happened to hold a higher office in the state than his father, the father must show him due honor. There is a story that a famous old general, Fabius Cunctator, had a brilliant son who was made consul. This office put him at the head of the army, and the father was, therefore, under him. The general rode up to greet his son as usual, but the son bade him dismount before he ventured to address a consul. The old general whom all Rome delighted to honor was greatly pleased and said, "My son, I wished to see whether you would remember the respect due you as consul of the Roman people."

In the earlier times, the Romans lived in houses of a single room, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and a hole in the floor to drain off the rain that leaked in through the roof. The number of rooms

increased, but the heart of the home was the *atrium*, the living-room of the house. Here the wife and her daughters spun and wove. Here was an altar with images of the ancestors of the family who were worshiped as household gods, and were supposed to protect the home. Here were a table, a bed, a hearth for the open fire, and not much besides. Up to the time when Tarentum was captured, even those who were well-to-do lived in houses that had simply added to this atrium a few rooms for sleeping, although as Rome increased in wealth and power, the houses of the rich grew more spacious and more elegant.

The food was as simple as the house. The early Romans ate peas, beans, onions, and other vegetables, and a sort of porridge made of wheat; but meat was not often used.

The dress of a Roman consisted chiefly of a "toga." This was a long oval scarf, perhaps ten feet wide. It was folded lengthwise and draped over the left shoulder, under the right, and over the left again. One end hung down in the back, while the other was tucked into the fold or loop in front. Arranging the toga was an important matter. A man would have been laughed at from one end of the town to the other who ventured out into the streets with his toga draped over the right shoulder instead of the left. Under the toga, the Roman wore a tunic, or kind of shirt without sleeves. If the weather was cold, he put on one or two extra tunics, and perhaps a sort of mantle. Hats were not worn unless a man was traveling and the sun was uncomfortably warm. In the house the Roman wore sandals on his bare feet, but for the street he had shoes somewhat like those of to-day.

The tunic and toga were made of white woolen cloth, but members of the Senate were allowed to have a broad purple stripe running down the front of the tunic. Slaves wore tunics and sometimes, in cold weather, cloaks; but they were never permitted to wear the toga, for that was regarded as the special dress of the Roman citizen. The Roman boy wore a toga with a broad purple border until he was about seventeen. Then his father and a company of friends led him to the forum to enroll his name as a citizen, and after this he was permitted to wear the "manly toga," as it was called.

The Roman woman wore a tunic and vest, and over these another tunic long enough to touch the floor. This was the "stola." It was kept in place by a girdle. When the Roman lady went out of doors, she put on a "palla," or shawl of white woolen, draping it in much the same fashion as the toga of the men.

Children were sent to school, usually in the care of some trusty slave who was to see that they behaved well in the streets. It is not probable that in early times they learned much of books besides reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; but they were taught to ride, swim, and use arms, in order that they might be of value in defending the state, and they were most carefully trained to be honest and truthful, to worship the gods, to love their country, and above all things to be strictly obedient. If a child disobeyed his father, the father might sell him as a slave or even put him to death. If a man broke the law of the state, his fellow-citizens thought he had forfeited all right to live.

The Romans believed that the spirits of the dead lingered around their tombs. If these spirits received

due honor from their descendants, they were happy and kept loving watch over the home. If they were neglected, they were miserable and became mischievous and dangerous. The goddess of the hearth was Vesta, and the fire on the hearth was her symbol. Each family paid respect to Vesta at its own fireside; but besides this, a public temple was built in her honor, and there six maidens watched her sacred fires that they might never be permitted to go out. The Romans worshiped Jupiter as father of the gods. The god of war was Mars; the god of property and commerce was Hercules. These four were the principal gods of the early Romans, but there were hosts of others. There was Juno, wife of Jupiter; Neptune, god of the waters; Minerva the wise; Venus the beautiful; the two-faced Janus, whose temple was open in war and closed in peace — indeed, there was a god for every action. When a Roman was about to carry his corn into the barn, he offered a sacrifice to the god of carrying corn into barns and prayed that he might do it successfully.

The worship of the Romans was practiced as a sort of barter between themselves and the gods. They believed that if they did not worship the gods, some evil would come upon them; but that if they offered up prayers and sacrifices, they would get favors. They thought that it was especially pleasing to the gods to watch athletic games; and therefore if a Roman magistrate wished to make sure of good harvests, or if a military commander was in danger of defeat, he would promise the gods that if they would help him, he would celebrate games, or athletic contests, in their honor, such as wrestling and racing. When any important business was to be

undertaken, the "augur," who interpreted the will of the gods, was always consulted. He went to some high place, prayed, and offered up sacrifices, then seated himself with his face to the east to watch the sky. There were many fixed rules for interpreting what he might see or hear. For instance, it was a good sign if a raven croaked on the right; but if a crow appeared, it must croak on the left to bring good luck. Thunder on the left was fortunate for everything but holding the comitia. A flight of birds in one part of the sky was favorable to any proposed plan, but in another part, unfavorable. There were other omens than these appearances in the sky. To spill salt or stumble or sneeze was sure to bring bad luck unless the suppliant made some gift to the gods to ward off their displeasure.

In celebrating a marriage, the augur was always called upon to "take the *auspices*," that is, to watch the various omens and see whether they were favorable. This was done before sunrise, for the wedding ceremonies required a whole day. The guests came together at the house of the parents of the bride and listened eagerly while the augur reported what he had seen, and explained its meaning. Then all eyes were turned upon the bride and bridegroom, for the words of marriage were now to be spoken. The bride wore a snow-white tunic. Her hair had been parted into six locks with the point of a spear, and over it was thrown a red veil. After the words of marriage had been said, some woman friend of the bride's family led the couple to the altar. They walked around it hand in hand and offered up a cow, a pig, and a sheep. Then the guests cried, "Feliciter! Feliciter!" that is, "Good wishes!" or "May you be

happy!" and the feast began. At nightfall the bride pretended to cling to her mother, while the bridegroom tore her away and carried her to her new home. This show of force was perhaps in memory of the stealing of the Sabine women in the days of Romulus. The journey to the home of the bridegroom was not a solitary one by any means, for anybody followed who chose. Torch-bearers led the procession, men played on flutes, and the people sang songs. There were always many boys in the company, for the bridegroom carried a supply of nuts to scatter among them. This was to show that he was throwing away all childish things. At the threshold the bride paused, for there the evil goddesses called the Furies were supposed to dwell. If she were to stumble, it would be a most unlucky omen; and therefore she was always lifted into the atrium. On the following day the wedding guests came together again, for now it was the turn of the bridegroom to give a feast. The household gods were not forgotten, and the bride offered a sacrifice to them to show that she was now a member of her husband's family and joined in the worship of his ancestors.

It is no wonder that the Romans wanted the gods to favor their enterprises, for they undertook works of great magnitude. As has been said before, they did not hesitate to set to work to drain a lake by means of a tunnel, the building of which would be no small undertaking even with modern machinery. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer built by Tarquinius Priscus, is twenty-five centuries old and still does its work. They built channels under ground and mighty aqueducts on lofty arches above ground to bring fresh water into the city. In the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, they built the

Circus Maximus, — a race-course in a valley, with seats rising in tiers on the slopes of the hills. This was large enough to hold many thousand spectators. The Romans were also famous builders of roads. If a city came under their rule, they immediately built a direct road to it. The most famous of the Roman roads is the one leading from Rome to Capua. It is called the Via Appia or Appian Way, because it was built while Appius Claudius Cæcus was censor. The roadway was first covered with broken stone and cement; then upon this were laid exceedingly large blocks of hard rock, cut so smooth and square that the pavement seems almost as if made in one piece.

The one aim of the Romans was to make Rome powerful; and the chief object of these roads was to enable them to march bodies of soldiers to any given place without delay. Therefore they did not trouble themselves to search out easy grades for their roads; they made them as straight as possible. If a valley was in the way, they built a lofty viaduct across it. If a mountain stood before them, they dug a tunnel through it. If it had not been for these roads, the Romans could never have held Italy under their rule; but every conquered city knew that at the suspicion of a revolt, the terrible Roman troops would come down upon them, and that the punishments of Rome were swift and severe.

Another method by which Rome kept her conquests was a much pleasanter one than fighting or threatening, that is, founding colonies. When Rome overcame a district, part of the land was always given to Roman citizens who would go there to found colonies. These colonies were not mere military camps; they were

founded by men who had come to live quietly on their farms. They governed the colonies as Rome was governed, and they practiced the manners and customs of Rome. The result was that the conquered people soon learned to talk Latin and to understand Roman ways of living and thinking and ruling. Just as far as possible the Romans made it difficult for these conquered towns to have much to do with one another, but easy to have dealings with Rome. As their people came to know more of Rome, they could hardly help learning to admire her and wishing to become citizens. So it was that Rome held fast whatever country came into her hands. It is wonderful that a tiny settlement surrounded by enemies should have been able to grow into a state strong enough to overcome all these enemies. It is still more wonderful that having overcome them, she should have succeeded in making them not only obedient to her rule, but proud of being governed by a city that they had come to look upon with respect and admiration.


HENRI MOTTE. 1878.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE RHONE

BY HENRI PAUL MOTTE

(*Modern French painter*)

The invasion of Italy by Hannibal was one of the most brilliant military feats in all history. This picture shows how the great Carthaginian general was able to overcome his war-elephants' natural dread of boats, and to ferry them all safely across the river Rhone.

Of this incident Polybius, in his history of Rome, writes: "Having made a great number of rafts, they joined two of them together strongly and made them fast to the land on the bank; the breadth of the two thus united being about fifty feet. They then fastened two more to the extremity of these, which advanced out into the river; they secured also that side which was on the stream by cables from the land, fastened to some trees which grew on the bank, in order that they might not be forced away by the strength of the current. Having made this raft in the form of a bridge about two hundred feet in length, they added to the end of it two other larger floats very firmly joined together, but fastened to the rest in such a manner that the cable by which they were held might easily be cut asunder. They next spread a great quantity of earth upon the rafts, laying it on until they had rendered them level, and similar in color with the road on the land that led to the passage. The elephants being accustomed to obey the Indians did so till they approached the water, but never daring to venture in, they first led forward two female elephants along the rafts, when the rest presently followed. Upon reaching the extreme rafts, the cables which fastened them to the rest were cut, and they were instantly towed by the boats towards the other side. At this, the elephants being thrown into great disorder, turned every way, and rushed to every part of the raft. But being surrounded on all sides by water, their fears subsided, and they were constrained to remain where they stood. In this manner were the greater part of the elephants brought over, two rafts being thus continually fitted to the rest."

HOW HANNIBAL MADE HIS WAY TO ITALY

[218 B.C.]

BY LIVY

[THE second Punic War broke out in 218 B.C. Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, determined to come down upon Rome from the north. To do this, he was obliged to cross the river Rhone, and then the Alps. The following account pictures his difficulties and how he overcame them.

The Editor.]

HANNIBAL, the other states being pacified by fear or bribes, had now come into the territory of the Volcæ, a powerful nation. They, indeed, dwell on both sides of the Rhone: but doubting that the Carthaginians could be driven from the higher bank, in order that they might have the river as defense, having transported almost all their effects across the Rhone, they occupied in arms the farther bank of the river. Hannibal, by means of presents, persuaded the other inhabitants of the riverside, and some even of the Volcæ themselves, whom their homes had detained, to collect from every quarter and build ships; and they at the same time themselves desired that the army should be transported, and their country relieved, as soon as possible, from the vast multitude of men that burdened it. A great number, therefore, of ships and boats rudely formed for the neighboring passages, were collected together; and the Gauls, first beginning the plan, hollowed out some new ones from single trees; and then the soldiers themselves, at

once induced by the plenty of materials and the easiness of the work, hastily formed shapeless hulks, in which they could transport themselves and their baggage, caring about nothing else, provided they could float and contain their burden.

And now, when all things were sufficiently prepared for crossing, the enemy over against them occupying the whole bank, horse and foot, deterred them. In order to dislodge them, Hannibal orders Hanno, the son of Hamilcar, at the first watch of the night, to proceed with a part of the forces, principally Spanish, one day's journey up the river; and having crossed it where he might first be able, as secretly as possible, to lead round his forces, that when the occasion required, he might attack the enemy in the rear. The Gauls given him as guides for the purpose inform him that about twenty-five miles from thence, the river, spreading round a small island, broader where it was divided, and therefore with a shallower channel, presented a passage. At this place timber was quickly cut down and rafts formed, on which men, horses, and other burdens might be conveyed over. The Spaniards, without making any difficulty, having put their clothes in bags of leather, and themselves leaning on their bucklers placed beneath them, swam across the river. And the rest of the army, after passing on the rafts joined together, and pitching their camp near the river, being fatigued by the journey of the night and the labor of the work, are refreshed by the rest of one day, their leader being anxious to execute his design at a proper season. Setting out next day from this place, they signify by raising a smoke that they had crossed, and were not far distant; which when Hannibal understood,

that he might not be wanting on the opportunity, he gives the signal for passing. The infantry already had the boats prepared and fitted; a line of ships higher up transporting the horsemen for the most part near their horses swimming beside them, in order to break the force of the current, rendered the water smooth to the boats crossing below. A great part of the horses were led across swimming, held by bridles from the stern, except those which they put on board saddled and bridled, in order that they might be ready to be used by the rider the moment he disembarked on the strand.

The Gauls ran down to the bank to meet them with various whoopings and songs, according to their custom, shaking their shields above their heads, and brandishing their weapons in their right hands, although such a multitude of ships in front of them alarmed them, together with the loud roaring of the river, and the mingled clamors of the sailors and soldiers, both those who were striving to break through the force of the current, and those who from the other bank were encouraging their comrades on their passage. While sufficiently dismayed by this tumult in front, more terrifying shouts from behind assailed them, their camp having been taken by Hanno; presently he himself came up, and a twofold terror encompassed them, both such a multitude of armed men landing from the ships, and this unexpected army pressing on their rear. When the Gauls, having made a prompt and bold effort to force the enemy, were themselves repulsed, they break through where a way seemed most open, and fly in consternation to their villages around. Hannibal, now despising these tumultuary onsets of the Gauls, having transported the rest of

his forces at leisure, pitches his camp. I believe that there were various plans for transporting the elephants; at least there are various accounts of the way in which it was done. Some relate that after the elephants were assembled together on the bank, the fiercest of them being provoked by his keeper, pursued him as he swam across the water, to which he had run for refuge, and drew after him the rest of the herd; the mere force of the stream hurrying them to the other bank, when the bottom had failed each, fearful of the depth. But there is more reason to believe that they were conveyed across on rafts; which plan, as it must have appeared the safer before execution, is after it the more entitled to credit.

Whilst the elephants were conveyed over, Hannibal, in the mean time, had sent five hundred Numidian horsemen towards the camp of the Romans, to observe where and how numerous their forces were, and what they were designing. The three hundred Roman horsemen sent, as was before said, from the mouth of the Rhone, meet this band of cavalry; and a more furious engagement than could be expected from the number of the combatants takes place. For, besides many wounds, the loss on both sides was also nearly equal; and the flight and dismay of the Numidians gave victory to the Romans, now exceedingly fatigued. There fell of the conquerors one hundred and sixty, not all Romans, but partly Gauls: of the vanquished more than two hundred. This commencement, and at the same time omen of the war, as it portended to the Romans a prosperous issue of the whole, so did it also the success of a doubtful and by no means bloodless contest.

When, after the action had thus occurred, his own men returned to each general, Scipio could adopt no fixed plan of proceeding, except that he should form his measures from the plans and undertakings of the enemy; and Hannibal, uncertain whether he should pursue the march he had commenced into Italy, or fight with the Roman armywhich had first presented itself, the arrival of ambassadors from the Boii, and of a petty prince called Magalus, diverted from an immediate engagement; who, declaring that they would be the guides of his journey and the companions of his dangers, gave it as their opinion, that Italy ought to be attacked with the entire force of the war, his strength having been nowhere previously impaired. The troops indeed feared the enemy, the remembrance of the former war not being yet obliterated; but much more did they dread the immense journey and the Alps, a thing formidable by report, particularly to the inexperienced.

Hannibal, therefore, when his own resolution was fixed to proceed in his course in advance on Italy, having summoned an assembly, works upon the minds of the soldiers in various ways, by reproof and exhortation. He said that he wondered what sudden fear had seized breasts ever before undismayed: that through so many years they had made their campaigns with conquest; nor had departed from Spain before all the nations and countries which two opposite seas embrace were subjected to the Carthaginians. That then, indignant that the Romans demanded those, whosoever had besieged Saguntum, to be delivered up to them, as on account of a crime, they had passed the Iberus to blot out the name of the Romans, and to emancipate the world. That

then the way seemed long to no one, though they were pursuing it from the setting to the rising of the sun. That now, when they saw by far the greater part of the journey accomplished, the passes of the Pyrenees surmounted, amid the most ferocious nations, the Rhone, that mighty river, crossed, in spite of the opposition of so many thousand Gauls, the fury of the river itself having been overcome, when they had the Alps in sight, the other side of which was Italy, should they halt through weariness at the very gates of the enemy, imagining the Alps to be — what else than lofty mountains? That supposing them to be higher than the summits of the Pyrenees, assuredly no part of the earth reached the sky, nor was insurmountable by mankind. The Alps in fact were inhabited and cultivated, — produced and supported living beings. Were they passable by a few men and impassable to armies? That those very ambassadors whom they saw before them had not crossed the Alps borne aloft through the air on wings; neither were their ancestors indeed natives of the soil, but settling Italy from foreign countries, had often as emigrants safely crossed these very Alps in immense bodies, with their wives and children. To the armed soldier, carrying nothing with him but the instruments of war, what in reality was impervious or insurmountable? That Saguntum might be taken, what dangers, what toils were for eight months undergone! Now, when their aim was Rome, the capital of the world, could anything appear so dangerous or difficult as to delay their undertaking? That the Gauls had formerly gained possession of that very country which the Carthaginians despair of being able to approach. That they must, therefore, either

yield in spirit and valor to that nation which they had so often during those times overcome; or look forward, as the end of their journey, to the plain which spreads between the Tiber and the walls of Rome.

He orders them, roused by these exhortations, to refresh themselves and prepare for the journey. Next day, proceeding upward along the bank of the Rhone, he makes for the inland part of Gaul: not because it was the more direct route to the Alps, but believing that the farther he retired from the sea, the Romans would be less in his way; with whom, before he arrived in Italy, he had no intention of engaging. After four days' march he came to the Island: there the streams of the Aar and the Rhone, flowing down from different branches of the Alps, after embracing a pretty large tract of country, flow into one. The name of the Island is given to the plains that lie between them. The Allobroges dwell near, a nation even in those days inferior to none in Gaul in power and fame. They were at that time at variance. Two brothers were contending for the sovereignty. The elder, named Brancus, who had before been king, was driven out by his younger brother and a party of the younger men, who, inferior in right, had more of power. When the decision of this quarrel was most opportunely referred to Hannibal, being appointed arbitrator of the kingdom, he restored the sovereignty to the elder, because such had been the opinion of the Senate and the chief men. In return for this service, he was assisted with a supply of provisions, and plenty of all necessaries, particularly clothing, which the Alps, notorious for extreme cold, rendered necessary to be prepared. After composing the dissensions of the Allobroges, when he

now was proceeding to the Alps, he directed his course thither, not by the straight road, but turned to the left into the country of the Tricastini, thence by the extreme boundary of the territory of the Vocontii he proceeded to the Tricorii; his way not being anywhere obstructed till he came to the river Druentia. This stream, also arising amid the Alps, is by far the most difficult to pass of all the rivers in Gaul; for though it rolls down an immense body of water, yet it does not admit of ships; because, being restrained by no banks, and flowing in several and not always the same channels, and continually forming new shallows and new whirlpools (on which account the passage is also uncertain to a person on foot), and rolling down, besides, gravelly stones, it affords no firm or safe passage to those who enter it; and having been at that time swollen by showers, it created great disorder among the soldiers as they crossed, when, in addition to other difficulties, they were of themselves confused by their own hurry and uncertain shouts.

Publius Cornelius the consul, about three days after Hannibal moved from the bank of the Rhone, had come to the camp of the enemy, with his army drawn up in square, intending to make no delay in fighting: but when he saw the fortifications deserted, and that he could not easily come up with them so far in advance before him, he returned to the sea and his fleet, in order more easily and safely to encounter Hannibal when descending from the Alps. But that Spain, the province which he had obtained by lot, might not be destitute of Roman auxiliaries, he sent his brother Cneius Scipio with the principal part of his forces against Hasdrubal, not only to defend the old allies and conciliate new, but also to drive

Hasdrubal out of Spain. He himself, with a very small force, returned to Genoa, intending to defend Italy with the army which was around the Po. From the Druentia, by a road that lay principally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without molestation from the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, though the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the wildest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in

the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly beheld part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then, indeed, the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses in particular created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the discordant clamors which

the groves and reëchoing valleys augmented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, they were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of men and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous, this tumult threw many down to an immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hannibal, however, kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, lest he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, when he saw the line broken and that there was danger that he should bring over his army, preserved to no purpose if deprived of their baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and though he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at the same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that tumult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was conducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in silence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of that district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and during these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by the mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, nor yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous country, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by open war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors

of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, professing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the calamities of others, they wished rather to experience the friendship than the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, obediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept of a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the sincerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them in a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly trusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might become enemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and made use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining everything around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close quarters, and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry, facing about and directing their attack, made it very obvious that had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction: for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protec-

tion to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear; the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between [the two divisions] less vigorously, the forces were reunited, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting: and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season for the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the stand-

ards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said, "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and down-hill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their own power and possession." The army then began to advance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy is consequently steeper; for nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges, that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here when the cavalry had halted,

as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which, one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through, by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug

out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants could be led down it. Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger: for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage; they then descended into the plains, the country and the dispositions of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

HOW ARCHIMEDES DEFENDED SYRACUSE

[212 B.C.]

BY LIVY

[In the course of the war with Carthage, the Romans attacked Syracuse. The following extract gives Livy's story of its defense by the mathematician Archimedes. Besides Livy's account, there is also a tradition that Archimedes set the fleet afire by arranging mirrors to reflect the rays of the sun. In spite of the brilliant defense, Syracuse was finally captured. It is said that while the pillage and destruction were going on, Archimedes sat calmly working on a problem. "Don't disturb me," he said to the soldier who had burst in upon him. The soldier was angry and struck him down.

The Editor.]

The siege of Syracuse then commenced by sea and land at the same time; by land on the side of the Hexapylum; by sea on the side of the Achradina, the wall of which is washed by its waves; and as the Romans felt a confidence that as they had taken Leonitini by the terror they occasioned on the first assault, they should be able in some quarter to effect an entrance into a city so desert, and diffused over so large an extent of ground, they brought up to the walls every kind of engine for besieging cities.

And an attempt made with so much energy would have succeeded, had it not been for one person then at Syracuse. That person was Archimedes, a man of unrivaled skill in observing the heavens and the stars,

but more deserving of admiration as the inventor and constructor of warlike engines and works, by means of which, with a very slight effort, he turned to ridicule what the enemy effected with great difficulty. The wall, which ran along unequal eminences, most of which were high and difficult of access, some low and open to approach along level vales, he furnished with every kind of warlike engine, as seemed suitable to each particular place.

Marcellus attacked from the quinquiremes the wall of the Achradina, which, as before stated, was washed by the sea. From the other ships the archers and slingers and light infantry, whose weapon is difficult to be thrown back by the unskillful, allowed scarce any person to remain upon the wall unwounded. These, as they required room for the discharge of their missiles, kept their ships at a distance from the wall. Eight more quinquiremes joined together in pairs, the oars on their inner sides being removed, so that side might be placed to side, and which formed as it were ships, carried turrets built up in stories, and other engines employed in battering walls.

Against this naval armament Archimedes placed on different parts of the walls engines of various dimensions. Against the ships which were at a distance he discharged stones of immense weight. Those which were nearer he assailed with lighter, and therefore more numerous missiles. Lastly, in order that his own men might heap their weapons upon the enemy without receiving any wounds themselves, he perforated the wall from the top to the bottom with a great number of loopholes, about a cubit in diameter, through which some

with arrows, others with scorpions of moderate size, assailed the enemy without being seen. Certain ships which came nearer to the walls in order to get within the range of the engines, he placed upon their sterns, raising up their prows by throwing upon them an iron grapple, attached to a strong chain, by means of a tolleno which projected from the wall and overhung them, having a heavy counterpoise of lead which forced back the lever to the ground; then the grapple being suddenly disengaged, the ship falling as it were from the wall, was, by these means, to the utter consternation of the mariners, dashed in such a manner against the water that, even if it fell back in an erect position, it took in a great quantity of water.

Thus the attack by sea was foiled, and their whole efforts were directed to an attack by land with all their forces. But on this side also the place was furnished with a similar array of engines of every kind, procured at the expense of Hiero, who had given his attention to this object through a course of many years, and constructed by the unrivaled abilities of Archimedes. The nature of the place also assisted them; for the rock which formed the foundation of the wall was for the most part so steep that not only materials discharged from engines, but such as were rolled down by their own gravity, fell upon the enemy with great force; the same cause rendered the approach to the city difficult and the footing unsteady. Wherefore, a council being held, it was resolved, since every attempt was frustrated, to abstain from assaulting the place, and keeping up a blockade, only to cut off the provisions of the enemy by sea and land.

MARIUS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE

[106 B.C.]

BY SALLUST

[AT the close of the Carthaginian wars, the Romans had promised to protect the rightful rulers of the various provinces of Numidia. One Jugurtha had succeeded in putting these rulers to death and seizing upon the whole country. The Romans were helpless, for the reason that both commissioners and commanders sent against him accepted his bribes. Finally, Marius, a man of humble birth, who had risen to the consulship, was sent, and he brought the war to a close. The following extract is given by Sallust, the Roman historian, as the speech made by Marius to encourage enlistments in his army.

The Editor.]

I AM aware, my fellow-citizens, that most men do not appear as candidates before you for an office, and conduct themselves in it when they have obtained it under the same character; that they are at first industrious, humble, and modest, but afterwards lead a life of indolence and arrogance. But to me it appears that the contrary should be the case, for, as the whole state is of greater consequence than the single office of consulate or prætorship, so its interests ought to be managed with greater solicitude than these magistracies are sought. Nor am I sensible how great a weight of business I am, through your kindness, called upon to sustain. To make preparations for war, and yet be sparing of the treasury; to press those into the service whom I am unwilling to

offend; to direct everything at home and abroad; and to discharge these duties when surrounded by the envious, the hostile, and the factious, is more difficult, my fellow-citizens, than is generally imagined. In addition to this, if others fail in their undertakings, their ancient rank, the heroic actions of their ancestors, the power of their relatives and connections, their numerous dependents, are all at hand to support them; but as for me, my whole hopes rest upon myself, which I must sustain by good conduct and integrity; for all other means are unavailing.

I am sensible, too, my fellow-citizens, that the eyes of all men are turned upon me; that the just and good favor me, as my services are beneficial to the state, but that the nobility seek occasion to attack me. I must, therefore, use the greater exertion, that you may not be deceived in me, and that their views may be rendered abortive. I have led such a life, indeed, from my boyhood to the present hour, that I am familiar with every kind of toil and danger; and that exertion, which, before your kindness to me, I practiced gratuitously, it is not my intention to relax after having received my reward. For those who have pretended to be men of worth only to secure their election, it may be difficult to conduct themselves properly in office; but to me, who have passed my whole life in the most honorable occupations, to act well had from habit become nature.

You have commanded me to carry on the war against Jugurtha; a commission at which the nobility are highly offended. Consider with yourselves, I pray you, whether it would be a change for the better, if you were to send to this, or to any other such appointment, one of yonder

crowd of nobles, a man of ancient family, of innumerable statues, and of no military experience; in order, forsooth, that in so important an office, and being ignorant of everything connected with it, he may exhibit hurry and trepidation, and select one of the people to instruct him in his duty. For so it generally happens, that he whom you have chosen to direct, seeks another to direct him. I know some, my fellow-citizens, who, after they have been elected consuls, have begun to read the acts of their ancestors, and the military precepts of the Greeks; persons who invert the order of things; for though to discharge the duties of the office is posterior in point of time to election, it is in reality and practical importance prior to it.

Compare now, my fellow-citizens, me, who am but a new man, with those haughty nobles. What they have but heard or read, I have witnessed or performed. What they have learned from books, I have acquired in the field; and whether deeds or words are of greater estimation, it is for you to consider. They despise my humbleness of birth; I contemn their imbecility. My condition is made an objection to me; their misconduct is a reproach to them. The circumstance of birth, indeed, I consider as one and the same to all; but think that he who best exerts himself is the noblest. And could it be required of the fathers of Albinus and Bestia, whether they would rather be the parents of them or of me, what do you suppose that they would answer, but that they would wish the most deserving to be their offspring? If the patricians justly despise me, let them also despise their own ancestors, whose nobility, like mine, had its origin in merit. They envy me the toils, the abstinence,

and the perils, by which I obtained that honor. But they, men eaten up with pride, live as if they disdained all the distinctions that you can bestow, and yet sue for those distinctions as if they had lived so as to merit them. Yet those are assuredly deceived, who expect to enjoy at the same time things so incompatible as the pleasures of indolence and the rewards of honorable exertion.

When they speak before you or in the Senate, they occupy the greater part of their orations in extolling their ancestors; for they suppose that by recounting the heroic deeds of their forefathers, they render themselves more illustrious. But the reverse of this is the case; for the more glorious were the lives of their ancestors, the more scandalous is their own inaction. The truth, indeed, is plainly this, that the glory of ancestors sheds a light on their posterity, which suffers neither their virtues nor their vices to be concealed. Of this light, my fellow-citizens, I have no share, but I have what confers much more distinction, the power of relating my own actions. Consider, then, how unreasonable they are; what they claim to themselves for the merit of others, they will not grant to me for my own; alleging, forsooth, that I have no statues, and that my distinction is newly acquired; but it is surely better to have acquired such distinction myself than to bring disgrace on that received from others.

I am not ignorant that, if they were inclined to reply to me, they would make an abundant display of eloquent and artful language. Yet, since they attack both you and myself, on occasion of the great favor which you have conferred upon me, I did not think proper to

be silent before them, lest any one should construe my forbearance into a consciousness of demerit. As for myself, indeed, nothing that is said of me, I feel assured, can do me injury; for what is true must of necessity speak in my favor; what is false, my life and character will refute. But since your judgment, in bestowing on me so distinguished an honor and so important a trust, is called in question, consider, I beseech you, again and again, whether you are likely to repent of what you have done. I cannot, to raise your confidence in me, boast of the statues, or triumphs, or consulships of my ancestors; but if it be thought necessary, I can show you spears, a banner, caparisons for horses, and other military rewards; besides the scars of wounds on my breast. These are my statues; this is my nobility; honors, not left, like theirs, by inheritance, but acquired amidst innumerable toils and dangers.

My speech, they say, is inelegant; but that I have ever thought of little importance. Worth sufficiently displays itself; it is for my detractors to use studied language, that they may palliate base conduct by plausible words. Nor have I learned Greek; for I had no wish to acquire a tongue that adds nothing to the valor of those who teach it. But I have gained other accomplishments, such as are of the utmost benefit to a state; I have learned to strike down an enemy; to be vigilant at my post; to fear nothing but dishonor; to bear cold and heat with equal endurance; to sleep on the ground; and to sustain at the same time hunger and fatigue. And with such rules of conduct I shall stimulate my soldiers, not treating them with rigor and myself with indulgence, nor making their toils my glory. Such a mode of com-

manding is at once useful to the state and becoming to a citizen. For to coerce your troops with severity while you yourself live at ease, is to be a tyrant, not a general.

It was by conduct such as this, my fellow-citizens, that your ancestors made themselves and the republic renowned; our nobility, relying on their forefathers' merits, though totally different from them in conduct, disparage us who emulate their virtues; and demand of you every public honor, as due, not to their personal merit, but to their high rank. Arrogant pretenders, and utterly unreasonable! For though their ancestors left them all that was at their disposal, their riches, their statues, and their glorious names, they left them not, nor could leave them, their virtue; which alone, of all their possessions, could neither be communicated nor received.

They reproach me as being mean and of unpolished manners, because, forsooth, I have but little skill in arranging an entertainment, and keep no actor, nor give my cook higher wages than my steward; all which charges, I must, indeed, acknowledge to be just; for I learned from my father, and other venerable characters, that vain indulgences belong to women, and labor to men; that glory, rather than wealth, should be the object of the virtuous; and that arms and armor, not household furniture, are marks of honor. But let the nobility, if they please, pursue what is delightful and dear to them; let them devote themselves to licentiousness and luxury; let them pass their age as they have passed their youth, in revelry and feasting, the slaves of gluttony and debauchery; but let them leave the toil and dust of the field and other such matters to us, to whom they are

more grateful than banquets. This, however, they will not do; for when these most infamous of men have disgraced themselves by every species of turpitude, they proceed to claim the distinctions due to the most honorable. Thus it most unjustly happens that luxury and indolence, the most disgraceful of vices, are harmless to those who indulge in them, and fatal only to the innocent commonwealth.

As I have now replied to my calumniators, as far as my own character required, though not so fully as their flagitiousness deserved, I shall add a few words on the state of public affairs. In the first place, my fellow-citizens, be of good courage with regard to Numidia; for all that hitherto protected Jugurtha, avarice, inexperience, and arrogance, you have entirely removed. There is an army in it, too, which is well acquainted with the country, though, assuredly, more brave than fortunate, for a great part of it has been destroyed by the avarice or rashness of its commanders. Such of you, then, as are of military age, coöperate with me, and support the cause of your country; and let no discouragement from the ill fortune of others, or the arrogance of the late commanders, affect any one of you. I myself shall be with you, both on the march and in the battle, both to direct your movements and to share your dangers. I shall treat you and myself on every occasion alike; and, doubtless, with the aid of the gods, all good things, victory, spoil, and glory, are ready to our hands; though, even if they were doubtful or distant, it would still become every able citizen to act in defense of his country. For no man, by slothful timidity, has escaped the lot of mortals; nor has any parent wished for his

children that they might live forever, but rather that they might act in life with virtue and honor. I would add more, my fellow-citizens, if words could give courage to the faint-hearted; to the brave I think that I have said enough.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

[73 B.C.]

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG

[THE Romans had always been stern, and now they had become brutal. In the athletic contests they were no longer satisfied with racing and wrestling; they demanded to see real fights and the spilling of real blood. At first they were entertained by watching battles between wild beasts, lions, leopards, panthers, and elephants, sometimes hundreds of them fighting together in the same arena; but this soon ceased to be interesting. Those who are cruel to animals always become cruel to people; and the Romans soon wanted the excitement of seeing *men* fight and die. These fighters were called gladiators. At first they were all slaves and criminals. Sometimes they were promised freedom if they fought for a certain number of years and were not slain. Schools were established where they were trained to fight, and from which they could be obtained at any moment. At the close of a gladiatorial combat, the victor stood proudly beside the vanquished and waited for the spectators to say what should be done with him. If the man had made a brave fight, they stretched out their hands with the thumbs up; but if he had shown himself awkward or cowardly, the thumbs were pointed down, and he was put to death on the instant.

In 73 B.C. the gladiators revolted and many escaped from the school at Capua, with no weapons save those of the arena. Slaves and other gladiators joined them, and they were successful in some engagements with the Roman troops. Spartacus had been chosen as their leader, and he sensibly urged them to go to their homes in Gaul and Thrace; but they were so elated with their victories that they refused in the wild hope of conquering Rome. The result was that they were

overcome by the Romans, and Spartacus was slain. The following is his supposed speech to them at the time of their escape.

The Editor.]

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrops on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were assembled, their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows, when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them: —

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet has lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare to face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus — a

hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta and settled among the vineclad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime.

"We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together of our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the warhorse, the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling.

"To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet clasps, behold, he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave, and I begged that I might bear away his body, to burn it on a funeral pile

and mourn over its ashes. Aye, upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber flows red as frothing wine, and there in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are. The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he has tasted flesh, but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!

Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? Oh, comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky; by the bright waters; in noble, honorable battle."

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW

BY CATULLUS

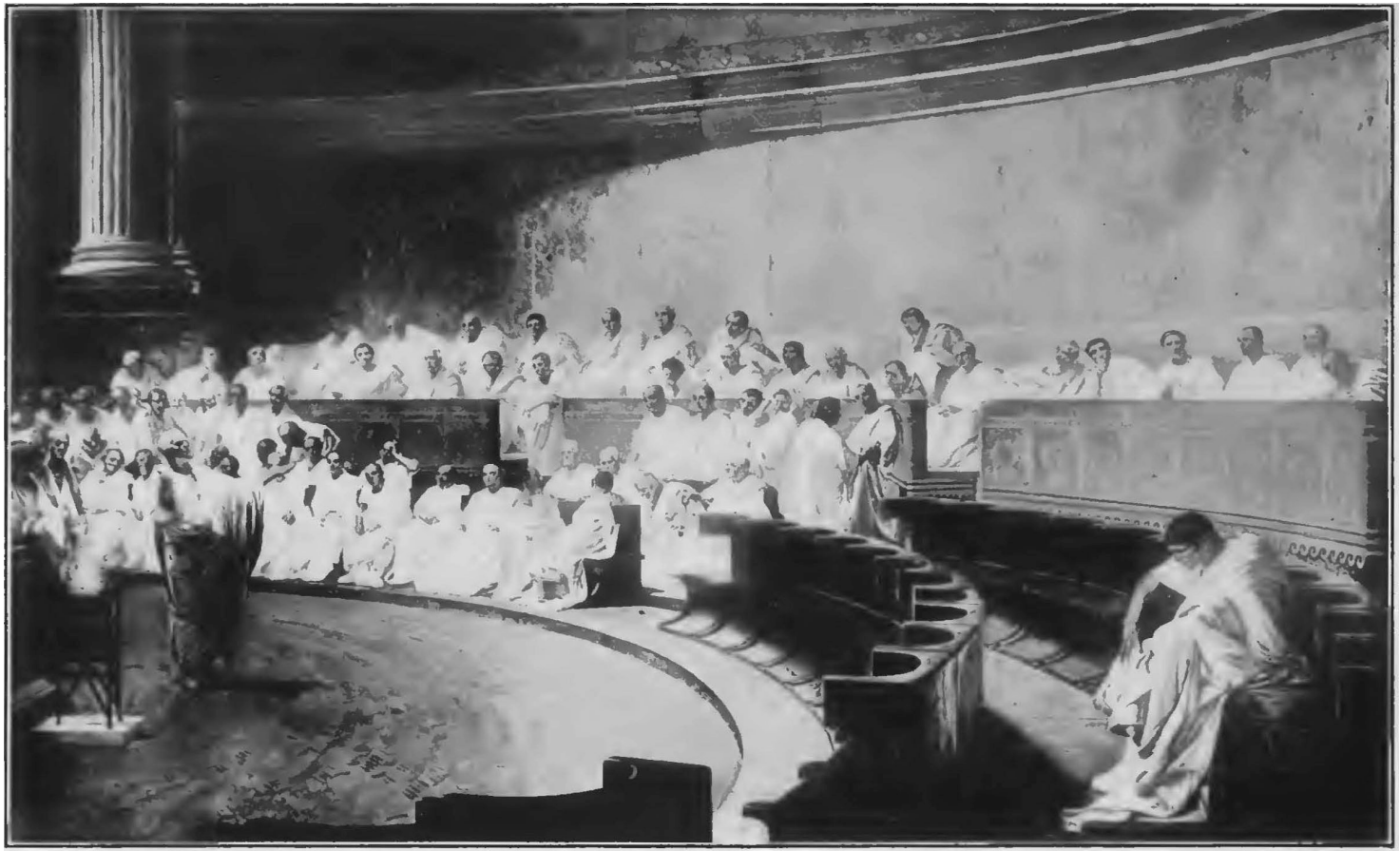
[It is good to know that even in the midst of wars and proscriptions such a delightful little poem as the following, in memory of a pet bird, could have been written.

The Editor.]

Loves and Graces mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother, never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her, to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirrup'd with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 't is, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead.

IV

JULIUS CÆSAR



CICERO DENOUNCING CATILINE IN THE ROMAN SENATE

BY CESARE MACCARI

(*Italian painter*, 1840-

Toward the end of 63 B.C., Lucius Sergius Catiline formed a conspiracy to overthrow the government of Rome, murder many distinguished citizens, and burn the city. Cicero, who was one of the consuls for the year, discovered the nefarious scheme and charged him with it in the presence of the Senate, as follows: —

"Just now you entered this Senate Chamber. In this great assemblage, where sit so many of your friends and relatives, who gave you any sign of greeting? If such a thing has never happened to any one before, no, not within the memory of mankind, why do you wait for me to pronounce your disgrace in so many words when your guilt has been already exposed by the far more impressive judgment of a silence like this? At your coming, the ex-consuls — whose names you have often noted down for murder — left the seats around you vacant. What more need I say? How do you think you ought to interpret a thing like that?"

This is the moment of the picture, which is a reproduction of a mural painting on the walls of the present Senate Chamber at Rome. Catiline attempted to clear himself, but the room was filled with cries of "Enemy! Parricide!" He succeeded in escaping from Rome, but the other conspirators sought to carry out his plans. Cicero discovered all the details of the plot and disclosed it to the Senate. The conspirators still in the city were seized and put to death. Catiline had established a camp in Etruria, to which large numbers of his friends had resorted, but when what had taken place in Rome became known, many of these deserted. Against the others Antonius was sent in command of a body of troops, and Catiline was defeated and slain.

HISTORICAL NOTE

JULIUS CÆSAR was born of a noble family in the year 100 B.C. He was obliged to flee from Rome during the civil wars of Marius and Sulla, but returned at the latter's death and soon made a name for himself as a daring leader of the people in their struggle against the nobility. In 59 B.C. he united with Pompey, a successful general, and Crassus, a man of immense wealth, in a political alliance known as the First Triumvirate. They divided the Roman world between them, Cæsar, for his share, taking the province of Gaul (France).

During the nine years that Cæsar spent in Gaul he subdued the whole province, invaded Germany and Britain, and established a reputation as one of the world's greatest generals. Meanwhile the Roman Senate, jealous of his success, ordered him to disband his army and appointed Pompey to protect the state against him. For answer, Cæsar invaded Italy, defeated Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, put down revolts in Asia and Africa, and returned to Rome in 46 B.C., the undisputed master of the empire. A series of far-reaching reforms was inaugurated, but his vast designs were cut short by his assassination in the year 44 B.C.

Julius Cæsar was not only a soldier and statesman of the first rank, but a great historian and orator as well. "Taking him as the statesman who built on the ruins of the Republic the foundations of the Empire, as the patron of learning who founded libraries in all the great towns, and filled Rome with men of science, culture and letters; as the legislator who drafted laws which still control the world; as the profound scholar who dictated the correction of the calendar; as the thinker, for the grasp of whose mind nothing was too intricate, nothing too broad, Cæsar was, indeed, 'the foremost man in all the world.'"

WHEN CÆSAR CROSSED THE RUBICON[1]

[49 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[THE Rubicon was a little river separating Italy from the province of Gaul, of which Cæsar was governor. To cross it at the head of his army without the consent of the Senate was equivalent to declaring war against Rome. On the other hand, to leave his army behind would mean putting himself in the hands of enemies who were determined to rid themselves of so dangerous an opponent. On his decision rested the fate of Rome.

The Editor.]

THERE were not about him at that time above three hundred horse, and five thousand foot; for the rest of his army, which was left behind the Alps, was to be brought after him by officers who had received orders for that purpose. But he thought the first motion towards the design which he had on foot did not require large forces at present, and that what was wanted was to make this first step suddenly, and so as to astound his enemies with the boldness of it; as it would be easier, he thought, to throw them into consternation by doing what they never anticipated, than fairly to conquer them, if he had alarmed them by his preparations. And therefore, he commanded his captains and other officers to go only with their swords in their hands, without any other arms, and make themselves masters of Ariminum, a large city of Gaul, with as little disturbance and bloodshed as possible. He committed the care of these forces

[1] From *Plutarch's Lives*. Corrected and translated by A. H. Clough. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1876, by Little, Brown, and Company.

to Hortensius, and himself spent the day in public as a stander-by and spectator of the gladiators, who exercised before him. A little before night he attended to his person, and then went into the hall, and conversed for some time with those he had invited to supper, till it began to grow dusk, when he rose from table, and made his excuses to the company, begging them to stay till he came back, having already given private directions to a few immediate friends, that they should follow him, not all the same way, but some one way, some another. He himself got into one of the hired carriages, and drove at first another way, but presently turned towards Ariminum. When he came to the river Rubicon, which parts Gaul within the Alps from the rest of Italy, his thoughts began to work, now he was just entering upon the danger, and he wavered much in his mind, when he considered the greatness of the enterprise into which he was throwing himself. He checked his course, and ordered a halt, while he revolved with himself, and often changed his opinion one way and the other, without speaking a word. This was when his purposes fluctuated most; presently he also discussed the matter with his friends who were about him (of which number Asinius Pollio was one), computing how many calamities his passing that river would bring upon mankind, and what a relation of it would be transmitted to posterity. At last, in a sort of passion, casting aside calculation and abandoning himself to what might come, and using the proverb frequently in their mouths who enter upon dangerous and bold attempts, "The die is cast," with these words he took the river. Once over, he used all expedition possible, and before it was day reached Ariminum, and took it.

CÆSAR AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER [1]

[48–44 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

[CÆSAR could be stern when the occasion required, but he abhorred unnecessary bloodshed. The Romans, who remembered the cruel revenge that Marius and Sulla took on their enemies, were astonished at the moderation now shown by Cæsar.

The Editor.]

AND they had good reason to decree a temple to Clemency, in token of their thanks for the mild use he made of his victory. For he not only pardoned many of those who fought against him, but, further, to some gave honors and offices; as particularly to Brutus and Cassius, who both of them were prætors. Pompey's images that were thrown down, he set up again, upon which Cicero also said that by raising Pompey's statues he had fixed his own. When his friends advised him to have a guard, and several offered their services, he would not hear of it; but said it was better to suffer death once, than always to live in fear of it. He looked upon the affections of the people to be the best and surest guard, and entertained them with public feasting, and general distributions of corn; and to gratify his army, he sent out colonies to several places, of which the most remarkable were Carthage and Corinth; which as before they had been

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ruined at the same time, so now were restored and repeopled together.

As for the men of high rank, he promised to some of them future consulships and prætorships, some he consoled with other offices and honors, and to all held out hopes of favor by the solicitude he showed to rule with the general good-will; insomuch that upon the death of Maximus one day before his consulship was ended, he made Caninius Revilius consul for that day. And when many went to pay the usual compliments and attentions to the new consul, "Let us make haste," said Cicero, "lest the man be gone out of his office before we come."

Cæsar was born to do great things, and had a passion after honor, and the many noble exploits he had done did not now serve as an inducement to him to sit still and reap the fruit of his past labors, but were incentives and encouragements to go on, and raised in him ideas of still greater actions, and a desire of new glory, as if the present were all spent. It was, in fact, a sort of emulous struggle with himself, as if it had been with another, how he might outdo his past actions by his future. In pursuit of these thoughts, he resolved to make war upon the Parthians, and when he had subdued them, to pass through Hyrcania; thence to march along by the Caspian Sea to Mount Caucasus, and so on about Pontus, till he came into Scythia; then to overrun all the countries bordering upon Germany, and Germany itself; and so to return through Gaul into Italy, after completing the whole circle of his intended empire, and bounding it on every side by the ocean. While preparations were making for this expedition, he proposed to dig

through the isthmus on which Corinth stands; and appointed Anienus to superintend the work. He had also a design of diverting the Tiber, and carrying it by a deep channel directly from Rome to Circeii, and so into the sea near Tarracina, that there might be a safe and easy passage for all merchants who traded to Rome. Besides this, he intended to drain all the marshes by Pomentium and Setia, and gain ground enough from the water to employ many thousands of men in tillage. He proposed further to make great mounds on the shore nearest Rome, to hinder the sea from breaking in upon the land, to clear the coast at Ostia of all the hidden rocks and shoals that made it unsafe for shipping, and to form ports and harbors fit to receive the large number of vessels that would frequent them.

These things were designed without being carried into effect; but his reformation of the calendar in order to rectify the irregularity of time, was not only projected with great scientific ingenuity, but was brought to its completion, and proved of very great use. For it was not only in ancient times that the Romans had wanted a certain rule to make the revolutions of their months fall in with the course of the year, so that their festivals and solemn days for sacrifice were removed by little and little, till at last they came to be kept at seasons quite the contrary to what was at first intended, but even at this time the people had no way of computing the solar year; only the priests could say the time, and they, at their pleasure, without giving any notice, slipped in the intercalary month, which they called Mercedonius. Numa was the first who put in this month, but his expedient was but a poor one and quite inadequate to correct all

the errors that arose in the returns of the annual cycles, as we have shown in his life. Cæsar called in the best philosophers and mathematicians of his time to settle the point, and out of the systems he had before him, formed a new and more exact method of correcting the calendar, which the Romans use to this day, and seem to succeed better than any other nation in avoiding the errors occasioned by the inequality of the cycles. Yet even this gave offense to those who looked with an evil eye on his position, and felt oppressed by his power. Cicero, the orator, when some one in his company chanced to say, the next morning Lyra would rise, replied, "Yes, in accordance with the edict," as if even this were a matter of compulsion.

But that which brought upon him the most apparent and mortal hatred, was his desire of being king; which gave the common people the first occasion to quarrel with him, and proved the most specious pretense to those who had been his secret enemies all along.

THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[44 B.C.]

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

THE Ides of March drew near. Cæsar was to set out in a few days for Parthia. Decimus Brutus was going, as governor, to the north of Italy, Lepidus to Gaul, Marcus Brutus to Macedonia, and Trebonius to Asia Minor. Antony, Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, was to remain in Italy. Dolabella, Cicero's son-in-law, was to be consul with him as soon as Cæsar should have left for the East. The foreign appointments were all made for five years, and in another week the party would be scattered. The time for action had come, if action there was to be. Papers were dropped in Brutus's room, bidding him awake from his sleep. On the statue of Junius Brutus some hot republican wrote, "Would that thou wast alive!" The assassination in itself was easy, for Cæsar would take no precautions. So portentous an intention could not be kept entirely secret; many friends warned him to beware; but he disdained too heartily the worst that his enemies could do to him to vex himself with thinking of them, and he forbade the subject to be mentioned any more in his presence. Portents, prophecies, soothsayings, frightful aspects in the sacrifices, natural growths of alarm and excitement, were equally vain. "Am I to be frightened," he said, in answer to some report of the haruspices, "because a sheep is without a heart?"

An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the Ides (the 15th) of the month. The Pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on again the question of the kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The Senate house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes. So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be dispatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of their exploits. Some of them liked Antony. None supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone. In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like; Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretense of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A

gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theater to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

That evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "last supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one." When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and jibber in the Roman streets."

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

The house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom

he trusted — the coincidence is striking! — was employed to betray him. Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed. It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness and rose to go. As he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to forewarn him. As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work. He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his "contempt of religion."

Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close

to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him!

AT THE FUNERAL OF CÆSAR

[44 B.C.]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[ON the morning after the murder of Cæsar, the Senate tried to pacify his friends by granting him the honors due to a god; and to gratify the conspirators by naming them for positions of honor. Mark Antony, a friend to Cæsar, showed no indignation against the assassins, and so won what he wanted, permission to speak at Cæsar's funeral. Brutus was so sure that his own speech, which was to precede that of Antony, would convince the Romans that it was wise and right to slay Cæsar that he did not hesitate to allow Antony to speak, provided, as he said to him (according to Shakespeare), —

"You shall not in your funeral speech blame us."

The Editor.]

The Forum

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of Citizens*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rend'red
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rend'red.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory

not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain!
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will: we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[ANTONY *comes down.*

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
[*Lifting* CÆSAR'S *mantle.*
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

V

THE AUGUSTAN AGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

AFTER the murder of Julius Cæsar, the Romans were aroused by Antony's oration against the conspirators, and the murderers fled from Rome. Cæsar's soldiers were eager to avenge his death, and chose Antony for their leader. Cæsar's will had made his grandnephew Octavianus emperor, and the Senate stood by him. War followed, and Antony was defeated. Octavianus then asked Antony and also Lepidus to share the Roman world with him. To make themselves safe, they killed all who were likely to oppose them, the great orator Cicero among the number. They overcame the conspirators at Philippi. Next, Lepidus was dropped from the Triumvirate. It was decided that Antony should rule the East and Octavianus the West; but Antony was overcome by the charms of Cleopatra and, according to report, aimed at establishing a kingdom of his own and then trying to conquer Rome. Octavianus, or Augustus (the Revered), as he was afterwards called, defeated him in a naval battle off the coast of Actium. Antony committed suicide and the Roman world was now in the hands of one man, the shrewd young Octavianus.

Augustus wisely made no attempt to increase the broad territories of Rome, but urged his people to strengthen what they already had. He was interested in art and architecture and literature. He added so many fine buildings to Rome that he said with justice, "I found Rome a city of brick; I left it a city of marble." It was the custom of the land to throw open the gates of the temple of Janus in war, and with only two exceptions they had been open during the whole history of the city. During the reign of Augustus, however, they were closed three times. It was during one of these periods of peace that Christ was born in the little far-away province of Judea.

AUGUSTUS, THE SHREWD YOUNG EMPEROR

[Emperor 31 B.C. – 14 A.D.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR OCTAVIANUS was an exceedingly wise young man. He had seen his uncle lose his life, not because he did not govern well, but because the Romans suspected that he meant to take the title of king. This new ruler believed that it was far more desirable to have power than to have any especial title. Moreover, he had learned that a large number of citizens were startled at any suggestion of new laws or abrupt changes, but were contented if the old names and forms of government were kept up. Therefore he called himself simply "imperator," a military title meaning hardly more than commander. He never spoke of his victory over Antonius as the triumph of any party, but merely as the successful ending of an Eastern war. He was made consul; and he voted in the Senate just as any consul might do. He wore no royal robes, but the ordinary dress of a Roman. His house was like the dwellings of other men of good position, but not pretentious in any way. The people believed that the Government was moving on in the old fashion, the senators held their regular meetings and felt that they were deciding all important matters; and yet, little by little, the control of every division of the Government was coming into the hands of Octavianus.

Apparently, he held his power with a loose grasp. Sometimes he would offer to give up some of it. Surely, there was no reason to be jealous of a ruler who seemed to have no ambition but to do his best to govern well; and so he came to be at the head of one branch of the Government after another. He became censor; princeps, or first senator; and pontifex maximus, or chief priest. Finally, he was given the title of "Augustus," or the "Majestic," the "Revered," and it is by this title that he is usually spoken of in history. Sextilis, the name of the month in which his first consulate began, was changed to August in his honor.

By this quiet way of controlling the state, the clear-headed imperator, or emperor, was able to bring about what he wanted. One thing that both he and his people wanted was peace. He was obliged to carry on warfare to some extent during his reign, but he did not attempt to make the empire larger. He believed rather that Rome had as wide a dominion as she could well govern, but that it ought to be bounded by mountains, rivers, deserts, or seas, that is, by natural boundaries. As far as possible, he carried out this scheme. He would have liked to take the Elbe for part of the northern boundary; but the German tribes south of that river rebelled, and the Roman army under Varus was utterly destroyed. This almost broke the Emperor's heart. It is said that he used to cry out in agony even in his dreams, "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" The Rhine and the Danube became the northern limits of the empire; and if a line be drawn from the mouth of the Rhine to Cape St. Vincent in Portugal, and that line be moved on to the southeast until it has gone beyond Syria and

Egypt, the boundaries so marked will include little that was not under Roman rule.

To make the most of what Rome already held was Augustus's aim. The newer and less peaceful provinces he kept in his own hands. He appointed a governor for each, paid him a salary, and forbade the oppression of the natives. If a governor disobeyed, he was punished. The other provinces were left in the hands of the senate, but they were not forgotten, for Augustus kept close watch of their governors and saw that the provincials were fairly treated. He was always ready to listen to any complaint from them. After the Social War, a man in Italy or in the provinces who had been made a Roman citizen, had a right to vote, but in reality he was ruled by the people who lived in Rome, as has been said before, because they alone could conveniently be present at the assemblies. Now that Augustus had become the one power in Rome, it was gradually coming about that the citizens in Rome had no more power than those hundreds of miles away, for the emperor ruled them all.

The Romans thought it an important part of a ruler's duty to amuse them, and this duty Augustus never neglected. Unfortunately, their favorite amusement was the gladiatorial contest. The emperor made most liberal arrangements for this. He provided wild beasts by the hundred and gladiators by the thousand. "Bread and the games of the circus!" was the cry of the people of Rome, and the state supplied both. The laws of Caius Gracchus, passed more than a century earlier, allowed every Roman citizen to buy grain of the state at half price or less. The privilege had been continued, and the number who depended upon this charity had

increased until in the time of Augustus it is probable that fully half of Rome received their food or part of it from the Government. Of course some of these people were not able to earn their support, but the others deliberately preferred to ask bread of the state rather than earn it. There was the same old desire of the poor to avoid work; and with it went the eagerness of the rich to find new luxuries.

Augustus was interested in architecture, and he put up many temples, for men were forgetting their old reverence for the gods, and he wished to do all that he could to restore it. Any one walking through the city would see handsome buildings, such as the Capitol, the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, the Senate house, and Basilica, or hall of justice. There were now several handsome forums in the city; and these public squares, as well as the temples, were adorned with statues. There were beautiful parks and public gardens, and along the Campus Martius were porticoes, whose roofs were upheld by columns, and here people might walk in the shade. On the Palatine Hill were the luxurious homes of the wealthy; but the city as a whole must have been a vast collection of little houses and shops, with lanes, rather than streets, winding in and out among them.

The homes of the wealthy were most splendid. Even those that were in town were so surrounded by gardens and trees and vineyards that one within them might fancy himself many miles away from a city. The houses were full of luxury and gorgeousness, even though they were not always in the best of taste. The vestibule was often adorned with busts and statues, perhaps brought from some conquered city. The walls were painted

with some bright color and frescoed. There were tables veneered with plates of gold, silver, or ivory, chairs of cedar, floors of marble or of mosaic work, couches on which to recline at meals, sometimes of bronze, and sometimes of wood inlaid with ivory or gold. The beds had silver legs, mattresses stuffed with down, silken pillows, and richly embroidered purple coverlets. There were beautiful ornaments, vases, and exquisite work in glass. There were most graceful lamps of terra-cotta, bronze, or gold.

At meals the Romans loaded the table as nations do that have more money than good taste, and a slave who could cook perfectly was worth one thousand times as much as an ordinary slave. Vegetables, eggs, fish, fowls of many sorts, peacocks, and wild boars roasted whole, pastries and fruits were used; but the Roman idea of a luxurious meal was one at which many strange dishes appeared. The farther these were brought and the rarer they were, the more delicious they were supposed to be. A dinner of six or seven elaborate courses followed by much drinking of wine was not thought to be a sufficient entertainment for guests, and they were amused by rope-dancers, conjurers, and singers.

To learn Greek was so much the fashion that a Greek slave was usually chosen to attend boys to school that he might talk with them in his own language. They learned chiefly reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the reading class, the boys repeated together after the teacher, first the letters, then the syllables of a word, and finally the whole word. The books were of parchment folded into leaves or scrolls of papyrus. The text had been copied on them by slaves. When it was time

for the writing lesson, the boys took their tablets covered with wax and followed with a sharp point, or stilus, the letters that the teacher had traced. When they could do this well, they were allowed to make letters on the wax for themselves; and when they could write fairly well, they were promoted to use pens made of reeds, ink, and paper made from papyrus. Arithmetic they learned from an abacus, on whose wires little balls were strung. When the boys grew older, they attended more advanced schools, and in these the masterpieces of Greek literature were taught. Then many of them went on further and studied oratory. They must have Greek teachers, and those who could afford the expense went to Greece to complete their education.

The emperor was interested in literature, and the greatest of all the Latin writers lived during his reign. They were Virgil, Horace, Livy, and Ovid. Virgil, or Publius Virgilius Maro, wrote a long poem, the "Æneid," or story of Æneas and his coming to Italy after the fall of Troy. The Romans had been so well pleased with his shorter poems that when they heard of his plan to write the "Æneid," they were delighted. They had a long time to wait before seeing the book, for Virgil was not at all strong, and it was seven years before it was half done. Then the emperor asked him to read what he had written. He read first about the night when the Greeks slid softly down from the wooden horse and Troy was taken and burned; then he read about Æneas's stay in Carthage; and last, about his visit to the land of the dead. Here, the poem says, was the young Marcellus, whom the fates would "only show to the earth" and then snatch away.

"Fling lilies with o'erflowing hands, and let
Me strew his grave with violets," —

Virgil repeated. Marcellus was the name of a favorite nephew whom the emperor had adopted to be his successor. The young man had died only a little while before this, and the emperor was grateful that his name had been made immortal by the poet. In his will, Virgil directed the "Æneid" to be burned, because he had not yet made it as perfect as he wished, but Augustus forbade that such a thing should be done. He gave the manuscript to three friends of Virgil, all of them poets, telling them to strike out any phrase that they thought Virgil would have omitted on revision, but to add nothing. So it was that the "Æneid" was saved.

Horace, or Quintus Horatius Flaccus, had studied in Greece, according to the fashion, and when a young man, had fought in the army of Brutus. Virgil introduced him to Mæcenas, a wealthy statesman who knew how to be a warm friend. Through Mæcenas he met the emperor, and here he was sure to find appreciation. He wrote no lengthy poem, but many short ones, graceful odes to Mæcenas, to Virgil, to the emperor, to the state, to a beautiful fountain. He understands so well how people feel that one might almost fancy his poems were written yesterday. He thoroughly likes a jest or an unexpected turn. In one poem, a usurer, or money-lender, tells how he longs to live in the country. "Happy is the man," he says, "who dwells on his own farm, far away from the troubles of the city. He can train his vines, or graft his trees, or shear his sheep, or lie on the soft grass and hear the birds sing and the little streams murmur." Then Horace ends, "So said the money-lender. He

called in all his money on the fifteenth of the month to buy a home in the country — but he forgot the country and loaned it again on the first of the following month." When Mæcenas was dying, he said to Augustus, "Take care of Horace as if he were myself"; but Horace lived only a few months longer than his good friend.

Livy, or Titus Livius, liked to think and talk of the days before the aristocratic notions of the Romans were overthrown by Cæsar, and Augustus playfully called him a follower of Pompey. Livy's great work was a history of the Roman people; and in his preface he says that it will be reward enough for his labor in writing it if he can only forget for a while the troubles of his own times. This sounds rather mournful, but the history is charming. In reading it we almost feel that we are listening to Livy himself, for he writes his stories of the olden times as if he were telling them to a group of friends. He describes something that pleases him as if he were sure that his readers would enjoy it with him; and he is as grieved over a lost battle of a century earlier as if the defeated general were his own dear friend.

Even when Ovid, or Publius Ovidius Naso, was a small boy, he was eager to write poetry. His father wished him to become an orator and win some high position in the Government, and the boy tried his best to learn to argue. His teacher said that he spoke in a poetical sort of prose and did not arrange his arguments well. After a while a fortune was left him, and then he was free to write as much poetry as he chose. He was liked by the emperor, and life moved on most pleasantly. He wrote the "Metamorphoses," or stories of the gods. One is the tale of the visit of Jupiter and Mercury to Baucis

and Philemon. It is so simply and naturally told that we can almost see old Baucis building a fire on the hearth, putting a piece of a broken dish under one leg of the table so it will stand even, then rubbing the board with mint to make it smell sweet. Ovid was revising his manuscript one evening when an order for his banishment to the mouth of the Danube suddenly arrived from the emperor. No one ever knew why this was done. Ovid was torn from his family and sent to spend the rest of his life among the barbarians. In his despair he burned the "Metamorphoses," but fortunately his friends had made copies of it long before. He died in exile.

It is because these great writers lived in the times of Augustus that his reign is called the Golden, or Augustan, Age of Latin literature.

THE LETTER OF A ROMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT

[44 B.C.]

BY CICERO THE YOUNGER

[No Roman youth was thought to have completed his education until he had studied with some of the famous Grecian teachers, and young men went to Greece as those of to-day go to a university. The following extract is a translation of a letter written by the son of Cicero while a student in Athens in 44 B.C. to Tiro, his father's man of business.

The Editor.]

AFTER I had been anxiously expecting letter-carriers day after day, at length they arrived forty-six days after they left you. Their arrival was most welcome to me: for while I took the greatest possible pleasure in the letter of the kindest and most beloved of fathers, still your most delightful letter put a finishing stroke to my joy. So I no longer repent of having suspended writing for a time, but am rather rejoiced at it; for I have reaped a great reward in your kindness from my pen having been silent. I am therefore exceedingly glad that you have unhesitatingly accepted my excuse. I am sure, dearest Tiro, that the reports about me which reach you answer your best wishes and hopes. I will make them good and will do my best that this belief in me, which day by day becomes more and more *en évidence*, shall be doubled. Wherefore you may with confidence and assurance fulfill your promise of being the trumpeter of my reputation.

LETTER OF A ROMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT

For the errors of my youth have caused me so much remorse and suffering, that not only does my heart shrink from what I did, my very ears abhor the mention of it. And for this anguish and sorrow I know and am assured that you have taken your share. And I don't wonder at it! for while you wished me all success for my sake, you did so also for your own; for I have evermeant you to be my partner in all my good fortunes. Since, therefore, you have suffered sorrow through me, I will now take care that through me your joy shall be doubled. Let me assure you that my very close attachment to Cratippus is that of a son rather than a pupil: for though I enjoy his lectures, I am also specially charmed with his delightful manners. I spend whole days with him, and often part of the night: for I induce him to dine with me as often as possible. This intimacy having been established, he often drops in upon us unexpectedly while we are at dinner, and laying aside the stiff airs of a philosopher joins in our jests with the greatest possible freedom. He is such a man — so delightful, so distinguished — that you should take pains to make his acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. I need hardly mention Bruttius, whom I never allow to leave my side. He is a man of a strict and moral life, as well as being the most delightful company. For in him fun is not divorced from literature and the daily philosophical inquiries which we make in common. I have hired a residence next door to him, and as far as I can with my poor pittance I subsidize his narrow means. Furthermore, I have begun practicing declamation in Greek with Cassius; in Latin I like having my practice with Bruttius. My intimate friends and daily companions are those whom Cratippus brought

with him from Mitylene — good scholars, of whom he has the highest opinion. I also see a great deal of Epicrates, the leading man at Athens, and Leonides, and other men of that sort. So now you know how I am going on.

You remark in your letter on the character of Gorgias. The fact is, I found him very useful in my daily practice of declamation; but I subordinated everything to obeying my father's injunctions, for he had written ordering me to give him up at once. I would n't shilly-shally about the business, for fear my making a fuss should cause my father to harbor some suspicion. Moreover, it occurred to me that it would be offensive for me to express an opinion on a decision of my father's. However, your interest and advice are welcome and acceptable. Your apology for lack of time I quite accept; for I know how busy you always are. I am very glad that you have bought an estate, and you have my best wishes for the success of your purchase. Don't be surprised at my congratulations coming in at this point in my letter, for it was at the corresponding point in yours that you told me of your purchase. You are a man of property! You must drop your city manners: you have become a Roman country gentleman. How clearly I have your dearest face before my eyes at this moment! For I seem to see you buying things for the farm, talking to your bailiff, saving the seeds at dessert in the corner of your cloak. But as to the matter of money, I am as sorry as you that I was not on the spot to help you. But do not doubt, my dear Tiro, of my assisting you in the future, if fortune does but stand by me; especially as I know that this estate has been purchased for our joint advantage.

LETTER OF A ROMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENT

As to my commissions about which you are taking trouble — many thanks! But I beg you to send me a secretary at the earliest opportunity — if possible a Greek; for he will save me a great deal of trouble in copying out notes. Above all, take care of your health, that we may have some literary talk together hereafter. I commend Anteros to you.

A ROMAN BORE

BY HORACE

[I HAVE not the least doubt that this poem was read aloud by its author at the house of Mæcenas, when Bolanus and Viscus and Varius and Tigellius and Aristius were all present, and that it was listened to with shouts of laughter.

The Editor.]

ALONG the Sacred Road I strolled one day,
Deep in some bagatelle (you know my way),
When up comes one whose name I scarcely knew —
"The dearest of dear fellows! how d' ye do?"
He grasped my hand — "Well, thanks: the same to you."
Then, as he still kept walking by my side,
To cut things short, "You've no commands?" I cried.
"Nay, you should know me: I'm a man of lore."
"Sir, I'm your humble servant all the more."
All in a fret to make him let me go,
I now walk fast, now loiter and walk slow,
Now whisper to my servant, while the sweat
Ran down so fast, my very feet were wet.
"O had I but a temper worth the name,
Like yours, Bolanus!" inly I exclaim,
While he keeps running on at a hand-trot,
About the town, the streets, I know not what.
Finding I made no answer, "Ah! I see,
You're at a strait to rid yourself of me;
But 't is no use: I'm a tenacious friend,
And mean to hold you till your journey's end."

A ROMAN BORE

"No need to take you such a round: I go
To visit an acquaintance you don't know:
Poor man! he's ailing at his lodging, far
Beyond the bridge where Cæsar's gardens are."
"Oh, never mind: I've nothing else to do,
And want a walk, so I'll step on with you."
Down go my ears, in donkey-fashion, straight;
You've seen them do it, when their load's too great.
"If I mistake not," he begins, "you'll find
Viscus not more, nor Varius, to your mind:
There's not a man can turn a verse so soon,
Or dance so nimbly when he hears a tune:
While, as for singing — ah! my forte is there:
Tigellius' self might envy me, I'll swear."
He paused for breath: I falteringly strike in:
"Have you a mother? have you kith or kin
To whom your life is precious?" "Not a soul:
My line's extinct! I have interred the whole."
O happy they! (so into thought I fell)
After life's endless babble they sleep well:
My turn is next: dispatch me: for the weird
Has come to pass which I so long have feared,
The fatal weird a Sabine beldame sung,
All in my nursery days, when life was young:
"No sword or poison e'er shall take him off,
Nor gout, nor pleurisy, nor racking cough:
A babbling tongue shall kill him: let him fly
All talkers, as he wishes not to die."
We got to Vesta's temple, and the sun
Told us a quarter of the day was done.
It chanced he had a suit, and was bound fast
Either to make appearance or be cast.

"Stop here a moment, if you love me." "Nay;
I know no law: 't would hurt my health to stay,
And then my call." "I'm doubting what to do,
Whether to give my lawsuit up or you."
"Me, pray!" "I will not." On he strides again:
I follow, unresisting, in his train.
"How stand you with Mæcenas?" he began:
"He picks his friends with care; a shrewd wise man;
In fact, I take it, one could hardly name
A head so cool in life's exciting game.
'T would be a good deed done, if you could throw
Your servant in his way; I mean, you know,
Just to play second: in a month, I'll swear,
You'd make an end of every rival there."
"Oh, you mistake: we don't live there in league:
I know no house more sacred from intrigue:
I'm never distanced in my friend's good grace
By wealth or talent: each man finds his place."
"A miracle! if 't were not told by you,
I scarce should credit it." "And yet 't is true."
"Ah, well, you double my desire to rise
To special favor with a man so wise."
"You've but to wish it: 't will be your own fault,
If, with your nerve, you win not by assault:
He can be won: that puts him on his guard,
And so the first approach is always hard."
"No fear of me, sir: a judicious bribe
Will work a wonder with a menial tribe:
Say, I'm refused admittance for to-day;
I'll watch my time; I'll meet him in the way,
Escort him, dog him. In this world of ours
The path to what we want ne'er runs on flowers."

A ROMAN BORE

'Mid all this prate there met us, as it fell,
Aristius, my good friend, who knew him well.
We stop: inquiries and replies go round:
"Where do you hail from?" "Whither are you bound?"
There as he stood, impassive as a clod,
I pull at his limp arms, frown, wink, and nod,
To urge him to release me. With a smile
He feigns stupidity: I burn with bile.
"Something there was you said you wished to tell
To me in private." "Ay, I mind it well;
But not just now: 't is a Jews' fast to-day:
Affront a sect so touchy: nay, friend, nay."
"Faith, I've no scruples." "Ah! but I've a few:
I'm weak, you know, and do as others do:
Some other time: excuse me." Wretched me!
That ever man so black a sun should see!
Off goes the rogue, and leaves me in despair,
Tied to the altar with the knife in air:
When, by rare chance, the plaintiff in the suit
Knocks up against us: "Whither now, you brute?"
He roars like thunder: then to me: "You'll stand
My witness, sir?" "My ear's at your command."
Off to the court he drags him: shouts succeed:
A mob collects: thank Phœbus, I am freed.

WHY OVID WAS BANISHED

[10 A.D.]

BY MAURICE BARING

[THIS is an imaginary letter, purporting to have been written in Rome in the days of Virgil and Horace. The old question why the poet Ovid was suddenly banished from Rome to a land of barbarians is here answered by the suggestion that he criticized the verses of the emperor.

The Editor.]

MY work, or rather, the business which called me to Rome, is now accomplished, and the Caryatids which I was commissioned to make for the Pantheon of Agrippa are now in their place. But in what a place! Alas, they have been set up so high that their whole effect is lost, and the work might just as well be that of any Roman bungler. The Romans are indeed barbarians. They consider that as long as a thing is big and expensive it is beautiful; they take luxury for comfort, notoriety for fame, eccentricity for genius, and riches for wisdom; or rather they deem that wealth is the only thing that counts in the modern world, and here at Rome this is true. Their attempts at art are in the highest degree ludicrous. Yesterday I visited the studio of Ludius, who is renowned in this city for his decorative work. He paints walls and ceilings, and the emperor has employed him to decorate his villa at Naples.

His work, which is not devoid of a certain talent, is disciplined by no sense of proportion. It would not be

tolerated in Greece for a moment, owing to an extravagance and an exaggeration which, so far from displaying any originality, merely form the futile mask of a fundamental banality. The man himself wears his hair yards long like a Persian, and favors a pea-green toga. I could not help saying to him that in Greece artists took pains to dress like everybody but to paint like no one.

Last night I supped with Mæcenas at his house on the Esquiline. Let me do justice to my host and give praise where praise is due; here are no jarring notes and no foolish display. Mæcenas has exquisite taste; his house is not overcrowded with ornaments or overwhelmed by useless decoration. By a cunning instinct he has realized that art should be the servant of necessity. Everything in his house has a use and a purpose; but where a vase, a bowl, a cup, a chair, or seat is needed, there you will find a beautiful vase, a beautiful bowl, and so forth.

Mæcenas himself is bald, genial, and cultivated; he looks older than he is, and dresses with a very slight affectation of coxcombry; his manner is a triumph of the art which conceals art. He talks to you as though you were the one person in the world he had been anxious to see, and as if the topic you were discussing were the preponderating interest of his life. As I entered his hall I found him pacing up and down in eager conversation with Agrippa, the famous admiral; my ears are sharp, and I just caught a fragment of their conversation, which happened to concern the new drains of Rome. Yet as Mæcenas approached me, he greeted me with effusion, and turning to Agrippa he said, "Ah, here he is," as if their whole talk had been of me.

We reclined almost immediately. The fare was deli-

cious, and distinguished by the same supreme simplicity and excellence as the architecture and the ornamentation of his dwelling. There were many celebrities present besides Agrippa — Ludius the painter, most grotesquely clothed, several officials and politicians, Cinna, Grosphus, three minor poets, Horatius Flaccus, Propertius, and Crassus; Ovidius Naso, the fashionable writer; Vergilius the poet, and many young men whose names escape me. Naso is by far the most prominent figure in the Roman literary world at present. He is the arbiter of taste, and sets the criterion of what is to be admired or not. Heaven forbid that I should read his verse, but there is no doubt about the flavor of his conversation, which is more interesting than his work.

The literary world despises Vergilius (the only Roman poet living worthy of the name!); on the other hand they admire this Crassus, who writes perfectly unintelligible odes about topics barren of interest. He has invented a novel style of writing, which is called symbolism. It consists of doing this: If you are writing about a tree and the tree seem to you to have the shape of an elephant, you call it an elephant. Hence a certain chaos is produced in the mind of the reader, which these young men seem to find delectable. If you mention Vergilius to them, they say: "If he only knew how to write. His ideas are good, but he has no sense of form, no ear for melody, and no power of expression."

This, of course, is ridiculous; for although Vergilius is a writer who has no originality, his style is felicitous, delicate, and lofty, and often musical. In fact he writes really well. With regard to the other poets, they are of little or no account. Horatius Flaccus has a happy

knack of translation; Propertius writes amiable, sentimental stuff, and Tibullus babbles of pastures; but they are all of them decadent in that they, none of them, have anything to say. And they either display a false simplicity and a false archaism, or else they are slavishly imitative or hopelessly obscure.

At first the conversation turned on naval matters. It was debated at some length whether the Romans needed a fleet at all, and, if they did, whether it should be a small fleet composed of huge triremes, or a large fleet of smaller and swifter vessels. Agrippa, who has the great advantage of practical experience in naval warfare, was in favor of the latter type of vessel. But another sailor, a friend of Cinna's, who was present, and who was also experienced, said that the day of small vessels was over. The conversation then veered to literary matters.

Ovidius — a little man with twinkling eyes, carefully curled hair, and elaborately elegant clothes — he has his linen washed at Athens — excelled himself in affable courtesy and compliment to Crassus, whom he had never met hitherto. He had always been so anxious, he said, to meet the author of odes that were so interesting, although they were to him a little difficult.

"I'm afraid you must be deeply disappointed," said Crassus, blushing — he is a shy, overgrown youth with an immense tuft of tangled hair and a desperately earnest face.

"No," said Ovidius, "I am never disappointed in men of letters. I always think they are the most charming people in the world. It is their works which I find so disappointing. Everybody writes too much," he continued, "and, what is worse still, everybody writes.

Even the dear emperor writes hexameters; they do not always scan, but they are hexameters for all that. It has even been hinted that he has written a tragedy. Of course, it does n't matter how much verse a young man writes, as long as he burns it all, but our dear master's hexameters are preserved by the empress. She told me herself with pride that she often 'mends' his verses for him. And they need mending sadly, because so many stitches in them are dropped. But how delightful it is to have a literary emperor. He was good enough to ask me to read him a little poetry the other day. I did so. I chose the passage from the 'Iliad' where Hector says farewell to Andromache. He said it was very fine, but a little old-fashioned. I then recited an ode of Sappho's, perhaps the loveliest of all of them. He seemed to enjoy it, but said that it was not nearly as good as the original, and that he preferred that kind of song when it was set to music. What the 'original' might be to which he alluded I did not ask, as I have always held that a monarch's business is to have a superficial knowledge of everything, but a thorough knowledge of nothing. And therefore I say it is an excellent thing, Vergilius, that our dear emperor is aware that you and Crassus and myself all write verse. But it would be in the highest degree undesirable that he should know so much about the business as to command you to write verses of society, and myself to write a Georgic.

"But, you will say, he is a poet himself, and the empress mends his verses. It is true she mends his verses, but she also mends his socks, and a sensible monarch no more bothers to write his own verse than he bothers to make his own socks, or else what would be

the use of being a monarch? But, again, you will object: if they are written for him, why don't they scan? The answer is simple. The man who makes them knows his business, and he knows that if they did scan nobody would believe that our dear master had written them.

"And in having his verse written for him by a professional, and a bad professional, — I hope, Horatius, it is not you, by the way, — the emperor displays not only sense but a rare wisdom. For a gentleman should never bother to acquire technical skill. If he loves music, let him hire professional flute-players, but do not let him waste his time in practicing ineffectual scales; and if he wants poetry let him order of Vergilius an epic, and if he wishes to pose as a literary monarch let him employ our friend Horatius to write him a few verses without sense or scansion — although I am afraid Horatius would find this difficult. You are too correct, Horatius. That is your fault and mine. We write verse so correctly that I sometimes think that in the far distant future, when the barbarians shall have conquered us, we shall be held up as models somewhere in Scythia or Thule by pedagogues to the barbarian children of future generations! Horrible thought! When Rome falls may our language and our literature perish with us. May we be utterly forgotten. My verse at least shall escape the pedagogues, for it is licentious; and yours, Crassus, I fear they will scarcely understand across the centuries. But, O, Vergilius, the spirit of your poetry, so noble and so pure, is the very thing to be turned into a bed of Procrustes for little Dacians!"

"You are unfair to the emperor," said Vergilius; "he has excellent taste."

"In poets certainly," said Ovidius, "but not in poetry."

The conversation then turned to other topics: the games, the new drains, the theater of Balbus, the Naumachia, and the debated question whether the emperor was right in having caused Vedius Pollio's crystal beakers to be broken because the latter had condemned a slave, who had accidentally dropped one of them, to be thrown into his pond of lampreys and eaten. The sentence would have been carried out had not the emperor interfered and caused the slave to be released. Horatius said that Vedius Pollio deserved to be eaten by lampreys himself, but Ovidius and Ludius considered the punishment to be out of all proportion to the crime. Agrippa could not understand his minding the goblet being broken, as there were plenty of goblets in the world. Cinna said that the slave was his own. Mæcenas considered that although it was a reprehensible act (and such deeds created dangerous precedents), nobody but a collector knew how terribly severe the provocation was.

We sat talking till late in the night. I cannot write any more, but I have just heard a piece of startling news. Ovidius Naso had been banished *for life* to some barbarous spot near Tauris. The reason of his disgrace is unknown. Hail!

VI
ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE use of the name "Cæsar" changed, and instead of being simply a name it became a title of honor. Julius Cæsar and the eleven emperors who next succeeded him are known as the Twelve Cæsars. Their reign extended to 96 A.D. Those following Augustus ruled in perhaps much the same way that any ten men taken at random and made masters of unlimited power might have done. Tiberius and Caligula were despots of the worst character; the latter, at least, was probably insane. Under Claudius, 41–54 A.D., colonies were founded in Britain. Nero was a man of fine education and some natural talent; but his tyranny and almost incredible cruelty became unendurable, and to save himself from death by scourging, he committed suicide. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius were in turn placed upon the imperial throne by the army. Vespasian's reign was marked by war in Judea. Under his son Titus, Jerusalem was destroyed, and the treasures of the Temple were carried to Rome. Titus afterwards completed the Colosseum, which Vespasian had begun. It was during the reign of Titus that the eruption of Vesuvius occurred which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. He was followed by his brother Domitian, whose rule was so execrable that after his murder the Senate struck out his name from their records, and even cut it away from the monuments. He had set up many statues of himself, and because the Christians refused to worship them, they had been terribly persecuted.

THE FALL OF SEJANUS

[27 A.D.]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

[IN A.D. 27, the Emperor Tiberius withdrew to the island of Capreæ, and left Rome in the hands of Sejanus, his chief minister and trusted favorite, never suspecting that this very man was secretly plotting to gain the throne himself.

The Editor.]

SEJANUS might flatter himself that he had but to put forth his hand to pluck the fruit which he had labored to gain. The Empress Livia was no more; the Julian house was desolate. His enemies and opponents — Drusus, the son of the emperor, Agrippina and her sons Nero and Drusus — were swept aside. The only representative of the Julian house as yet untouched was Caius (Caligula), Agrippina's youngest son, then living under the care of his grandmother, Antonia, and of the Claudian house was Tiberius Gemellus, the grandson of Tiberius, but he was a mere child.

The Senate lavished honors on the favorite of the emperor; coins were struck in Spain bearing his effigy beside that of Tiberius. An altar was erected to friendship, with the representations of Tiberius and Sejanus on it. As neither the emperor nor his minister came to Rome, the senators, the knights, all solicitous of obtaining favors, crowded to Campania to obtain interviews with Sejanus, who was harder of access than his master. This augmented his arrogance. As long as Sejanus

remained in the presence of the Prince at Capreæ, it was impossible for any one to open the eyes of Tiberius to the treachery of his favorite minister, for he controlled every avenue by which access could be had to his master. All the correspondence passed through his hands. But the conditions were altered when Sejanus went to Rome, sent there by Tiberius, but for what reasons we do not know. A late authority, perhaps for the purpose of drawing a lively picture, describes the parting. "The emperor embraced and kissed him, weeping, and exclaimed that he felt as though he were losing a part of himself."

As yet no suspicion that Sejanus could be unfaithful had entered the mind of Tiberius; if there had, he would not have sent him to Rome, where he commanded the Prætorian Guard.

On reaching the capital, the great vizier was received with abject respect. His busts and portraits were everywhere exhibited side by side with those of the emperor, and like sacrifices were offered before both. Men swore by the "lucky star of Sejanus," as they did by that of Tiberius. Two golden seats were placed side by side in the theater, one for the sovereign, the other for his minister. A decree of the Senate invested both with the consulship for five years, and required all future consuls to model their conduct on that of Sejanus. Already, in the society of the nobility, Tiberius was spoken of as the "King of the Isle," and Sejanus as his "Tutor." Crowds assembled before the palace of the favorite, elbowing themselves into prominence, fearful of not being noticed, or of being noticed too late. It flattered the son of the Vulsinian knight to see the proud nobles

cringe before him, and he observed their countenances attentively. Dio Cassius says truly enough: "Men born to honor do not set such store on outward demonstrations of respect, and do not resent lack of respect towards their persons so keenly as do new men, because the former know well that their worth is properly appreciated by others. He, however, who struts in borrowed plumes lays the greatest stress on outward demonstrations, and holds as a galling slight any carelessness or neglect in the attribution of honor. Consequently people are more on their guard to show honor to new men than to aristocrats by birth, for these latter consider it rather becoming in them to disregard an act of discourtesy, whereas the former consider such as a challenge, to be resented with all their might."

If the enemies of Sejanus purposed to excite the jealousy of the prince by their exaggerated homage, they gained in part their object. The emperor, who addressed him as his "companion in the labors of government," repeated his former order forbidding divine honors to be paid to himself or any other man. But Tiberius did not mistrust the minister, he was vexed at the baseness of the Roman nobility. He had nominated Sejanus as consul for the ensuing year, and had finally yielded to his persuasion, and consented to his betrothal to the princess Julia. "If a god had declared how sudden and complete would be the transformation of affairs at this time," says Dio Cassius, "no one would have believed him."

On the last New Year's Day, when all the sycophants in Rome poured to the palace to offer their best wishes and presents to Sejanus, a bench gave way under those

seated upon it, and when the great man issued from his doors, a cat ran across his path. When he offered sacrifice on the Capitol, so dense was the mass of people there packed, with a wave of his hand he signed to his attendants to take with his litter the "Traitors' Way" and the Gemonian Steps, down which the bodies of criminals recently executed were cast, and the bearers slipped and fell as they bore their master. It was noticed that ravens croaked and fluttered above his head, and perched on the roof of the prison.

On reaching home Sejanus cast incense on the altar before an ancient statue of Good Fortune, and — so it was said afterwards — the goddess turned her head from him.

Sejanus had made himself too many enemies, and enlisted in his cause too many confederates, for his safety, the moment he ceased to keep guard in person over the prince. Women had helped him in his crimes, and women brought him to his punishment. After Sejanus had left Capreæ, Tiberius had sent for his grandson Tiberius Gemellus, and for Caius, the youngest son of Germanicus, to be with him and divert him in his solitude. Antonia, the grandmother of Caius, the daughter of the triumvir, seized the opportunity to dispatch a letter to the emperor, confided to the care of her most trusty servant, Pallas; and in this letter she made Tiberius aware of the cruel manner in which Sejanus, whom he had trusted, had betrayed his interests and wrought the dishonor of some of his family. But the letter told something more — that Sejanus had gone to Rome to ripen his deeply laid schemes for a *coup de main*, which would subvert Tiberius, and enthrone himself. The scales fell

from his eyes, and the old man saw plainly at last how he had been deceived.

Sejanus, from the tenor of a letter received by the Senate from the Prince, began to suspect that some forces were working secretly against his interest. Confident in his own powers of cajolery, he resolved to return to Capreæ and meet these antagonistic influences and break them. He asked permission to leave Rome and revisit his master, alleging as his reason that he had heard tidings that Julia, his betrothed, was ill.

The desired permission was refused; the Prince said in reply that he himself proposed to come to Rome; which was true. Under the circumstances, Tiberius believed he could trust none but himself. The position of the old emperor was as alarming as it was difficult. He knew that a large party of the most influential families in Rome were hostile to his government, either because they clung to the phantom hope of a restoration of the Republic, or were attached to the cause of Agrippina. Others he had reason to suspect were so involved with Sejanus that they must stand by him at all costs. Sejanus was head of the Prætorian Guard, and he had brought his men together, to the number of ten thousand, and established them in a permanent camp on the most salubrious portion of the heights which radiate into the Esquiline, Viminal, and Pincian Hills. To what extent the soldiers were likely to obey their commanding officer against himself and their oath, that Tiberius could not conjecture. He made out a new commission over the Prætorians, and gave it to Macro, an officer of his guard, and dispatched him at once to Rome.

Tiberius wrote to the Senate to say that he was very

ill, and that he had not long to live; then sent tidings that he was better. This was probably true. He was thoroughly unhinged by the discovery of the treachery of Sejanus, and by his nervous terrors. In one letter he praised Sejanus, and then dropped words of blame; so that the favorite was himself perplexed and did not know what to make of these extraordinary communications. "His anxiety," says Dio Cassius, "did not drive him into open rebellion, nor, indeed, had he sufficient confidence to stake all on an appeal to arms. Every one in Rome shared his uncertainty, the result of these conflicting tidings. Every one hesitated whether to pay homage to, or to shrink from Sejanus."

It was expected one day that Tiberius would be on his way to Rome, and the next that his death would be announced.

Tiberius now dealt a master-stroke. He commended Caius, the youngest son of Agrippina, to the Senate and the people, as his successor. He reckoned doubtless on the enthusiasm which this announcement would produce among a people who had still the greatest love for the memory of Germanicus. And the people received the decision of the emperor with tumultuous delight. This was a fresh blow dealt Sejanus, who had reckoned on himself succeeding Tiberius. He felt instinctively that his chance of an appeal to the soldiers and to the people was cut away from him. It was noticed that in the imperial orders, the minister was named Sejanus, without any honorable prefix, contrary to the former habit of Tiberius. But occasionally tokens of favor were shown. Sejanus was nominated along with Caius to be priest in a college of which the Emperor was himself a

member, and Tiberius allowed the Senate to confer on Sejanus, as it had formerly on Germanicus, the proconsular power.

Bewildered by these contradictions in the behavior of the Prince, cast from an extremity of hope to one of despair, uncertain about himself and those who surrounded him, Sejanus let slip the opportunity of taking that decided and bold step which Tiberius had dreaded. The emperor had played with him as with a fish, till he was ready to land him. This craft was a necessity under the circumstances. But on October 17, A.D. 31, Nævius Sertorius Macro arrived in Rome late in the evening, with his commission to supersede Sejanus in the command of the Prætorians. Still uncertain as to the result of an appeal to the soldiers, Tiberius had caused to be circulated a report that Sejanus was about to have the tribunician authority granted him, which was equivalent to his appointment to be regent along with himself. All Rome believed the tidings. Sejanus, elated with pride, considered that he had reached the last step but one to sovereignty. His followers were filled with exultation, and those who had lately hesitated to show him honor crowded about his doors to offer their tardy homage.

Macro, on his arrival in Rome, betook himself at once to the house of the new consul Regulus, known to be hostile to Sejanus, and summoned thither to meet him Græcinus Laco, commander of the seven cohorts who acted as the night police of the capital, and were lodged in barracks in the different quarters of the city. To the consul and the commander of the cohorts Macro communicated the emperor's private orders, and pre-

pared the requisite measures. The decisive blow was to be struck next day.

A session of the Senate was appointed to meet in the morning at the temple of Apollo, near the imperial palace on the Palatine Hill. As Macro was on his way thither at daybreak he encountered Sejanus, also on his way to the same point, surrounded by a large retinue of servants, clients, and friends. A suspicion of evil crossed the mind of the minister at the sight of Macro, whom he had supposed to be in Capreæ. He asked him eagerly if he had come from the emperor with letters to him, and was answered in the negative. Sejanus changed color and halted. Macro noticed his alarm, and drawing him aside whispered that he was the bearer of a dispatch to the Senate relative to the tribunician authority for Sejanus. The minister in great delight hastened to the place of session, with head erect and face beaming with expectation. All present saw in his bearing a confirmation of the rumor that had reached their ears, and starting from their seats pressed round him with their congratulations; these he received with gracious condescension.

Macro had not entered the Senate house. As soon as he had seen the last flicker of the scarlet shoes of Sejanus as he passed within, he announced to the division of the guards sent to keep order, and to the Prætorians who had attended the minister, that the command had been transferred to himself. To the latter he promised a gratuity from the emperor, and bade them withdraw to the camp. They obeyed without demur. Then promptly and silently the police under Laco surrounded the place of session.

When this measure was complete, Macro entered the temple and delivered the imperial order, then retired before it had been opened, in order to make the best of his way to the Prætorian camp and secure the fidelity of the guards.

The scene that ensued was probably the most dramatic that had ever occurred in the Senate.

As soon as the imperial messenger had left the assembly they proceeded to open and consider the letter. It was long and verbose. It began with comments on matters of no vital importance, and then proceeded to blame Sejanus. But the words leveled against the minister were not written consecutively, but were mixed up with remarks on other matters of public business. Then came a whole paragraph devoted to Sejanus, and a categorical demand for his impeachment on several grounds. The letter concluded with requiring the arrest first of two senators closely allied to Sejanus and then of the minister himself. Tiberius renewed his declaration that he proposed returning to Rome, and stated that, as he was surrounded by enemies, he required the attendance of one of the consuls for his protection. The letter was written by the emperor in a tumult of nervous terrors, and with his mind unhinged by loss of confidence in the last man to whom he had clung and in whom he had believed.

The reading of this letter struck not Sejanus only, but the whole Senate as a bolt from heaven. The consternation, the bewilderment were general, and the greater because the senators had just vied with each other in adulation of the man who was thus struck before their eyes. Those who sat nearest him rose in silence, vacated

their seats, and placed themselves elsewhere, and the prætors and the tribunes of the people stepped into the empty places to surround the doomed man and prevent his escape.

But the suddenness with which he had been hurled from the highest pinnacle into the abyss was too great to allow Sejanus to exercise any presence of mind and decide on what was to be done. He sat, looking stonily before him, unmoved. The Consul Regulus rose from his seat and ordered him to stand up. Sejanus heard, but did not comprehend what was said. "This was not due to pride," says Dio, "but to the fact that he was unaccustomed to obey." The order was repeated, and repeated a third time by the consul in louder tones and with upraised arm. "Sejanus! dost thou hear me?" he asked.

Then, as though roused from a trance, the unhappy man replied, "What — do you call me?" He slowly rose, looking round for some one on whose shoulder to rest, but saw Laco, captain of the police, with sword unsheathed before him, and knew he was already a prisoner and a lost man.

Now ensued a scene of basest, most cowardly recrimination. From all sides rose hoots, curses, abuse, the wildest expressions of pent-up jealousy, hate, and thirst for revenge; and loudest of all yelled those who had crouched lowest but half an hour ago to kiss his hand. Those who had been his closest friends made themselves now most conspicuous as his enemies.

Nevertheless, the consul did not venture on an accusation of *majestas*, as he could not calculate on the strength and determination of the party of Sejanus in

the Senate. They might combine in the danger that menaced all, through their head. He demanded a formal charge to be made on which he might proceed legally to arrest Sejanus. One senator rose, and in a shrill voice above the tumult, impeached the minister; thereupon Regulus at once ordered Laco to remove his prisoner to the Tullianum, the Capitoline prison. The whole proceeding was precipitate, so as not to allow the adherents of the fallen minister time to concert measures of resistance.

Already tidings of what had taken place had spread like wild-fire through the city; and when Sejanus came out between the guards on the descent of the Via Nova to the forum, he could see that the entire space was filled with an agitated sea of heads. His way led down the slope, the dip in the hill under the Porta Mugionis, past the temple of Jupitor Stator and the height now crowned with the convent and covered by the gardens of S. Sebastiano. On reaching the bottom of the hill the road turned sharply to the left above the house of the vestals. For a while hope flattered him. A vestal virgin might come out of the doors, meet him, and thereby obtain his reprieve if not his pardon. But none appeared. As the crowd pressed on his guards, spitting, throwing earth, cursing him, Sejanus endeavored to cover his ghastly face with the fold of his purple-bordered mantle. A rude hand tore it away, another smote him in the face. His ears were deafened with cries, imprecations, jeers at his recent elation, reproaches for the violence, the judicial murders, he had wrought. As he came out above the temple of Castor and Pollux he could see the crowds engaged in tearing down his statues and pounding them

to pieces. Then he was led across the forum past the Umbilicus, the supposed center of the world, and the iron door of the prison closed on him.

Hard by, a few paces off, stood the temple of Concord, with the splendid arcade of the Capitoline Tabularium rising high above it. Hither a few hours later the trembling senators came, called together by the consul Regulus to decree the death of the shivering man now lying in the "cold bath of Hercules," a stone's-throw distant. Not an arm had been lifted, not a voice raised, in defense of the fallen minister; even the prætorians, on whose fidelity to his person he had reckoned, remained motionless. The people had declared with one voice against him. The Senate hurriedly passed the necessary forms, and Sejanus was condemned to death.

A few minutes later the door of the Tullianum was opened, and down the Gemonian steps was cast the corpse of the man who a few hours before had been the most dreaded and respected in Rome. Hooks were driven into the still warm flesh, and it was dragged about the city, given up to insult by the people, and not till the third day after the execution was the mangled and disfigured mass cast into the Tiber.



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IN THE TIME OF NERO

BY E. FORTI

THE illustration represents a Roman lady of rank and position about to enter her boat. Slaves follow her, one with an umbrella to shield her from the sun. Before her steps, children scatter flowers, as she walks upon the costly rugs to the magnificently decorated boat which awaits her.

For all this extravagance of luxury Nero himself set the example. He built himself a superb palace which covered the whole Palatine Hill. In the burning of Rome this was destroyed, and then he began another far more costly than the old one. It covered not only the Palatine Hill but also the greater part of the Esquiline and the valley between them. This was called the Golden House. Suetonius says that many parts of this house were entirely overlaid with gold and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl. The supper-rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve and scatter flowers; moreover they were provided with pipes which shed perfumes upon the guests. The chief banqueting-room was circular, and revolved perpetually, night and day, in imitation of the motion of the celestial bodies. The baths were supplied from the sea and from Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent house, when finished, all that Nero said was, "Well, now at last I am housed as a man should be."

There was but one excuse for the extreme luxury of the times, and that was the few ways of spending money. Charity had not come into fashion, devotion to the state was past, travel offered many hardships and few attractions, opportunities for making safe investments were rare. A man who had a large income could buy more land, build more palaces for himself, or beautify those that he already possessed — in short, he could increase his luxuries; and this was all that the spirit of the age expected or required of him.

THE EMPEROR NERO ON THE STAGE

[67 A.D.]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

FROM day to day a more intense longing came over the emperor to exhibit his powers, and that before a discriminating, highly cultured public. His performances at the Juvenalia, and before the aristocracy and the mob of Rome did not suffice. What artistic perception had they? The Greeks gave the tone to art, they were the only truly æsthetically gifted people on earth; he would therefore submit his performances to their criticism. The applause of the Roman people was purchased, or was given in adulation; that of the Greeks would surely be granted according to judgment, and would be independent.

"The Greeks," said he, "were the only people who had an ear for music, and were the only good judges of him and his attainments."

In preparing for the ordeal he was affected with genuine nervousness. He labored hard to acquire perfect skill and to give to his voice full tone. He practiced with Terpnus from dinner till late in the night; he lay for hours on his back with a sheet of lead on his chest, he took emetics, he abstained from bread and fruit, he consumed leeks and oil; on the days before he performed he took nothing else. He practiced vigorously at dancing, and because he could not kick about his feet with the nimbleness of his master, he had the latter put to death.

At length he conceived that his "heavenly voice" had attained incomparable richness and volume, and that his skill was complete; so he sallied forth to confound the Greeks of Naples in a great concert.

A few words may here be given to Nero's personal appearance at this period. When shaved smooth, he affected to resemble Apollo, and to have a voice which would enchant the world as a second Orpheus. He was a little below middle size, without any striking deformity. His body was covered with blotches. His neck was fat and short, and, indeed, he was too fleshy and stout to make a figure as Apollo, and his stomach was unduly large and protruding, whilst his legs were small and short. His fair hair he wore cut in stages and arranged in short curls, but during the Greek "tour" he wore it long, flowing down over his shoulders.

He usually wore a light kerchief round his throat, as a protection to his voice, and a loose dress ungirded.

The most particular account of his vocal powers we derive from Lucian, who, though living long after, no doubt quoted from some contemporary authority. He says that nature had given Nero a voice of very ordinary compass, but that he was bent on straining to reach high notes, and growl out bass tones beyond his proper range. When he sang bass, the sound was muffled and like a buzzing of wasps or bees. However, this was helped out or disguised by the accompaniment, and might have passed as a tolerable performance had it been given by any one else but a sovereign. But when he would reach high notes like one of the great masters of song, then involuntarily the audience exploded into fits of laughter, however dangerous it was to do so. For he shook himself,

gasped for breath, strained himself to the toe-tips to help out his high notes, made contortions like a criminal bound to the wheel, and his naturally red face turned to the color of copper.

Thoroughly prepared to electrify the world with his song, Nero set off for Neapolis, taking with him the Augustal band of five thousand men, all handsome fellows with long locks, in gay uniform and with gold rings on their left hands, under an officer who received as his wage forty thousand sesterces (about three hundred pounds) per annum. They were divided into bands: the Hummers, who buzzed approval, the Patterers, who clapped their hands, and the Clashers, who more riotously banged earthenware pot-covers together, or perhaps kicked the earthenware jars on which the seats at a theater were raised. He was attended by a thousand baggage-carts, the mules all shod with silver, and the drivers dressed in scarlet jackets of finest Canusian cloth. A body of Africans with glittering bracelets, mounted on their jennets in splendid trappings, also attended him. Over the theatrical wardrobe was installed Calvia Crispinella, a noble Roman lady. As for Nero, he never wore the same garment a second time. On reaching Naples, some Alexandrians presented themselves before him; they were the inventors of a musical applause, something like the long-drawn-out "Amens" in fashion in churches nowadays. This so delighted Nero that the men were engaged on the spot, and commissioned to drill the Augustals in this new department of applause.

Neapolis was crowded; all the great men and small from the neighborhood, with wives and children, had

poured into the place to see and hear their emperor sing and act on the boards — it was a new form of sensation altogether.

His reception was enthusiastic. He sang for whole days in succession, and hardly allowed himself time for rest. The fever of excitement and desire not to deny the audience any of what they had come to hear drove him on to the stage from his bed or from table. He did not even allow himself the time to take a bath. He had his meals served him in the orchestra, and dined and supped before the spectators, apologizing to them in Greek for the pause, saying he would only drink another drop, and then treat them to something really of the first quality. Whilst he was performing, an earthquake shook the theater, but Nero sang through it all, undisturbed, thus evoking deafening cheers. Finally, it appeared as though the gods approved of this amateur-dramatic prince, for, after the theater was cleared of performers and spectators, shaken by the earthquake it collapsed without injury to any one. Nero regarded this as a good omen, and, inspired by the muse of poetry, he composed and sang a hymn to the gods, thanking them for the success of this first performance.

Intoxicated with applause, Nero now resolved to visit Greece itself, and make that classic land the judge of his execution, and to strive there with the most famous artists for the crowns given in the world-famous contests. . . .

When it was announced that he was actually about to visit Greece, all the states hastened to proclaim that the contests which were recurrent in successive years at Olympia, Nemea, Delphi, and Corinth should be

crowded into the space of time during which the Emperor resided on Greek soil, so that he might achieve the distinction of being a Periodonicus, or victor in the whole circle.

He started, attended by courtiers and court followers of all descriptions, and with the cunning of a madman he invited as a favor to attend his triumphal progress all such members of the nobility and Senate whom he had marked for death, that he might destroy them at his leisure and with more security, at a distance from the city.

He left behind him in Rome a freedman, Helios, without definite instructions, but empowered to act as regent. That was a wonderful expedition. Dio says: "He started for Greece not as had his predecessors, Flaminius, Mummius, Agrippa, and Augustus, but as a chariot-driver, a lyre-twanger, a herald, a dramatic performer in tragedies. His army that he led consisted not of the Augustians only but of so many that, as far as numbers went, he might have been marching against the Parthians. But these heroes under Nero's banner, in place of the weapons of war, brandished fiddles and fiddle-sticks, masks and buskins. And the victories won were worthy of the host; those subdued were not a Philip, a Perseus, an Antiochus, but a Terpnus, a Diodoris, and a Parmenes, a dancing-master, a fiddler, and a mime. Parmenes had enjoyed some fame in the time of Caius; now the old fellow was dragged on to the stage to give Nero the opportunity of triumphing over him, and as victor of upsetting his statues.

"If this had been all, he would have been laughed at for his pains. But it was intolerably humiliating for

Romans to hear of, let alone see, the reigning emperor enter the lists against other candidates, practice his voice, go through rehearsals, march on to the stage with shaven chin and curly locks, and naked, with mantle cast back, attended by one or two companions only; and to see him glower at his rivals, attack them with contumely, bribe the judges and officers keeping order not to turn him out and to show him some favor — and all this to win the prize for lyre-playing when he was pitching away his credit as emperor. Could a disgrace be greater? Sulla degraded others; Nero degraded himself. Could a victory be more contemptible than one which was crowned with a few olive twigs, laurels, ivy, or fir — when he sacrificed for such the civic crown? How miserable must have been his appearance when he strutted forward on high buskins, and sank his imperial dignity in the dust! Or when he put on his mask and cast off his sovereignty! What more contemptible than the parts which he picked out for himself; when he was led about as a blind man, simulated a madman, acted the part of a woman in travail, or of a vagabond. He spoke, moved, endured all, like a common strolling player, with one exception, that he wore, when taking the rôle of a captive, golden fetters, for he said it did not become a Roman prince to wear such as were of iron.

"One day in the Olympian games while chariot-racing he was pitched out and almost run over; nevertheless he was crowned as victor, in thanks for which he made a present to the judges of two hundred thousand denarii. To the Pythian prophetess he gave a hundred thousand, because she pronounced an oracle that gratified him. But with Apollo he was so irate because his oracle was

unfavorable, that he killed a number of men and flung their carcasses into the cleft out of which the sacred vapor arose. In all those places where there were contests he strove for the prize, employing the consular, Cluvius Rufus, as his herald, who trumpeted forth the announcement, 'The Cæsar Nero has conquered in this contest also, and crowns the Roman people and the Universe!'"

He excepted Sparta and Athens from his visits. The laws of Lycurgus were not to his taste, and therefore he did not go to Lacedæmon; and he was afraid lest the wrath of the avenging Athene should light on him for the murder of his mother, if he entered the city sacred to her. Moreover, he shrank from initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, from a sense of his unworthiness, or rather from fear of the consequences.

The first Greek island on which Nero landed was Corcyra, and there he initiated his tour of performances by a song sung before the altar of Jupiter Cassius.

At Olympia there was no theater, only a hippodrome; Nero had it adapted for his dramatic performances as well as for horse-racing. Before he entered he showed the greatest deference to the judges, and assured them "he had done all in his power to prepare for the ordeal. The result was in the hands of fate. He requested them as men of taste and culture, to overlook all accidents and consider the general perfection of the performance." But though they encouraged him, he was afflicted with nervousness or suspicion, and thought that any reserve in the umpires was a token of disaffection. In every particular he obeyed the rules laid on dramatic performers, not to spit, or blow the nose, and to use his

sleeve only for wiping the sweat from his brow, nor to seat himself, however weary he might be. As on one occasion in the course of tragic declamation he dropped his staff, he trembled with nervousness lest through this accident he should forfeit the prize; and he could only be pacified when the mime who accompanied him on the cithara swore to him that no one had observed it, so engrossed were all in admiration of his voice.

But he was not content with even the loud voice of Cluvius, as his herald. He competed with others as to who could bellow loudest, and having gained the victory in this also, he took to announcing his victories himself. . . .

On reaching Corinth, nothing would content him but that he must cut through the isthmus. The idea of uniting the Ionian and Adriatic seas had been mooted before, and had been entertained by Demetrius, by Cæsar, and by Caius. Nero undertook the task, not from any consideration of utility, but to show that he could do what others had failed to accomplish. "He thought," says Lucian, "on that old Achæan king who, on his expedition against Troy, passed through the canal he had dug between Chalcis and Aulis, and had cut Bœotia from Eubœa; on Darius, who had cast a bridge over the Thracian Bosphorus, in his expedition against the Scythians; and even more on the undertaking of Xerxes, in its magnitude never equaled. Beside all this he conceived that he would be giving no grander boon to all Greece than by removing the small impediment which interfered with the traffic between Greece and Italy. For, however intoxicated and disorderly the capricious power of tyrants may make them, there are

moments when it does occur to them to do something great by which they may become famous."

The day on which the first sod was turned was appointed to be a great festival. The emperor left Corinth, where he was then residing, at the head of a great train. On the morning he issued in gorgeous apparel from his tent. First he snatched up the lyre and sang a hymn in honor of Amphitrite and Neptune, and threw in as well an ode on Leucothea and Melicertes. Then the præfect of Greece handed him a golden spade. Amidst shouts and the strains of music he turned three clods, collected the earth in a basket, put it on his shoulder, and after having made a magniloquent address to the laborers, returned in triumph to Corinth, as pleased with himself as if he had performed the twelve labors of Hercules. The work was begun energetically; innumerable laborers had been collected on the spot. Vespasian had sent him six thousand sturdy young Jews for the purpose; and the jails of the empire had been emptied to furnish him with a sufficiency of workmen. However, after five days of work, Nero's interest cooled, was turned in another direction — and the undertaking was abandoned. Those about his person hastened to find excuses — bad omens were easily manufactured — to cover the retreat of the emperor from a task begun with such a flourish and so speedily given up.

A year and a half were spent by Nero in Greece. The expenditure was enormous, and to supply his private treasury he had recourse to plundering temples of their stores of precious metal, and what was worse, to the execution of wealthy men, that he might possess himself of their fortunes. His progress through Greece, says

Dio, was like that of a conqueror over a subjugated land. "He plundered it to exhaustion, and had men, women, and children murdered. At first he required the children and freedmen of those whom he sentenced to death to give him half what his victims had left; and those condemned were allowed to make wills so as to let it appear that they were not put to death for the sake of their fortunes. But presently he took to himself either all or the major part, and finally he swept the whole into his pocket, and by decree banished all the children of his victims from the country. But even this did not content him, and he had many of them assassinated in their exile. It would not be possible to form an estimate of the sums he took from those whom he allowed to live, and drew from the Roman temples. Messengers were flying in all directions with no other commissions than sentences of death. Indeed, no letters passed among people then, the post being entirely occupied by the imperial correspondence."

To make the situation more grimly ludicrous, in emulation of Flaminius, Nero had proclaimed the freedom of Greece!

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

[79 A.D.]

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

THE sudden catastrophe [the eruption of Mount Vesuvius] which had, as it were, riven the very bonds of society, and left prisoner and jailer alike free, had soon rid Calenus of the guards to whose care the prætor had consigned him. And when the darkness and the crowd separated the priest from his attendants, he hastened with trembling steps towards the temple of his goddess. As he crept along, and ere the darkness was complete, he felt himself suddenly caught by the robe, and a voice muttered in his ear,—

"Hist! — Calenus! — an awful hour!"

"Aye! by my father's head! Who art thou? — thy face is dim, and thy voice is strange!"

"Not know thy Burbo? — fie!"

"Gods! — how the darkness gathers! Ho, ho; — by yon terrific mountain, what sudden blazes of lightning! —How they dart and quiver! Hades is loosed on earth!"

"Tush! — thou believest not these things, Calenus! Now is the time to make our fortune!"

"Ha!"

"Listen! Thy temple is full of gold and precious mummeries! — let us load ourselves with them, and then hasten to the sea and embark! None will ever ask an account of the doings of this day."

"Burbo, thou art right! Hush! and follow me into the

temple. Who cares now — who sees now — whether thou art a priest or not? Follow, and we will share."

In the precincts of the temple were many priests gathered around the altars, praying, weeping, groveling in the dust. Impostors in safety, they were not the less superstitious in danger! Calenus passed them, and entered the chamber yet to be seen in the south side of the court. Burbo followed him — the priest struck a light. Wine and viands strewed the table; the remains of a sacrificial feast.

"A man who has hungered forty-eight hours," muttered Calenus, "has an appetite even in such a time." He seized on the food, and devoured it greedily. Nothing could, perhaps, be more unnaturally horrid than the selfish baseness of these villains; for there is nothing more loathsome than the valor of avarice. Plunder and sacrilege while the pillars of the world tottered to and fro! What an increase to the terrors of nature can be made by the vices of man!

"Wilt thou never have done?" said Burbo, impatiently; "thy face purples and thine eyes start already."

"It is not every day one has such a right to be hungry. Oh, Jupiter! what sound is that? — the hissing of fiery water! What! does the cloud give rain as well as flame! Ha! — what! shrieks? And, Burbo, how silent all is now! Look forth!"

Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and

pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed; that cry had been of death — that silence had been of eternity! The ashes — the pitchy stream — sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

"They are dead," said Burbo, terrified for the first time, and hurrying back into the cell. "I thought not the danger was so near and fatal."

The two wretches stood staring at each other — you might have heard their hearts beat! Calenus, the less bold by nature, but the most griping, recovered first.

"We must do our task, and away!" he said, in a low whisper, frightened at his own voice. He stepped to the threshold, paused, crossed over the heated floor and his dead brethren to the sacred chapel, and called to Burbo to follow. But the gladiator quaked, and drew back.

"So much the better," thought Calenus; "the more will be *my* booty." Hastily he loaded himself with the more portable treasures of the temple; and thinking no more of his comrade, hurried from the sacred place. A sudden flash of lightning from the mount showed to Burbo, who stood motionless at the threshold, the flying and laden form of the priest. He took heart; he stepped forth to join him, when a tremendous shower of ashes fell right before his feet. The gladiator shrank back once more. Darkness closed him in. But the shower continued fast — fast; its heaps rose high and suffocatingly — deathly vapors steamed from them. The wretch gasped for breath — he sought in despair again to fly —

the ashes had blocked up the threshold — he shrieked as his feet shrank from the boiling fluid. How could he escape? — he could not climb to the open space; nay, were he able he could not brave its horrors. It were best to remain in the cell, protected, at least, from the fatal air. He sat down and clenched his teeth. By degrees, the atmosphere from without — stifling and venomous — crept into the chamber. He could endure it no longer. His eyes, glaring round, rested on a sacrificial axe, which some priest had left in the chamber: he seized it. With the desperate strength of his gigantic arm, he attempted to hew his way through the walls.

Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives crunching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds, rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last living hope of those who bore them.

In the street that leads to the gate of Herculaneum, Clodius now bent his perplexed and doubtful way. "If I can gain the open country," thought he, "doubtless there will be various vehicles beyond the gate, and Herculaneum is not far distant. Thank Mercury! I have little to lose, and that little is about me!"

"Holla! — help there — help!" cried a querulous and frightened voice. "I have fallen down — my torch

has gone out — my slaves have deserted me. I am Diomed — the rich Diomed; — ten thousand sesterces to him who helps me!"

At the same moment, Clodius felt himself caught by the feet. "Ill fortune to thee, — let me go, fool!" said the gambler."

"Oh, help me up! — give me thy hand!"

"There — rise!"

"Is this Clodius? I know the voice! Whither fliest thou?"

"Towards Herculaneum."

"Blessed be the gods! our way is the same, then, as far as the gate. Why not take refuge in my villa? Thou knowest the long range of subterranean cellars beneath the basement, — that shelter, what shower can penetrate?"

"You speak well," said Clodius, musingly. "And by storing the cellar with food, we can remain there even some days, should these wondrous storms endure so long."

"Oh, blessed be he who invented gates to a city!" cried Diomed. "See! — they have placed a light within yon arch: by that let us guide our steps."

The air was now still for a few minutes: the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on — they gained the gate — they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amidst the crashing

elements: he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes: now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers, you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily

forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticos of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their fitful light was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressive on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the

land; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise; for the showers fell now frequently, though not continuously, extinguishing the lights, which showed to each band the death-like faces of the other, and hurrying all to seek refuge beneath the nearest shelter. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

Through this awful scene did the Athenian wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who, with Ione, was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps — in vain: they could not discover her — it was evident she had been swept along in some opposite direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia

had been their guide. *Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone.* Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? all was rayless to them — a maze without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

"Alas! alas!" murmured Ione, "I can go no farther; my steps sink among the scorching cinders. Fly, dearest! — beloved, fly! and leave me to my fate!"

"Hush, my betrothed! my bride! Death with thee is sweeter than life without thee! Yet, whither — oh! whither can we direct ourselves through the gloom? Already, it seems that we have made but a circle, and are in the very spot which we quitted an hour ago."

"Oh gods! yon rock — see, it hath riven the roof before us! it is death to move through the streets!"

"Blessed lightning! See, Ione, — see! the portico of the temple of Fortune is before us. Let us creep beneath it; it will protect us from the showers."

He caught his beloved in his arms, and with difficulty and labor gained the temple. He bore her to the remoter and more sheltered part of the portico, and leaned over her, that he might shield her, with his own form, from the lightning and the showers! The beauty and the unselfishness of love could hallow even that dismal time!

"Who is there?" said the trembling and hollow voice of one who had preceded them in their place of refuge.

"Yet, what matters? — the crush of the ruined world forbids to us friends or foes."

Ione turned at the sound of the voice, and with a faint shriek, cowered again beneath the arms of Glaucus; and he, looking in the direction of the voice, beheld the cause of her alarm. Through the darkness glared forth two burning eyes — the lightning flashed and lingered athwart the temple — and Glaucus, with a shudder, perceived the lion to which he had been doomed couched beneath the pillars; and, close beside it, unwitting of the vicinity, lay the giant form of him who had accosted them — the wounded gladiator, Niger.

That lightning had revealed to each other the form of beast and man; yet the instinct of both was quelled. Nay, the lion crept near and nearer to the gladiator as for companionship and the gladiator did not recede or tremble. The revolution of Nature had dissolved her lighter terrors as well as her wonted ties.

While they were thus terribly protected a group of men and women, bearing torches, passed by the temple. They were of the congregation of the Nazarenes; and a sublime and unearthly emotion had not, indeed, quelled their awe, but it had robbed awe of fear. They had long believed, according to the error of the early Christians, that the Last Day was at hand; they imagined now that the Day had come.

"Woe! woe!" cried, in a shrill and piercing voice, the elder at their head. "Behold! the Lord descendeth to judgment! He maketh fire come down from heaven in the sight of men!"

A VISIT TO POMPEII

[Nineteenth century]

BY CHARLES DICKENS

STAND at the bottom of the great market-place of Pompeii, and look up the silent streets, through the ruined temples of Jupiter and Isis, over the broken houses with their inmost sanctuaries open to the day, away to Mount Vesuvius, bright and snowy in the peaceful distance; and lose all count of time, and heed of other things, in the strange and melancholy sensation of seeing the destroyed and destroyer making this quiet picture in the sun.

Then ramble on, and see, at every turn, the little familiar tokens of human habitation and everyday pursuits; the chafing of the bucket-rope in the stone rim of the exhausted well; the track of carriage wheels in the pavement of the street; the marks of drinking-vessels on the stone counter of the wine shop; the amphoræ in private cellars, stored away so many hundred years ago, and undisturbed to this hour — all rendering the solitude and deadly loneliness of the place ten thousand times more solemn than if the volcano, in its fury, had swept the city from the earth, and sunk it in the bottom of the sea.

After it was shaken by the earthquake, which preceded the eruption, workmen were employed in shaping out, in stone, new ornaments for temples and other buildings that had suffered. Here lies their work, outside the city gate, as if they would return to-morrow. . . .

Next to the wonder of going up and down the streets, and in and out of the houses, and traversing the secret chambers of the temples of a religion that has vanished from the earth, and finding so many traces of remote antiquity, — as if the course of Time had been stopped after this desolation, and there had been no nights and days, months, years, and centuries since, — nothing is more impressive and terrible than the many evidences of the searching nature of the ashes, as bespeaking their irresistible power, and the impossibility of escaping them.

In the wine cellars, they forced their way into the earthen vessels, displacing the wine and choking them, to the brim, with dust. In the tombs, they forced the ashes of the dead from the funeral urns, and rained new ruin even into them. The mouths and eyes and skulls of all the skeletons were stuffed with this terrible hail. In Herculaneum, where the flood was of a different and heavier kind, it rolled in like a sea. Imagine a deluge of water turned into marble, at its height — and that is what is called "the lava" here. . . .

Many of the paintings on the walls in the roofless chambers of both cities, or carefully removed to the museum at Naples, are as fresh and plain as if they had been executed yesterday. Here are the subjects of still life, as provisions, dead game, bottles, glasses, and the like; familiar classical stories, or mythological fables, always forcibly and plainly told; conceits of Cupids, quarreling, sporting, working at trades; theatrical rehearsals; poets reading their productions to their friends, inscriptions chalked upon the walls; political squibs, advertisements, rough drawings by schoolboys; every-

thing to people and restore the ancient cities, in the fancy of the wondering visitor.

Furniture, too, you see, of every kind — lamps, tables, couches; vessels for eating, drinking, and cooking; workmen's tools, surgical instruments, tickets for the theatre, pieces of money, personal ornaments, bunches of keys found clenched in the grasp of skeletons, helmets of guards and warriors; little household bells, yet musical with their old domestic tones.

The least among these objects lends its aid to swell the interest of Vesuvius, and invest it with a perfect fascination. Then looking, from either ruined city, into the neighboring grounds overgrown with beautiful vines and luxuriant trees, and remembering that house upon house, temple on temple, building after building, and street after street, are still lying underneath the roots of all the quiet cultivation, waiting to be turned up to the light of day, is something so wonderful, so full of mystery, so captivating to the imagination, that one would think it would be paramount, and yield to nothing else.

To nothing but Vesuvius: but the mountain is the genius of the scene. From every indication of the ruin it has worked, we look, again, with an absorbing interest, to where its smoke is rising up into the sky. It is beyond us, as we thread the ruined streets; above us, as we stand upon the ruined walls; we follow it through every vista of broken columns, as we wander through the empty courtyards of the houses; and through the garlandings and interlacings of every wandering vine.

HOW TO TREAT THE CHRISTIANS

[112 A.D.]

A LETTER OF PLINY THE YOUNGER TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN, AND TRAJAN'S REPLY

[PLINY was governor of Bithynia in 112 A.D. The Christians had become numerous, and he wrote to the emperor about them and asked his advice in regard to their treatment. This is given in the emperor's reply, which follows Pliny's letter.

The Roman persecutions of the Christians arose chiefly from the fact that, while other sects and nationalities were ready to accept the gods of the Romans as well as their own, the Christians declared that there was but one God. They bore terrible tortures and the most agonizing forms of death rather than in worship cast a handful of incense before the statue of some Roman deity or of a deified emperor. Such scorn of the gods would arouse their wrath, thought the Romans, and would bring down upon the state some awful disaster. This is why the severest persecutions often took place during the reigns of those emperors who were most anxious to do well by their people.

The Editor.]

IT is my custom, Sire, to refer to you in all cases where I do not feel sure, for who can better direct my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any legal examination of the Christians, and I do not know, therefore, what are the usual penalties passed upon them, or the limits of those penalties, or how searching an inquiry should be made. I have hesitated a great deal in considering whether any distinctions should be

drawn according to the ages of the accused; whether the weak should be punished as severely as the more robust; whether if they renounce their faith they should be pardoned, or whether the man who has once been a Christian should gain nothing by recanting; whether the name itself, even though otherwise innocent of crime, should be punished, or only the crimes that gather round it.

In the mean time, this is the plan which I have adopted in the case of those Christians who have been brought before me. I ask them whether they are Christians; if they say yes, then I repeat the question a second and a third time, warning them of the penalties it entails, and if they still persist, I order them to be taken to prison. For I do not doubt that, whatever the character of the crime may be which they confess, their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy certainly ought to be punished. There were others who showed similar mad folly whom I reserved to be sent to Rome, as they were Roman citizens. Subsequently, as is usually the way, the very fact of my taking up this question led to a great increase of accusations, and a variety of cases were brought before me. A pamphlet was issued anonymously, containing the names of a number of people. Those who denied that they were or had been Christians and called upon the gods in the usual formula, reciting the words after me, those who offered incense and wine before your image, which I had given orders to be brought forward for this purpose, together with the statues of the deities, — all such I considered should be discharged, especially as they cursed the name of Christ, which, it is said, those who are really Christians cannot

be induced to do. Others, whose names were given me by an informer, first said that they were Christians and afterwards denied it, declaring that they had been but were so no longer, some of them having recanted many years before, and more than one so long as twenty years back. They all worshiped your image and the statues of the deities, and cursed the name of Christ. But they declared that the sum of their guilt or their error only amounted to this, that on a stated day they had been accustomed to meet before daybreak and to recite a hymn among themselves to Christ, as though he were a god, and that so far from binding themselves by oath to commit any crime, their oath was to abstain from theft, robbery, adultery, and from breach of faith, and not to deny trust money placed in their keeping when called upon to deliver it. When this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and meet again to take food, but it was of no special character and quite harmless, and they had ceased this practice after the edict in which, in accordance with your orders, I had forbidden all secret societies. I thought it the more necessary, therefore, to find out what truth there was in these statements by submitting two women, who were called deaconesses, to the torture, but I found nothing but a debased superstition carried to great lengths. So I postponed my examination, and immediately consulted you.

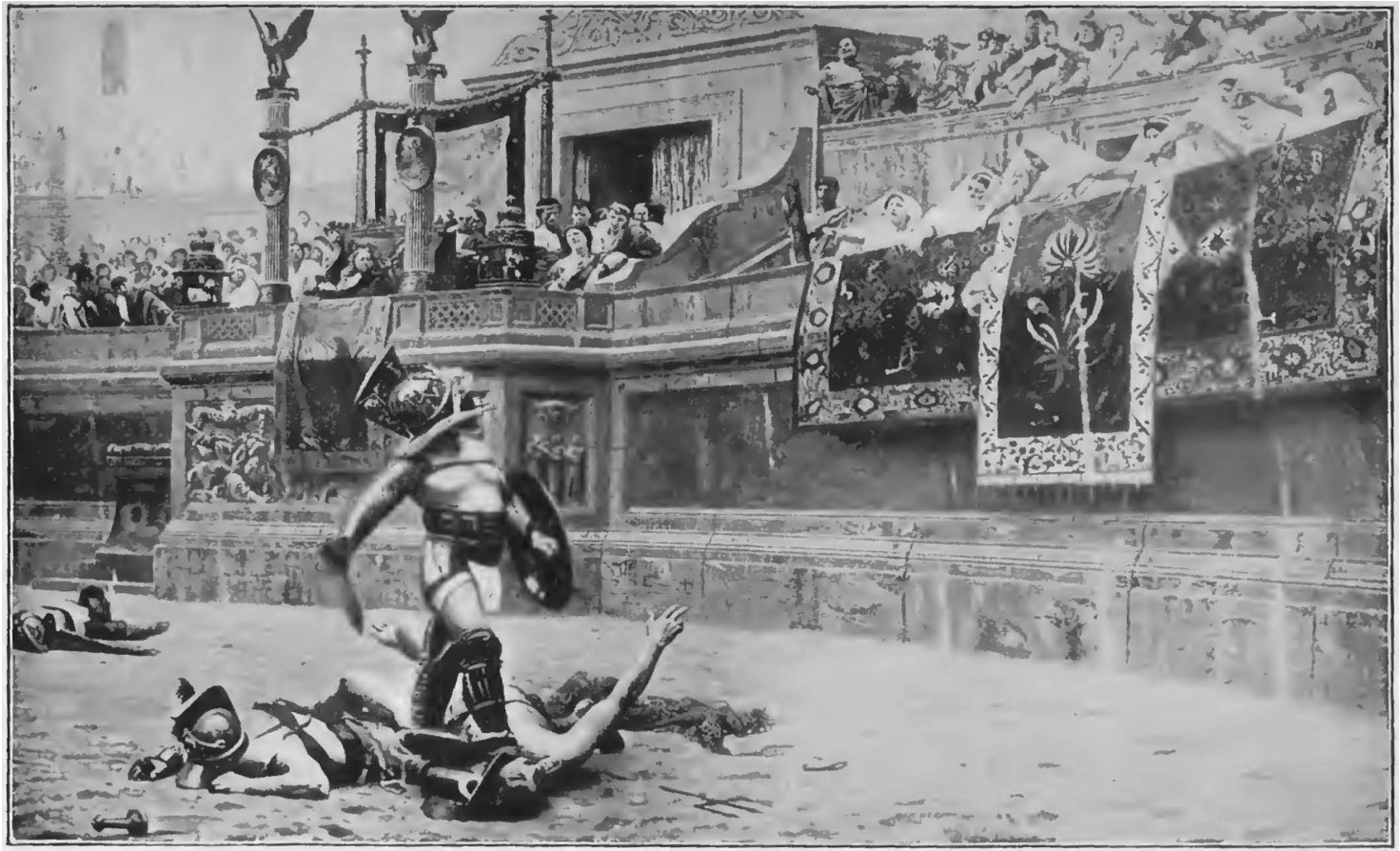
The matter seems to me worthy of your consideration, especially as there are so many people involved in the danger. Many persons of all ages, and of both sexes alike, are being brought into peril of their lives by their accusers, and the process will go on. For the contagion

of this superstition has spread not only through the free cities, but into the villages and the rural districts, and yet it seems to me that it can be checked and set right. It is beyond doubt that the temples, which have been almost deserted, are beginning again to be thronged with worshipers, that the sacred rites which have for a long time been allowed to lapse are now being renewed, and that the food for the sacrificial victims is once more finding a sale, whereas, up to recently, a buyer was hardly to be found. From this it is easy to infer what vast numbers of people might be reclaimed, if only they were given an opportunity of repentance.

THE REPLY OF THE EMPEROR

You have adopted the proper course, my dear Pliny, in examining into the cases of those who have been denounced to you as Christians, for no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down to meet a question of such wide extent. The Christians are not to be hunted out; if they are brought before you and the offense is proved, they are to be punished, but with this reservation, — that if any one denies that he is a Christian and makes it clear that he is not, by offering prayers to our deities, then he is to be pardoned because of his recantation, however suspicious his past conduct may have been. But pamphlets published anonymously must not carry any weight whatever, no matter what the charge may be, for they are not only a precedent of the very worst type, but they are not in consonance with the spirit of our age.

VII
HOW THE ROMANS AMUSED THEMSELVES



"POLLICE VERSO"

("*Thumbs Down*")

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French painter*, 1824–1904)

THE luxury and the cruelty of Imperial Rome culminated in the amphitheater, where gladiators fought to the death or matched their strength and skill against wild beasts. Every city throughout the empire had its own amphitheater, greater or smaller according to its wealth, but the most famous of all was the mighty Colosseum at Rome, built by the Emperor Vespasian and his son Titus, a monument surpassed in magnitude by the Pyramids alone.

This vast structure covered five acres, and when filled with a Roman audience must have presented a scene of unsurpassed magnificence. Below is the yellow sand of the arena, sprinkled by the more extravagant emperors with powdered minerals of brilliant colors, — blue, green, or red, — and spotted here and there, perhaps, with dark pools of blood. Above the arena rises a high wall, covered, during the shows of wild beasts, with nets of golden cord knotted with amber, for the protection of the spectators. Next is the emperor seated on a magnificent throne, surrounded by courtiers and members of his household, senators and patricians in gorgeous robes, and the Vestal Virgins clad in snowy white; beyond are the common citizens, more than eighty thousand, rising tier on tier; while above it all stretches the many-colored awning that protects the spectators from the sun.

In the famous "Pollice Verso," the victorious gladiator stands in the arena, with sword in hand and foot on the breast of his vanquished opponent. The royal party, sitting between the columns surmounted with eagles, have little interest in the affair, but the populace are watching eagerly to learn the wishes of the Vestal Virgins. The victim by his upraised hand pleads for mercy, but the white-robed Virgins, who guard the sacred flame of Vesta, goddess of hearth and home, refuse the boon, and with down-turned thumbs (*pollice verso*) demand his death.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE amusements of the Romans were theatrical entertainments, the games of the circus, and, far more interesting to them than these, the gladiatorial exhibitions. At first captives or criminals condemned to death were made to fight one another in the arena for the delight of the spectators. Then regular schools were established, and not only slaves, spurred on by the hope of freedom, but desperadoes of all ranks flocked thither to learn how to meet either men or wild beasts in life-and-death conflict. The people were mad for these brutal shows, and no one could hope for political preferment who did not amuse them by such entertainments.

The shows became more and more expensive as the eagerness for bloody spectacles increased. Sometimes the vast expanse of the amphitheater was flooded with water and warships filled with gladiators engaged in desperate battles. Occasionally whole forests of trees were set up in it and thousands of rare animals turned loose to be hunted down. Bears, wolves, tigers, leopards, lions, even crocodiles were brought to Rome at enormous expense from the ends of the earth. The people demanded more and more, and at length matters reached such a point that an emperor who wished to be popular sometimes provided many thousands of both men and beasts for the arena. As Christianity increased in power, every effort was made to suppress these awful scenes, and at length, in 404 A.D., they were abolished by imperial edict.

THE DYING GLADIATOR

BY LORD BYRON

[THE poem describes the famous statue known as the Dying Gladiator, or the Dying Gaul.

The Editor.]

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday —
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE ARENA[1]

[64 A.D.]

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[DURING the reign of Nero occurred the terrible fire which destroyed more than half of the Roman capital. There were rumors abroad that Nero himself had set fire to the city in order that its burning might afford him a new amusement. These rumors became so threatening that the emperor thought it the part of wisdom to avert suspicion from himself by charging the crime upon the Christians. In the savage persecution which followed, St. Paul was beheaded.

The Editor.]

MEANWHILE the trumpets announced the end of the interval. People began to leave the passages where they had assembled to straighten their legs and converse. A general movement set in with the usual dispute about seats occupied previously. Senators and patricians hastened to their places. The uproar ceased after a time, and the amphitheater returned to order. On the arena a crowd of people appeared to dig out here and there lumps of sand formed with stiffened blood.

The turn of the Christians was at hand. But since that was a new spectacle for people, and no one knew how they would bear themselves, all waited with a certain curiosity. The disposition of the audience was attentive but unfriendly; they were waiting for uncommon scenes. Those people who were to appear had

[1] From *Quo Vadis*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1896–1897, by Jeremiah Curtin.

burned Rome and its ancient treasures. They had drunk the blood of infants, and poisoned water; they had cursed the whole human race, and committed the vilest crimes. The harshest punishment did not suffice the roused hatred; and if any fear possessed people's hearts, it was this, that the torture of the Christians would not equal the guilt of those ominous criminals.

Meanwhile the sun had risen high; its rays, passing through the purple velarium, had filled the amphitheater with a bloody light. The sand assumed a fiery color, and in those gleams, in the faces of people, as well as in the empty arena, which after a time was to be filled with the torture of people and the rage of savage beasts, there was something terrible. Death and terror seemed hovering in the air. The throng, usually gladsome, became moody under the influence of hate and silence. Faces had a sullen expression.

Now the prefect gave a sign. The same old man appeared, dressed as Charon, who had called the gladiators to death, and, passing with slow step across the arena amid silence, he struck three times again on the door.

Throughout the amphitheater was heard the deep murmur, —

"The Christians! The Christians!"

The iron gratings creaked; through the dark openings were heard the usual cries of the scourgers, "To the sand!" and in one moment the arena was peopled with crowds as it were of satyrs covered with skins. All ran quickly, somewhat feverishly, and, reaching the middle of the circle, they knelt one by another with raised hands. The spectators, judging this to be a prayer for pity, and enraged by such cowardice, began to stamp,

whistle, throw empty wine-vessels, bones from which the flesh had been eaten, and shout, "The beasts! the beasts!" But all at once something unexpected took place. From out the shaggy assembly singing voices were raised, and then sounded that hymn heard for the first time in a Roman amphitheater, "Christus regnat!"

Astonishment seized the spectators. The condemned sang with eyes raised to the velarium. The audience saw faces pale, but as it were inspired. All understood that those people were not asking for mercy, and that they seemed not to see the circus, the audience, the Senate, or Cæsar. "Christus regnat!" rose ever louder, and in the seats, far up to the highest, among the rows of spectators, more than one asked himself the question, "What is happening, and who is that Christus who reigns in the mouths of those people who are about to die?" But meanwhile a new grating was opened, and into the arena rushed, with mad speed and barking, whole packs of dogs, — gigantic, yellow Molossians from the Peloponnesus, pied dogs from the Pyrenees, and wolflike hounds from Hibernia, purposely famished; their sides were lank, and their eyes bloodshot. Their howls and whines filled the amphitheater. When the Christians had finished their hymn, they remained kneeling, motionless, as if petrified, merely repeating in one groaning chorus, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" The dogs, catching the odor of people under the skins of beasts, and surprised by their silence, did not rush on them at once. Some stood against the walls of the boxes, as if wishing to go among the spectators; others ran around barking furiously, as though chasing some unseen beast. The people were angry. A thousand voices

began to call; some howled like wild beasts; some barked like dogs; others urged them on in every language. The amphitheater was trembling from uproar. The excited dogs began to run to the kneeling people, then to draw back, snapping their teeth, till at last one of the Molossians drove his teeth into the shoulder of a woman kneeling in front, and dragged her under him.

Tens of the dogs rushed into the crowd now, as if to break through it. The audience ceased to howl, so as to look with greater attention. Amidst the howling and the whining were heard yet the plaintive voices of men and women, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" but on the arena were formed quivering masses of the bodies of dogs and people. Blood flowed in streams from the torn bodies. Dogs dragged from each other the bloody limbs of people. The odor of blood and torn entrails was stronger than Arabian perfumes, and filled the whole circus.

At last only here and there were visible single kneeling forms, which were soon covered by moving, squirming masses.

Vinicius, who at that moment when the Christians ran in, stood up and turned so as to indicate to the quarryman, as he had promised, the direction in which the apostle was hidden among the people of Petronius, sat down again, and with the face of a dead man continued to look with glassy eyes on the ghastly spectacle. At first fear that the quarryman might have been mistaken, and that perchance Lygia was among the victims, benumbed him completely; but when he heard the voices, "Pro Christo!" when he saw the torture of so many victims who in dying confessed their faith and

their God, another feeling possessed him, piercing him like the most dreadful pain, but irresistible. That feeling was this, — if Christ himself died in torment, if thousands are perishing for Him now, if a sea of blood is poured forth, one drop more signifies nothing, and it is a sin even to ask for mercy. That thought came to him from the arena, penetrated him with the groans of the dying, with the odor of their blood. But still he prayed and repeated with parched lips, "O Christ! O Christ! and thy apostle prayed for her!" Then he forgot himself, lost consciousness of where he was. It seemed to him that blood on the arena was rising and rising, that it was coming up and flowing out of the circus over all Rome. For the rest he heard nothing, neither the howling of dogs nor the uproar of the people nor the voices of the Augustians, who began all at once to cry, —

"Chilo has fainted!"

"Chilo has fainted!" said Petronius, turning toward the Greek.

And he had fainted really; he sat there white as linen, his head fallen back, his mouth wide open, like that of a corpse.

At that same moment they were urging into the arena new victims, sewed up in skins.

These knelt immediately, like those who had gone before; but the weary dogs would not rend them. Barely a few threw themselves on to those kneeling nearest; but others lay down, and, raising their bloody jaws, began to scratch their sides and yawn heavily.

Then the audience, disturbed in spirit, but drunk with blood and wild, began to cry with hoarse voices, —

"The lions! the lions! Let out the lions!"

The lions were to be kept for the next day; but in the amphitheaters the people imposed their will on every one, even on Cæsar. Caligula alone, insolent and changeable in his wishes, dared to oppose them, and there were cases when he gave command to beat the people with clubs; but even he yielded most frequently. Nero, to whom plaudits were dearer than all else in the world, never resisted. All the more did he not resist now, when it was a question of mollifying the populace, excited after the conflagration, and a question of the Christians, on whom he wished to cast the blame of the catastrophe.

He gave the sign therefore to open the cuniculum, seeing which the people were calmed in a moment. They heard the creaking of the doors behind which the lions were. At sight of the lions the dogs gathered in one crowd on the opposite side of the arena with low whines. The lions walked into the arena one after another, immense, tawny, with great shaggy heads. Cæsar himself turned his wearied face toward them, and placed the emerald to his eye to see better. The Augustians greeted them with applause; the crowd counted them on their fingers, and followed eagerly the impression which the sight of them would make on the Christians kneeling in the center, who again had begun to repeat the words, without meaning for many, but annoying to all, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!"

But the lions, though hungry, did not hasten to their victims. The ruddy light in the arena dazzled them so they half closed their eyes as if dazed. Some stretched their yellowish bodies lazily; some, opening their jaws, yawned, — one might have said that they wanted to show their terrible teeth to the audience. But later the

odor of blood and torn bodies, many of which were lying on the sand, began to act on them. Soon their movements became restless, their manes rose, their nostrils drew in the air with a hoarse sound. One of them fell suddenly on the body of a woman with a torn face, and, lying with his fore paws on the body, licked with rough tongue the stiffened blood; another approached a man who was holding in his arms a child sewed up in a fawn's skin.

The child, trembling from crying, and weeping, clung convulsively to the neck of its father; he, wishing to prolong its life even for a moment, tried to pull it from his neck, so as to hand it to those kneeling farther on. But the cry and the movement irritated the lion. All at once he gave out a short, broken roar, killed the child with one blow of his paw, and, seizing the head of the father in his jaws, crushed it in a twinkle.

At sight of this all the other lions fell upon the crowd of Christians. Some women could not restrain cries of terror; but the audience drowned these with plaudits, which soon ceased, however, for the wish to see gained the mastery. They beheld terrible things then: heads disappearing entirely in open jaws, breasts torn apart with one blow, hearts and lungs swept away; the crushing of bones under the teeth of lions. Some lions, seizing victims by the ribs or loins, ran with mad springs through the arena, as if seeking hidden places in which to devour them; others fought, rose on their hind legs, grappled one another like wrestlers, and filled the amphitheater with thunder. People rose from their places. Some left their seats, went down lower through the passages to see better, and crowded one another mortally.

It seemed that the excited multitude would throw itself at last into the arena, and rend the Christians in company with the lions. At moments an unearthly noise was heard; at moments applause; at moments roaring, rumbling, the clashing of teeth, the howling of Molossian dogs; at times only groans.

Cæsar, holding the emerald to his eye, looked now with attention. The face of Petronius assumed an expression of contempt and disgust. Chilo had been borne out of the circus.

But from the cuniculum new victims were driven out continually.

From the highest row in the amphitheater the Apostle Peter looked at them. No one saw him, for all heads were turned to the arena; so he rose, and, as formerly in the vineyard of Cornelius he had blessed for death and eternity those who were intended for imprisonment, so now he blessed with the cross those who were perishing under the teeth of wild beasts. He blessed their blood, their torture, their dead bodies turned into shapeless masses, and their souls flying away from the bloody sand. Some raised their eyes to him, and their faces grew radiant; they smiled when they saw high above them the sign of the cross. But his heart was rent, and he said, "O Lord! let Thy will be done. These my sheep perish to Thy glory, in testimony of the truth. Thou didst command me to feed them; hence I give them to Thee, and do Thou count them, Lord, take them, heal their wounds, soften their pain, give them happiness greater than the torments they suffered here."

A ROMAN BANQUET

BY W. A. BECKER. ADAPTED FROM PETRONIUS

THE dinner hour had arrived, and by the activity of his very numerous slaves everything was prepared in the house of Lentulus for a grand reception of guests. The fires blazed brightly in the kitchen, where the cook, assisted by a number of underlings, was exhausting all his skill. Whenever the covers were removed from the vessels, a grateful odor, more inviting than the smoke of a fat burnt-offering, diffused itself around, and ascended on high to the habitation of the gods. The party-cook and carver were occupied in arranging the dessert, in all the forms that ingenuity could suggest, while the first course was ready for serving.

The triclinium[1] had been placed in a spacious saloon, the northerly aspect of which was well adapted for the time of year. Around a beautiful table, covered with cedar-wood, stood elegant sofas, inlaid with tortoise-shell; the lower part decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the pillows, which were stuffed with the softest wool, covered with gorgeous purple. Upon the seats, cushions, covered with silken stuff, were laid to separate the places of the guests. The butler was still arranging the side-tables, on which valuable drinking-vessels were displayed, and in straightening the draperies of the triclinium, when his lord entered, accompanied by the guests.

[1] A couch on which Romans reclined while eating.

Lentulus had invited only six friends, but Pomponius, — anxious that the number of the Muses should occupy the triclinium, and no place be left empty, — brought with him two friends, whom he introduced as gentlemen from Perusia. "It is long, methinks," said Gallus to his courteous host, on entering, "since we last met in this saloon; how beautifully you have in the mean time ornamented it! You certainly could not have chosen a more appropriate picture for a triclinium than those satyrs, celebrating the joyous vintage: and the slain boar, a scene from Lucania, the fruit and provision pieces over the doors, and between them the elegant twigs on which the thrushes are sitting, — all are calculated to awaken a relish for the banquet."

"Yes, really," interposed Pomponius, "Lentulus understands far better than Calpurnius how to decorate a dining-hall. The other day he had the walls of his finest triclinium painted with the murder of Hipparchus, and the death of Brutus; and instead of agreeable foliage, threatening lictors were to be seen at every corner."

"He, too, is right in his way," said Gallus; "but where is he? I understood that you had invited him, Lentulus?"

"He was unfortunately preëngaged," replied the other.

"But we shall see him before the evening be over," added Pomponius. "As our friend Fannius is, you know, averse to sitting late, and Lentulus will not, I am sure, let us go before the crowing of the cock, we shall be one short at the triclinium, unless Calpurnius come according to his promise, and fill the vacant place, so soon as he can get released from his formal consular

supper. But I scarcely think we ought to keep the cook waiting any longer. The tenth hour is, I verily believe, almost elapsed. Had we not better take our seats, Lentulus?"

The host answered in the affirmative, and conducted Gallus to the lowest place on the middle sofa, which was the seat of honor at the table. At his left, and on the same dining-couch, sat Pomponius; above him, Fannius. The sofa to the left was occupied by Bassus, Fauntinus, and Cæcilianus. To the right, and next Gallus, sat Lentulus himself; below him, the Perusians whom Pomponius had brought.

As soon as they had reclined, slaves took off their sandals, and youths, with their loins girded, offered water in silver bowls for their ablutions. At a nod from Lentulus, two slaves entered, and placed upon the table the tray which contained the dishes composing the first course. Lentulus cast his eyes with secret joy around the circle, as if desirous of noting the impression made on his friends by the novel arrangements of this course, the invention of which was due to himself; and, indeed, the service was worthy of a nearer observation.

In the center of the plateau, ornamented with tortoise-shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives, preserved by the art of the cook until this period of the year; on the back of the beast sat a Silenus, from whose skin the most delicious sauce flowed upon the meat beneath. Near this, on two silver gridirons lay delicately dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plums, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around stood silver dishes con-

taining asparagus, lettuce, radishes, and other productions of the garden, in addition to fish, flavored both with mint and rue, and with Byzantine pickle, and dressed snails and oysters, whilst fresh ones in abundance were handed round. The company expressed their admiration of their host's fanciful invention, and then proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time slaves carried round in golden goblets the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In the elegant basket sat a hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching in the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs, distributed them among the guests. "Friends," said Lentulus, smiling, "they are pea-hen's eggs, which have been put under the hen; my only fear is that she may have sat too long upon them; but let us try them." A slave then gave to each guest a silver snail, which was, however, found almost too large and heavy for the purpose, and each proceeded to break an egg with the point of it. Most of the party were already acquainted with the jokes of Lentulus, but not so the Perusians. "Truly, my egg has already become a hen!" cried one of them in disgust, and about to throw it away. "Examine a little more closely," said Pomponius, with a laugh, in which the guests at the upper sofa, who were better acquainted with the matter,

joined; "our friend's cook understands well how to dress eggs that have been already sat upon." The Perusian then for the first time remarked that its shell was not natural, but made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was strongly seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made, and whilst the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, the band, which was at the other end of the hall, began to play, as a sign for the slaves to remove the dishes, which they proceeded to do.

Another slave wiped the table with a purple cloth of coarse linen, and two Ethiopians again handed water for washing the hands. Boys, wearing green garlands, then brought in two well-gypsumed wine-jars, the time-corroded necks of which well accorded with the inscription on a label hanging round them, whereon might be read, written in ancient characters, the words *L. Opimio Cos.* "Discharge your office well, Earinos," cried Lentulus to one of the boys. "To-day you shall bear the ladle. It is Falernian, my friends, and Opimianum, too; and is, as you know, usually clouded." "It was bright enough," said Gallus, "when the free citizens wrote the name of the consul on this label. Yet it only shares the fate of the age, which, like it, has also become clouded." The Perusians began to listen attentively, and Pomponius cautiously placed his finger on his mouth. "Actually," continued he, "only five years more, and this noble juice would have witnessed a century pass away, and during this century there has never been growth like it. Why, Maximus, your great-grandfather was consul in the same year as Opimius; and see, here is

the fourth generation already, and yet the wine is still in existence."

"Quite right," replied Maximus; "my ancestor was consul with Opimius; and much as I like the wine, I am yet vexed to think that my name does not appear on the jar."

"Content yourself," quoth Gallus; "there are more serious accidents in life than that." "Oh!" quickly interposed Pomponius. "Let us end this grave conversation. Only see how Bassus and Cæcilianus are longing for the contents of the jars, whilst we are indulging in speculations about the labeloutside. Have them opened, Lentulus."

The vessels were carefully cleansed of the gypsum, and the corks extricated. Earinos cautiously poured the wine into the silver cooler, which was placed ready, and was now filled again with fresh snow, and then mixed it, according to his master's directions, in the richly-embossed bowl, and dipping a golden ladle therein, filled the amethyst-colored glasses, which were distributed amongst the guests by the rest of the boys.

This operation was scarcely finished, before a new serving tray was placed upon the table, containing the first course of the feast, which, however, by no means answered the expectations of the guests. A circle of small dishes, covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the tables of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honey-comb. A slave carried round the bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, though with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when at a sign from Lentulus, two slaves hurried forward, and

took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. There were ringdoves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds weight, and turbot, and, in the center, a fatted hare, which, by means of artificial wings, the chef had ingeniously changed into a Pegasus. The company were agreeably surprised, and applauded the host with clapping of hands, and the carver immediately approached, and, with great solemnity and almost in musical time, began to carve. Earinos, meanwhile, was diligently discharging his functions; and the guests, animated by the strength of the Falernian, already began to be more merry. On the disappearance of the first course, much conversation was kept up, Gallus alone taking less share in it than he was accustomed to do.

But no long interval was allowed for talking. Four slaves soon entered to the sound of horns, bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded by eight sucking-pigs, made of sweet paste, by the experienced baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven of palm twigs, and containing Syrian and Theban dates. Another carver resembling a jager in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife commenced cutting up the boar, pronounced by Lentulus to be a genuine Umbrian. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as a souvenir.

"An Umbrian," said one of the guests of the highest couch, turning to the strangers, "a countryman, or, at all events, a near neighbor, of yours then. If I were in

your place, I should hesitate before partaking of it; for who knows whether, by some metamorphosis, one of your dear friends may not have been changed into this animal?"

"The days for metamorphoses are past," replied one of them. "There are no more Circes, and the other gods do not trouble themselves much about mankind. I know only one, who potently rules all the world, and can doubtless bring about many metamorphoses."

"Do not say so," Pomponius quickly added; "our friend Bassus will teach you directly that many wonders happen even in the present times, and that we are by no means sure that we shall not see one amongst us suddenly assume the character of a beast."

"Laugh as you will," said Bassus, "it still cannot be denied. Only the other day, one who was formerly a slave to a man in humble circumstances at Capua, but has now become a rich freedman, related to me a circumstance which he had himself experienced; it is enough to make one's hair stand on end. If not displeasing to you, I will communicate it." The company, partly from curiosity, and partly wishing for a laugh against Bassus, begged him to tell the story, and he thus began:—

"'When I was a slave,' related my informant, 'I happened, by the dispensation of the gods, to conceive a liking for an innkeeper's wife; not from an unworthy passion, but because she never denied me what I asked for, and anything I saved and gave into her charge, I was sure not to be cheated of. Her husband had a small villa at the fifth milestone, and, as it chanced, fell sick there and died. In misfortune, thought I, we know our

friends, and therefore considered how I could get to my friend at the villa. My master was by accident absent from Capua, but a stranger, a warrior, was stopping in our house; of him I made a confidant, begging that he would accompany me in the night to the villa, and he consented to do so. We waited for the time of the cock-crowing, and then stole off; the moon was shining, and it was as clear as midday. About half-way, by the side of the road, was a group of sepulchral monuments, at which my companion stopped on some pretense or other; but I went on, beginning a song and gazing at the stars. At length I looked round, and saw my companion standing in the road. He took off his clothes and laid them down; then went around them in a circle, spat three times upon them, and immediately became a wolf.' Now do not suppose that I am telling you falsehood, for the fellow assured me that it was pure truth. 'He next,' continued the man, 'began to howl, and then dashed into the thicket. At first I did not know what to do, but at length approached for the purpose of taking the clothes with me, but behold! they had become stone. Horror-stricken, I drew my sword, and continued slashing it about in the air until I reached the villa. I entered the house breathless, the sweat dropped from me, and it was long before I recovered myself. My friend was astonished at my visiting her at such an unusual hour. "Had you only come sooner," said she, "you might have assisted us; for a wolf has been breaking into the villa and destroying several sheep; but he did not escape with impunity; for my slave has pierced him through with a spear." I shuddered, and could not obtain my sleep during the night. As soon as it was day I hastened home-

wards, and saw, on reaching the place where the clothes had lain, nothing more than a large stain of blood; but found the warrior lying in bed at home, and a surgeon bandaging his neck. I then became aware that he was one of those whom we call were-wolves, and could never afterwards eat bread in his company.' This was the man's story, in recounting which he even then shuddered. Say what you will, such things often happen."

The company laughed and jeered at the narrator, who endeavored by philosophical arguments to defend his credulity. At length the second Perusian, who sat in the lowest place, said, "Bassus may not be so very wrong, after all; for some time since I bought a slave who had formerly lived at Miletus, and who told me a wonderful story, in the following words: 'In the house where I served, a child, a boy — beautiful as a statue — had died. His mother was inconsolable, and all were standing mourning round the bed, when the witches were heard shrieking round the house. There was in the family a Cappadocian, a tall, daring fellow, who had once overcome a mad ox. This man having seized a sword, ran out of doors, with his left hand cautiously concealed in his mantle, and cut one of the hags in two. We heard their shrieks, although we saw nothing; but the Cappadocian staggered backwards upon a couch, and his whole body became as blue as if he had been beaten: for he had been touched by the hands of the witches. He closed the house-door again, but when the mother returned to her dead child, she saw with horror that the strigæ had already taken away the body, and left a straw doll in its place.'"

This anecdote was received with no less laughter than

the other. Bassus alone bent unobserved towards the table, and inwardly besought the strigæ not to meet him on his way home.

Some more stories of a similar kind would perhaps have been introduced, had not the slaves produced a fresh platter, which, to the astonishment of the company, contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar. "Ha!" cried Lentulus, rising from his couch, in order to inspect it more closely, "I really believe that the cook has forgotten to disembowel the animal. Bring him thither directly." The cook appeared with troubled mien, and confessed, to the indignation of the whole party, that in his hurry he had forgotten to cleanse the beast. "Now, really," said the enraged Cæcilius, "that is the most worthless slave I ever beheld. Who ever heard of a cook omitting to gut a swine? Were he mine, I would hang him." Lentulus, however, was more leniently disposed. "You deserve a severe chastisement," said he to the slave, "and may thank my good humor for escaping it. But, as a punishment, you must immediately perform the neglected duty in our presence." The cook seized the knife, and having carefully slit open the belly on both sides, gave a sudden jerk, when, to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out.

"That is indeed a new joke," cried Pomponius, laughing; "but tell me, why did you have a tame swine served up after the wild boar?"

"If the remainder of my friends be of that opinion," replied the host, "we will grant him his liberty, and he may appear to-morrow at my table with his cap on."

On a given signal the slaves removed the dish, and brought another containing peacocks, pheasants, the livers of geese, and rare fish. At length this course also was removed, the slaves wiped the table, and cleared away with besoms of palm-twigs the fragments that had fallen on the floor, strewing it at the same time with saw-dust, dyed with vermilion and pleasant-smelling saffron.

Whilst this was being done, the eyes of the guests were suddenly attracted upwards by a noise overhead; the ceiling opened, and a large silver hoop, on which were ointment bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully chiseled leaves and circlets, and other trifles, to be shared among the guests as favors, descended upon the table. In the mean time, the dessert had been served, wherein the new baker, whom Lentulus had purchased for a hundred thousand sesterces,[1] gave a specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial mussels, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modeled Vertumnus,[2] who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces, stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut into various shapes. Whilst the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round toothpicks, made of the leaves of the mastich-pistachio, and Lentulus invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionery and fruits with which the god was loaded.

[1] About five thousand dollars.
[2] A harvest god.

The Perusians, who were particularly astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at such a season, stretched across the table, and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright when, as they touched them, a stream of saffron discharged from the fruit, besprinkled them. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red stream shot forth.

"You seem determined," exclaimed Pomponius, "to surprise us in every way; but yet I must say, Lentulus, that in this, otherwise excellent, entertainment, you have not sufficiently provided for our amusement. Here we are at dessert, without having had a single spectacle to delight our eyes between the courses." "It is not my fault," replied Lentulus; "for our friend Gallus has deprecated all the feats of rope-dancing and pantomime that I intended for you, and you see how little he shares in the conversation. Besides, the sun is already nigh setting, and I have had another triclinium lighted up for us. If no one will take more of the dessert, we may as well, I think, repair thither at once. Perhaps the cloud which shades the countenance of our friend may disappear under the garland. Leave the Falernian alone at present, Earinos, and await us in the other saloon." The youth did as his lord commanded, and just at that moment Calpurnius entered, pouting discontentedly at the servile souls of the company he had left, because he could no longer endure their "Hail to the father of our fatherland!"

The party now rose, to meet again after a short time in the brilliant saloon, the intervening moments being

spent by some in sauntering along the colonnades, and by others in taking a bath.

[These first scenes of the feast are now followed by drinking, gambling, and finally by a quarrel and the departure of the guests.]

THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER

[End of the first century A.D.]

DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF

YOU are surprised that I am so fond of my Laurentine, or (if you prefer the name) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive view of the seacoast. It is only seventeen miles from Rome; so that when I have finished my business in town, I can pass my evenings here after a good satisfactory day's work. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must turn off at the fourteenth milestone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are sandy in places, which makes it a little heavier and longer by carriage, but short and easy on horseback. The landscape affords plenty of variety, the view in some places being closed in by woods, in others extending over broad meadows, where numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has driven from the mountains, fatten in the spring warmth, and on the rich pasturage.

My villa is of a convenient size without being expensive to keep up. The courtyard in front is plain, but not mean, through which you enter porticoes shaped into the form of the letter "D," inclosing a small but cheerful area between. These make a capital retreat for bad weather, not only as they are shut in with windows, but

particularly as they are sheltered by a projection of the roof. From the middle of these porticoes you pass into a bright pleasant inner court, and out of that into a handsome hall running out towards the seashore; so that when there is a southwest breeze, it is gently washed with waves, which spend themselves at its base. On every side of this hall there are either folding-doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides of three different seas, as it were; from the back you see the middle court, the portico, and the area; and from another point you look through the portico into the courtyard, and out upon the woods and distant mountains beyond. On the left hand of this hall, a little farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, and beyond that, a second of a smaller size, which has one window to the rising and another to the setting sun: this as well has a view of the sea, but more distant and agreeable. The angle formed by the projection of the dining-room with this drawing-room retains and intensifies the warmth of the sun, and this forms our winter quarters and family gymnasium, which is sheltered from all the winds except those which bring on clouds, but the clear sky comes out again before the warmth has gone out of the place. Adjoining this angle is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so arranged as to get the sun all through the day: in the walls are contrived a sort of cases, containing a collection of authors who can never be read too often. Next to this is a bedroom, connected with it by a raised passage furnished with pipes, which supply, at a wholesome temperature, and distribute to all parts of this room, the heat they receive. The rest of this side of the

house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freedmen; but most of the rooms in it are respectable enough to put my guests into. In the opposite wing is a most elegant, tastefully fitted up bedroom; next to which lies another, which you may call either a large bedroom or a modified dining-room; it is very warm and light, not only from the direct rays of the sun, but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this is a bedroom with an anteroom, the height of which renders it cool in summer, its thick walls warm in winter, for it is sheltered, every way, from the winds. To this apartment another anteroom is joined by one common wall. From thence you enter into the wide and spacious cooling-room belonging to the bath, from the opposite walls of which two curved basins are thrown out, so to speak; which are more than large enough if you consider that the sea is close at hand. Adjacent to this is the anointing-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that the bath-heating room: adjoining are two other little bathrooms, elegantly rather than sumptuously fitted up: annexed to them is a warm bath of wonderful construction, in which one can swim and take a view of the sea at the same time.

Not far from this stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you go up a sort of turret which has two rooms below, with the same number above, besides a dining-room commanding a very extensive lookout on to the sea, the coast, and the beautiful villas scattered along the shoreline. At the other end is a second turret, containing a room that gets the rising and setting sun. Behind this is a large storeroom and granary, and underneath, a spacious dining-room, where only the murmur and break

of the sea can be heard, even in a storm: it looks out upon the garden, and the *gestatio* [promenade] running round the garden. The *gestatio* is bordered round with box, and, where that is decayed, with rosemary; for the box, wherever sheltered by the buildings, grows plentifully, but where it lies open and exposed to the weather and spray from the sea, though at some distance from this latter, it quite withers up. Next the *gestatio*, and running along inside it, is a shady vine-plantation, the path of which is so soft and easy to the tread that you may walk barefoot upon it. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favorable as it is averse from all others. Here is a dining-room, which, though it stands away from the sea, enjoys the garden view which is just as pleasant: two apartments run round the back part of it, the windows of which look out upon the entrance of the villa, and into a fine kitchen-garden.

From here extends an inclosed portico, which, from its great length, you might take for a public one. It has a range of windows on either side, but more on the side facing the sea, and fewer on the garden side, and these, single windows and alternate with the opposite rows. In calm, clear weather these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the weather side are closed, whilst those away from the wind can remain open without any inconvenience. Before this inclosed portico lies a terrace fragrant with the scent of violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which, while it retains the rays, keeps away the northeast wind; and it is as warm on this side as it is cool on the side opposite; in the same way it is a protection against the wind from

the southwest; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds, from whatever quarter they may blow. These are some of its winter advantages; they are still more appreciable in the summer time, for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during the whole of the forenoon, and upon the adjoining portion of the *gestatio* and garden in the afternoon, casting a greater or less shade on this side or on that as the day increases or decreases. But the portico itself is coolest just at the time when the sun is at its hottest, that is, when the rays fall directly upon the roof. Also by opening the windows you let in the western breezes in a free current, which prevents the place getting oppressive with close and stagnant air.

At the upper end of the terrace and portico stands a detached garden building, which I call my *favorite;* my *favorite*, indeed, as I put it up myself. It contains a very warm winter-room, one side of which looks down upon the terrace, while the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. The bedroom opens on to the covered portico by means of folding-doors, while its window looks out upon the sea. On that side next the sea, and facing the middle wall, is formed a very elegant little recess, which, by means of transparent windows and a curtain drawn to or aside, can be made part of the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from where your feet are you get a peep of the sea; looking behind you see the neighboring villas, and from the head you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either separately, from so many different windows, or blended together in one. Adjoining this is a bedroom,

which neither the servants' voices, the murmuring of the sea, the glare of lightning, or daylight itself, can penetrate, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity and seclusion are occasioned by a passage separating the wall of this room from that of the garden, and thus, by means of this intervening space, every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a tiny stoveroom, which, by opening or shutting a little aperture, lets out or retains the heat from underneath, according as you require. Beyond this lie a bedroom and anteroom, which enjoy the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden summer-house, I fancy myself a hundred miles away from my villa, and take especial pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia, when, by the license of that festive season, every other part of my house resounds with my servants' mirth: thus I neither interrupt their amusement nor they my studies.

Amongst the pleasures and conveniences of this situation, there is one drawback, and that is, the want of running water; but then there are wells about the place, or rather springs, for they lie close to the surface. And, altogether, the quality of this coast is remarkable; for dig where you may, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of water, quite pure, not in the least salt, although so near the sea. The neighboring woods supply us with all the fuel we require, the other necessaries Ostia furnishes. Indeed, to a moderate man, even the village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would supply all ordinary requirements. It has three public baths, which are a great convenience if it happen that friends come in unex-

pectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is very pleasantly sprinkled with villas either in rows or detached, which, whether looking at them from the sea or the shore, present the appearance of so many different cities. The strand is, sometimes, after a long calm, perfectly smooth, though, in general, through the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea is plentiful in choice fish; however, it supplies us with capital soles and prawns; but as to other kinds of provisions, my villa aspires to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk, for the cattle come up there from the meadows in large numbers, in pursuit of water and shade. Tell me, now, have I not good reason for living in, staying in, loving, such a retreat, which, if you feel no appetite for, you must be morbidly attached to town? And I only wish you would feel inclined to come down to it, that to so many charms with which my little villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your company to recommend it. Farewell.



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"AVE CÆSAR"

("*Hail, Cæsar*")

BY E. FORTI

THE *circus* of the Romans was simply a race course. One or more were always built in every Roman city. The most celebrated of these was the Circus Maximus of Rome, said to have been laid out during the sixth century before Christ. It was enlarged from time to time during some eight hundred years, until the rising tiers of seats would accommodate 250,000 spectators.

When a chariot race was to take place, it was preceded by a procession of cars drawn by horses or elephants, and in these cars were images of the gods and of the deified emperors. The people stood clapping their hands in applause. The contestants advanced before the throne of Cæsar and saluted him. Then as a signal for the race a white flag was thrown upon the course, and the horses dashed forward. The chariot had two wheels, and was at first drawn by two horses, but in later times by four, or sometimes three. Usually four chariots raced at once, each driver wearing a different color.

The circus was a great club, a fashionable lounging place, a hall of amusement, and a betting ring. Every one from slave to emperor had his favorite color, and the excitement and rivalry were intense.

THE WINNING OF THE FIRST MISSUS

[About 391 A.D.]

BY GEORG EBERS

[THE chariot-race which is here described is supposed to take place in Alexandria at the end of the fourth century. At this time the conflict between the Christians, many of whom were rich and powerful, and the worshipers of the old gods was at its height. Bloody riots were the order of the day. Just before the race, the Serapeum, the magnificent temple of the god Serapis, had been destroyed by order of the Christian bishop Theophilus.

The Editor.]

THE spacious hippodrome was filled with some thousands of spectators. At first many rows of seats had been left vacant, though usually on the eve of the great races, the people would set out soon after midnight and every place would be filled long before the games began; indeed the upper tiers of the tribune, which were built of wood and were free to all comers, with standing-room behind, were commonly so crowded early in the morning that the crush ended in a free fight.

On this occasion, the storm of the previous night, the anxiety caused by the conflict round the Serapeum, and the prevalent panic as to the approaching end of the world, kept great numbers away from their favorite diversion; but when the sky recovered its radiant blue, and when it became known that the statue of Serapis had escaped uninjured in the siege of his sanctuary, —

when Cynegius, the imperial legate, and Evagrius, the city-prefect, had entered the theater with much pomp, followed by several senators and ladies and gentlemen of rank — Christians, heathen, and Jews, — the most timid took courage; the games had been postponed for an hour, and before the first team was led into the arched shed whence the chariots started, the seats, though less densely packed than usual, were amply filled.

The number of chariots entered for competition was by no means smaller than on former occasions, for the heathen had strained every nerve to show their fellow-citizens of different creeds, and especially Cæsar's representative, that, in spite of persecution and in defiance of imperial edicts, they were still a power worthy of consideration. The Christians, on their part, did their utmost to outdo the idolaters on the same ground where, not long since, they had held quite the second place.

The bishop's epigram: That Christianity had ceased to be the religion of the poor, was amply confirmed; the greater proportion of the places for senators, officials, and rich citizens was occupied by its adherents, and the men and women who professed the Faith were by no means behind their heathen peers, in magnificence of dress and jewels.

The horses, too, entered by the Christians could not fail to please the connoisseur, as they punctually made their appearance behind the starting-place, though he might have felt more confidence — and not without reason — in the heathen steeds, and more particularly in their drivers, each of whom had won on an average nine races out of ten.

THE WINNING OF THE FIRST MISSUS

The horses in the quadriga with which Marcus, the son of Mary, made his appearance in the arena had never before been driven in the hippodrome. Demetrius, the owner's brother, had bred and trained them — four magnificent black Arabs — and they excited much interest in the knowing judges who were wont to collect, and lounge about the *oppidum*, as it was called, behind the *carceres*,[1] to inspect the racers, predict the winner, offer counsel to the drivers, and make bets. These perfect creatures were perhaps as fine as the famous team of golden bays belonging to Iphicrates, which so often had proved victorious; but the *agitatores*, or drivers, attracted even more interest than the horses. Marcus, though he knew how to handle the reins — he had already been seen in experimental races — could hardly hold his own against Hippias, the handsome young heathen, who, like most of the drivers in the arena, was an *agitator* by profession. A story was told of his having driven over a bridge which was not quite as wide as the outside edges of his chariot-wheels; and there were many witnesses to the feat he had performed of writing his mistress's name with his chariot-tracks in the sand of the hippodrome.

The betting was freest and the wagers highest on Hippias and the team belonging to Iphicrates. Some few backed Marcus and his Arabs, but for smaller sums; and when they compared the tall but narrow-shouldered figure of the young Christian with the heroic breadth of Hippias's frame, and his delicate features, dreamy blue eyes, and downy black mustache with the powerful Hermes-head of his rival, they were anxious about their

[1] Covered sheds wherein the horses waited for the start.

money. If his brother now, the farmer Demetrius — who was standing by the horses' heads — or some well-known agitator had held the reins, it would have been a pleasure and a profit to back such horses. Marcus had been abroad, too, and men shrugged their shoulders over that, for it was not till the last few days that he had been seen exercising his horses in the hippodrome.

Time was going on, and the imperial envoy, who had been elected to preside as judge, at length took his place; Demetrius whispered a few last words of advice to his brother and went back into the arena.

His stepmother was sitting on the stuffed bench covered with lion-skins which was reserved for the family. Her tunic and skirt displayed the color — blue — of the Christian charioteer, being made of bright blue and silver brocade of a beautiful pattern in which the cross, the fish, and the olive-branch were elegantly combined. Her black hair was closely and simply smoothed over her temples, and she wore no garland, but a string of large gray pearls, from which hung a chaplet of sapphires and opals, lying on her forehead. A veil fell over the back of her head and she sat gazing into her lap as if she were absorbed in prayer; her hands were folded and held a cross. This placid and demure attitude she deemed becoming to a Christian matron and widow. Every one might see that she had not come for worldly pleasure, but merely to be present at a triumph of her fellow-Christians — and especially her son — over the idolaters. Everything about her bore witness to the Faith, even the pattern on her dress and the shape of her ornaments; down to the embroidery on her silk gloves, in which a cross and an anchor were so designed as to

form a Greek X, the initial letter of the name of Christ. Her ambition was to appear simple and superior to all worldly vanities; still, all she wore must be rich and costly, for she was here to do honor to her creed. She would have regarded it as a heathen abomination to wear wreaths of fresh and fragrant flowers, though for the money which that string of pearls had cost she might have decked the circus with garlands from end to end, or have fed a hundred poor for a twelvemonth. It seems so much easier to cheat the omniscient Creator of the Universe than our fellow-fools!

There was music, as usual in the towers at either end of the row of *carceres;* but it was less stirring and cheerful than of yore, for flutes and several of the heathen airs had been prohibited. Formerly, too, the hippodrome had been a place where lovers could meet and where many a love-affair had been brought to a happy climax; but to-day none of the daughters of the more respectable families were allowed to quit the woman's apartments in their own homes, for danger was in the air; the course of events in the Serapeum had kept many of the younger men from witnessing the races, and some mysterious influence seemed to weigh upon the gayety and mirth of which the hippodrome on a gala day was usually the headquarters.

Wild excitement, expectation strung to the highest pitch, and party feeling, both for and against, had always, of course, been rife here; but to-day they were manifest in an acuter form — hatred had added its taint and lent virulence to every emotion. The heathen were oppressed and angered, their rights abridged and defied, they saw the Christians triumphant at every point, and

hatred is a protean monster which rages most fiercely and most venomously when it has lurked in the foul career of envy.

The Christians could hate, too, and they hated the idolaters who gloried with haughty self-sufficiency in their intellectual inheritance; the traditions of a brilliant past. They, who had been persecuted and contemned, now had the upper hand; they were in power, and the more insolently they treated their oppressors, the more injustice they did them, and the less the victimized heathen were able to avenge themselves, the more bitterly did the Christians detest the party they contemned as superstitious idolaters. In their care for the soul — the spiritual and divine part — the Christians had hitherto neglected graces of the body; thus the heathen had remained undisputed masters of the palæstra and the hippodrome. In the gymnasium the Christian refused even to compete, for the exhibition of his naked body he regarded as an abomination; but on the race-course he had lately been willing to display his horses, and many times had disputed the crown with the hereditary victors, so that, even here, the heathen felt his time-honored and undisputed supremacy endangered. This was intolerable — this must be averted — the mere thought of being beaten on this ground roused the idolaters to wrath and malice. They displayed their color in wreaths of scarlet poppies, pomegranate flowers, and red roses, with crimson ribbons and dresses. White and green, the colors formerly adopted by the competitors, were abandoned; for all the heathen were unanimous in combining their forces against the common foe. The ladies used red sunshades, and the very baskets, in

which the refreshments were brought for the day, were painted red.

The widow Mary, on the other hand, and all the Christians, were robed in blue from head to foot, their sandals being tied with blue ribbons; and Dada's blue shoulder-knot was in conspicuous contrast to her bright rose-colored dress.

The vendors of food who wandered round the circus had eggs dyed blue and red, cakes with sugared icing, and refreshing drinks in jars of both colors. When a Christian and a heathen found themselves seated side by side, each turned a shoulder to the other, or, if they were forced to sit face to face, eyed each other with a scowl.

Cynegius did all he could to postpone the races as long as possible; he was anxious to wait till the *Comes* had finished his task in the Serapeum, so that the troops might be free to act in any emergency that might arise before the contests in the hippodrome were fairly ended. Time did not hang heavy on his hands, for the vast multitude here assembled interested him greatly, though he had frequently been a spectator of similar festivities in Rome and Constantinople; but this crowd differed in many particulars from the populace of those cities. In the topmost tiers of free seats black and brown faces predominated greatly over white ones; in the cushioned and carpeted ranks of the stone *podium* — the lower portion of the amphitheater — mingled with Greeks and Egyptians, sat thousands of splendidly dressed men and women with strongly-marked Semitic features; members of the wealthy Jewish community, whose venerable head, the Alabarch, a dignified patriarch in Greek

dress, sat with the chief members of the Senate, near the envoy's tribune.

The Alexandrians were not a patient race, and they were beginning to rebel against the delay, making no small noise and disturbance, when Cynegius rose and with his white handkerchief waved the signal for the races to begin. The number of spectators had gradually swelled from fifty to sixty and to eighty thousand; and no less than thirty-six chariots were waiting behind the *carceres* ready to start.

Four *missus*, or races, were to be run. In each of the three first twelve chariots were to start, and in the fourth only the leaders in the three former ones were to compete. The winner of the olive-wreath and palm-branch in this final heat would bear the honors of the day; his party would be victorious and he would quit the hippodrome in triumph.

Lots were now drawn in the *oppidum* to decide which shed each chariot was to start from, and in which *missus* each was to run. It was Marcus's fate to start among the first lot, and, to the horror of those who had backed his chances, Hippias, the hero of the hippodrome, was his rival, with the four famous bays.

Heathen priests poured libations to Poseidon, and Phœbus Apollo, the patron divinities of horses and of the hippodrome — for sacrifices of blood were prohibited; while Christian presbyters and exorcists blessed the rival steeds in the name of the bishop. A few monks had crept in, but they were turned out by the heathen with bitter jests, as unbidden intruders.

Cynegius repeated his signal. The sound of the tuba rang through the air, and the first twelve chariots were

led into the starting-sheds. A few minutes later a machine was set in motion by which a bronze eagle was made to rise with outspread wings high into the air, from an altar in front of the *carceres;* this was the signal for the chariots to come forth from their boxes. They took up their positions close behind a broad chalk line, traced on the ground with diagonal slope, so as to reduce the disadvantage of standing outermost and having a larger curve to cover.

Until this moment only the privileged possessors of the seats over the *carceres* had been able, by craning backwards, to see the horses and drivers; now the competitors were visible to the multitude which, at their first appearance, broke out into vociferous applause. The *agitatores* had to exert all their strength to hold in the startled and eager teams, and make them stand even for a few short minutes; then Cynegius signaled for the third time. A golden dolphin, which had been suspended from a beam, and on which the eye of every charioteer was fixed, dropped to the ground, a blast on the *salpinx*, or war-trumpet, was sounded, and forty-eight horses flew forth as though thrown forward by one impulsion.

The strength of four fine horses whirled each light, two-wheeled chariot over the hard causeway as though it were a toy. The down-pour of the previous night had laid the dust; the bright sunshine sparkled and danced in rapidly changing flashes, mirrored in the polished gilding of the bronze or the silver fittings of the elegantly decorated, semicircular cars in which the drivers stood.

Five blue and seven red competitors had drawn the first lot. The eye rested with pleasure on the sinewy

figures whose bare feet seemed rooted to the boards they stood in, while their eyes were riveted on the goal they were striving to reach, though — as the eye of the archer sees arrow, bow, and mark all at once — they never lost sight of the horses they were guiding. A close cap with floating ribbons confined their hair, and they wore a short sleeveless tunic, swathed round the body with wide bands, as if to brace their muscles and add to their strength. The reins were fastened around their hips so as to leave the hands free, not only to hold them, but also to ply the whip and use the goad. Each charioteer had a knife in his girdle, to enable him to release himself, in case of accident, from a bond that might prove fatal.

Before long the bay team was leading alone. Behind were two Christian drivers, followed by three red chariots; Marcus was last of all, but it was easy to see that it was by choice and not by necessity that he was hanging back. He was holding in his fiery team with all his strength and weight — his body thrown back, his feet firmly set with his knees against the silver bar of the chariot, and his hands gripping the reins. In a few minutes he came flying past Dada and his brother, but he did not see them. He had not even caught sight of his own mother, while the professional charioteers had not failed to bow to Cynegius and nod to their friends. He could only keep his eyes and mind fixed on his horses and on the goal.

The multitude clapped, roared, shouted encouragement to their party, hissed and whistled when they were disappointed — venting their utmost indignation on Marcus as he came past behind the others; but he either

heard them not or would not hear. Dada's heart beat so wildly that she thought it would burst. She could not sit still; she started to her feet and then flung herself back on her cushions, shouting some spurring words to Marcus in the flash of time when he might perhaps hear them. When he had passed, her head fell, and she said sadly enough: "Poor fellow! — We have brought our wreaths for nothing, after all, Demetrius!"

But Demetrius shook his head and smiled.

"Nay," he said, "the boy has iron sinews in that slight body. Look how he holds the horses in! He is saving their strength till they need it. Seven times, child, seven times he has to go round this great circus and past the *nyssa*.[1] You will see, he will catch up what he has lost, yet. Hippias, you see, is holding in his horses, too; it is his way of giving himself airs at the starting. — Now he is close to the *nyssa* — the *meta* they call it at Rome; the smaller the bend he can make round it the better for him, but it is risky work. There — you see! — They drive round from right to left and that throws most of the work on the left-hand beast; it has to turn almost in its own length. Aura, our first horse, is as supple as a panther and I trained her to do it myself. — Now look out there! — that bronze figure of a rearing horse — the *Taraxippos* they call it — is put there to frighten the horses, and Megæra, our third horse, is like a mad thing sometimes, though she can go like a stag; every time Marcus gets her quietly past the *Taraxippos* we are nearer to success. — Look, look, — the first chariot has got round the *nyssa!* It is Hippias! Yes, by Zeus, he has done

[1] The turning-post or goal.

it! He is a detestable braggart, but he knows his business!"

This was one of the decisive moments of the race. The crowd was silent; expectation was at the utmost pitch of tension, and Dada's eyes were fixed spellbound on the obelisk and on the quadriga that whirled round the bourn.

Next to Hippias came a blue team, and close behind him were three red ones. The Christian who had succeeded in reaching the *nyssa* second, boldly took his horses close round the obelisk, hoping to gain space and get past Hippias; but the left wheel of his chariot grazed the granite plinth, the light car was overset, and the horses of the red chariot, whose noses were almost on his shoulder, could not be pulled up short in time. They fell over the Christian's team, which rolled on the ground; the red chariot, too, turned over, and eight snorting beasts lay struggling in the sand.

The horses in the next chariot bolted as they were being driven past this mass of plunging and neighing confusion; they defied their driver's impotent efforts and galloped across the course back into the *carceres*.

The rest had time and space enough to beware of the wreck and to give it a wide berth, among them Marcus. The mêlée at the *meta* had excited his steeds almost beyond control, and as they tore past the *Taraxippos* the third horse, Megæra, shied violently as Demetrius had predicted. She flung herself on one side, thrust her hindquarters under the pole, and kicked desperately, lifting the chariot quite off the ground; the young charioteer lost his footing and slipped. Dada covered her face with her hands, and his mother turned pale and knit her

brows with apprehension. The youth was still standing; his feet were on the sand of the arena; but he had a firm grip on the right-hand spiral ornament that terminated the bar round the chariot. Many a heart stood still with anxiety, and shouts of triumph and mockery broke from the red party; but in less than half a minute, by an effort of strength and agility, he had his knees on the footboard, and then, in the winking of an eye, he was on his feet in the chariot, had gathered up the reins and was rushing onward.

Meanwhile, however, Hippias had far outstripped all the rest, and as he flew past the *carceres* he checked his pace, snatched a cup from a lemonade-seller, tossed the contents down his throat with haughty audacity amid the plaudits of the crowd, and then dashed on again. A wide gap, indeed, still lay between him and Marcus.

By the time the competitors again came round to the *nyssa*, the slaves in attendance had cleared away the broken chariots and led off the horses. A Christian still came next to Hippias, followed by a red *agitator;* Marcus had gained on the others, and was now fourth.

In the third round the chariot of the red driver in front of Marcus made too sharp a turn and ran up against the granite. The broken car was dragged on by the terrified beasts, and the charioteer with it, till, by the time they were stopped, he was a corpse. In the fifth circuit the Christian who, till now, had been second to Hippias shared the same fate, though he escaped with his life; and then Marcus drove past the starting sheds next to Hippias.

Hippias had ceased to flout and dally. In spite of the delay that Marcus had experienced from the *Taraxippos*,

the space that parted his bays from the black Arabs had sensibly diminished, round after round; and the interest of the race now centered entirely in him and the young Christian. Never before had so passionate and reckless a contest been fought out on this venerable race-course, and the throng of spectators were carried away by the almost frenzied rivalry of the two drivers. Not a creature in the upper tiers had been able to keep his seat; men and women alike had risen to their feet and were shouting and roaring to the competitors. The music in the towers might have ceased, so completely was it drowned by the tumult in the amphitheater.

Only the ladies, in the best places above the starting-sheds, preserved their aristocratic calm; still, when the seventh and decisive round was begun, even the widow Mary leaned forward a little and clasped her hands more tightly over the cross in her lap. Each time that Marcus had driven round the obelisk or past the *Tarax-ippos*, Dada had clutched her head with her hands and set her teeth in her lip; each time, as he happily steered clear of the fatal stone and whirled past the dreadful bronze statue, she had relaxed her grip and leaned back in her seat with a sigh of relief. Her sympathy made her one with Marcus; she felt as if his loss must be her death and his victory her personal triumph.

During the sixth circuit Hippias was still a long way ahead of the young Christian; the distance which lay between Marcus and the team of bays seemed to have become a fixed quantity, for, do what he could, he could not diminish it by a hand-breadth. The two *agitatores* had now completely altered their tactics; instead of holding their horses in they urged them onward, leaning

over the front of their chariots, speaking to the horses, shouting at them with hoarse, breathless cries, and flogging them unsparingly. Steamy sweat and lathering foam streaked the flanks of the desperate, laboring brutes, while clouds of dust were flung up from the dry, furrowed, and trampled soil. The other chariots were left farther and farther behind those of Hippias and Marcus, and when, for the seventh and last time, these two were nearing the *nyssa*, the crowd for a moment held its breath, only to break out into louder and wilder cries, and then again to be hushed. It seemed as though their exhausted lungs found renewed strength to shout with double energy when their excitement had kept them silent for a while.

Dada spoke no more; pale and gasping, she sat with her eyes fixed on the tall obelisk and on the cloud of dust which, as the chariots neared the *nyssa*, seemed to grow denser. At about a hundred paces from the *nyssa* she saw, above the sandy curtain, the red cap of Hippias flash past, and then — close behind it — the blue cap worn by Marcus. Then a deafening, thundering roar from thousands of throats went up to heaven, while, round the obelisk — so close to it that not a horse, not a wheel could have found room between the plinth and the driver — the blue cap came forward out of the cloud, and, behind it now — no longer in front, though not more than a length behind — came the red cap of Hippias. When within a few feet of the *nyssa* Marcus had overtaken his antagonist, had passed the point with a bold and perilously close turn, and had left the bays behind him.

Demetrius saw it all, as though his eyes had power to

pierce the dust-cloud, and now he, too, lost his phlegmatic calm. He threw up his arms as if in prayer and shouted, as though his brother could hear him: "Well done, splendid boy! Now for the *kentron* — the goad — drive it in, send it home if they die for it! Give it them well!"

Dada, who could only guess what was happening, looked round at him, asking in tremulous tones: "Has he passed him? Is he gaining on him? Will he win?" But Demetrius did not answer; he only pointed to the foremost of the flying clouds on which the second was fast advancing, and cried in a frenzy of excitement: —

"Death and Hades! The other is catching him up. The dog, the sneak! If only the boy would use his goad. Give it them, Marcus! Give it them, lad! Never give in now! Great Father Poseidon! — there — there! — no! I can hardly stand! — Yes, he is still in front, and now — now — this must settle it! Thunder and lightning! They are close together again — may the dust choke him! No — it is all right; my Arabs are in front! All is well, keep it up, lad, well done! We have won!"

The horses were pulled up, the dust settled; Marcus, the Christian, had won the first *missus*. Cynegius held out the crown to the victor, who bowed to receive it. Then he waved his hand to his mother, who graciously waved hers in return, and he drove into the *oppidum* and was lost to sight.

Hippias flung down his whip in a rage, but the triumphant shouts of the Christians drowned the music, the trumpet-blasts, and the angry murmurs of the defeated heathen. Threatening fists were shaken in the air, while behind the *carceres* the drivers and owners of

the red party scolded, squabbled, and stormed; and Hippias, who by his audacious swagger had given away the race to their hated foe, — to the Blues, the Christians, — narrowly escaped being torn in pieces.

The second and third *missus*, like the first, were marked by serious accidents; both, however, were won for the Red party. In the fourth, the decisive race, there were but three competitors: Marcus and the two heathen winners. Demetrius watched it with less anxiety; he knew that his Arabs were far superior to the Egyptian breed in staying power, and they also had the advantage of having had a longer rest. In fact, the final victory was adjudged to the young Christian.

VIII
THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Twelve Cæsars were followed by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, "the Five Good Emperors," as they are called, who ruled from 96 A.D. to 180 A.D. Trajan had the old ambition to make conquests and extend the possessions of the Romans; but when Hadrian came to the throne, he more wisely aimed at strengthening what they already had. The two Antonines held for a single aim the welfare and happiness of their people, quite a new idea in that age. Rome was a mighty empire, not only in her wide-spreading lands and her tribute nations, but in other ways. Her methods of building were, indeed, copied from the Greek, but with a wise adaptation to local needs that amounted to originality. Her literature is rich in great names,—poets, satirists, historians, and philosophers. But in the science of law she is without a rival. There is no civilized country in the world whose laws have not been influenced by those of Rome. The wonderfully made Roman roads were not only highways of conquest and necessities of warfare, but they were a means by which her civilization was carried to peoples whom the wise management of their conqueror made eager to embrace her teachings.

And yet, in this marvelously successful Roman Empire there were elements that were working her ruin. So many men had been slain in the wars and proscriptions that there was a lack of citizens. Slaves were cheap, and the Romans despised work. Barbarians were pressing close upon the empire. The army was demoralized; but it was the only power, and no one could be made emperor who was not the choice of the soldiers. Only thirteen years after the death of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the throne of the mighty Roman Empire was sold at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

MARCUS AURELIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER EMPEROR

[121–180 A.D.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A ROMAN emperor was one day thinking over his childhood, and he concluded that he had been an exceedingly fortunate boy. His father died when he was a baby, it was true, but he wrote in his notebook that he had "good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends." About his teachers he wrote a great deal more. He did not say that one taught him arithmetic, one poetry, and so on; but he said that from one he had learned not to meddle with other people's affairs, from another not to spend his time on trifles, from another to be willing to forgive; and from the others to keep himself from fault-finding, to be cheerful, to love truth and justice, not to declare often that he had no leisure, and not to excuse neglect of his duties to others by saying that he was busy.

This emperor's name as a boy was Marcus Annius Verus. He belonged to a noble family, and was called to the attention of the Emperor Hadrian when he was a little fellow. The child was so noble and upright that Hadrian said his name ought not to be Verus (true), but Verissimus (truest).

When this young Marcus was about twelve, he became interested in a kind of philosophy known as stoicism. He made up his mind that its teachings were

good and that he would follow them as long as he lived; and, what is more, he did not change his belief. Some of the precepts of stoicism are as follows: One ought never to complain, but to yield to necessity calmly and serenely; one ought not to allow himself to be overwhelmed with grief or enraptured with joy; one should never make pleasure his aim. The stoics dressed simply and lived plainly. They were taught to treat all men alike, whether great or small. They were to work hard, to practice self-denial, and never to listen to slander.

All this time the Emperor Hadrian was watching the young stoic. He had no son, and he was trying to decide who should follow him as emperor. Marcus was only seventeen, or probably Hadrian would have chosen him. He did choose Antoninus, an uncle of the boy, a man of about fifty years. He was upright and just and had gentle, kindly manners. He was not eager to undertake so great a labor as the care of a mighty empire, but finally he yielded. Hadrian made one condition to Antoninus's becoming his heir, and this was that he should adopt as his successors the young Marcus and also one Lucius Verus, whose father had been a friend of Hadrian. Soon after the agreement was made, Hadrian died, and Antoninus took his place.

For more than twenty years, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, as he was now called, lived with his uncle. Antoninus loved him like a father and gave him a large part in the Government, and honored him in every way in his power. Antoninus was a good man. He always tried to be at peace with every one and to treat every one justly. He kept the empire in order and kept himself cheerful and serene, and he was greatly loved by his nephew.

When the time came that Antoninus knew he must die, he called together the chief men of Rome to talk about who should be his successor. He had two sons of his own, but he did not try to win the empire for them. He recommended that the Senate should choose Marcus. Evidently he could not make up his mind to recommend Lucius Verus also. The Senate agreed with him and asked Marcus Aurelius to become sole emperor. He knew that it was Hadrian's wish that Verus should reign together with him, and he insisted that this should be done. Verus was somewhat weak in character and had little idea of self-control; but he did have a great respect for Marcus Aurelius and was always ready to follow his advice. They ruled together in perfect harmony until the death of Verus.

All sorts of troubles afflicted the empire. First of all, there was a terrible flood. Much of Rome was swept away, fields and crops were destroyed, and cattle were drowned. There were fires, and there were earthquakes. Worst of all, there was war; and Marcus Aurelius had a horror of war. He thought that it was a shame and disgrace. Nevertheless, he was emperor, and he had to protect his empire. The Parthians in the East revolted. They were overcome in battle, but when the army returned, a dreadful pestilence came with them. It spread from region to region. "It is the end of the empire," people whispered fearfully; but at length the plague disappeared. Then there was danger from the Germans, and Marcus Aurelius remained in camp and on the battle-field for three years before they were subdued.

This emperor fought because it was necessary, but he loved quiet thought, and wherever he was, he carried

with him a little notebook, and in it he wrote any thoughts that came to him about the noblest way to live. It was at this time that he jotted down between battles his memories of his childhood and of the goodness of his friends and teachers. He wrote that of course he must expect to meet ungrateful, envious, deceitful people; but that they could not really do him any harm, and that the only reason why they were of such character was because they did not fully understand what was good and what was bad. This little notebook of the busy emperor is very interesting. He tells people that they ought not to waste their lives in wondering what others are saying and thinking, and that their own thoughts ought always to be so kindly that if any one asked, "What are you thinking about?" they would not be at all afraid to answer honestly. He says that when any one wants to feel happy, it is an excellent plan to think of his friends and call to mind their good qualities. Think more of the good things you have than of those you have not, he advises. Another thought is that the best way to avenge one's self is to be careful not to become like the wrongdoer. He makes it seem not only wrong, but exceedingly silly to continue in ill-doing, for he says, "It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible."

Marcus Aurelius would have liked to spend his time thinking about life and setting down his thoughts in this way and in being with his family and his friends; but he could spare only stray moments for such pleasures. He had to give his days either to war or to thinking how to take care of the roads, how to manage the city at less

expense, how to get enough soldiers and how to pay those that he already had, and how to answer the hundred and one questions that came up every day for his decision. It is no wonder that he had to rise early in the morning and work till after midnight. He was obliged to show himself at the games and the fights of the gladiators; but while he was there, he usually read or had some one read to him.

During the reign of Marcus Aurelius the Christians were terribly persecuted. It often happened that the most bitter persecutions took place during the reigns of the best emperors; and so it was with Marcus Aurelius. Although his ideas were much like those of Christianity, he probably knew nothing of the Christian belief and was a sincere worshiper of the gods. When any trouble came upon the state, the first thought of both him and his people was that the state worship had not been carried on properly, and so the gods were angry. The Christians would not even burn a few grains of incense on the heathen altars; and therefore when flood or sickness afflicted the city, the Romans believed that they were to blame and ought to be persecuted.

When Marcus Aurelius was nearly sixty years old, a pestilence made its appearance in the army; and soon the Romans were grieving over the loss of their ruler. It had become the custom for the Senate to pass a decree at the death of an emperor, declaring that he was now one of the gods; but in this case the people did not wait for any decree of the Senate, — they made a god of him at once; and for many years incense was burned before his statue, and prayers were offered up to the emperor whom they loved so sincerely.

QUEEN ZENOBIA AND THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS

[273 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM WARE

[WHEN the Romans were endeavoring to conquer the Parthians, they were aided by Odenatus, King of Palmyra, an oasis in the desert of Syria. He was rewarded by so many honors that he began to think himself great enough to establish a kingdom whose power should equal that of Rome in her palmiest days. At his death, his wife Zenobia attempted to carry out his plans, and took the title of Queen of the East. The Emperor Aurelian, mindful of the long-continued friendship between the two realms, at first only sent ambassadors to try to persuade her to limit her ambition to her own kingdom of Palmyra.

The Editor.]

HARDLY were we arrived at the lawn in front of the palace, when a cloud of dust was observed to rise in the direction of the road to Palmyra, as if caused by a body of horse in rapid movement.

"What may this mean?" said Zenobia: "orders were strict, that our brief retirement should not be disturbed. This indicates an errand of some urgency."

"Some embassy from abroad, perhaps," said Julia, "that cannot brook delay. It may be from your great brother at Rome."

While we, in a sportive humor, indulged in various conjectures, an official of the palace announced the approach of a Roman herald, "who craved permission

to address the Queen of Palmyra." He was ordered to advance.

In a few moments, upon a horse covered with dust and foam, appeared the Roman herald. Without one moment's hesitancy, he saw Zenobia the queen, then taking off his helmet, said, "that Caius Petronius, and Cornelius Varro, ambassadors of Aurelian, were in waiting at the outer gates of the palace, and asked a brief audience of the queen of Palmyra, upon affairs of deepest interest, both to Zenobia and the emperor."

"It is not our custom," said Zenobia in reply, "when seeking repose, as now, from the cares of state, to allow aught to break it. But we will not be selfish or churlish. Bid the servants of your emperor draw near, and we will hear them."

I was not unwilling that the messengers of Aurelian should see Zenobia just as she was now. Sitting upon her noble Arabian, and leaning upon her hunting-spear, her countenance glowing with a higher beauty than ever before, as it seemed to me, — her head surmounted with a Parthian hunting-cap, from which drooped a single ostrich feather, springing from a diamond worth a nation's rental, her costume also Parthian, and revealing in the most perfect manner the just proportions of her form, — I thought I had never seen even her, when she so filled and satisfied the eye and the mind; and, for that moment, I was almost a traitor to Aurelian. Had Julia filled her seat, I should have been quite so. As it was, I could worship her who sat her steed with no less grace, upon the left of the queen, without being guilty of that crime. On Zenobia's right were Longinus and Zabdas, Gracchus, and the other noblemen of Palmyra.

Fausta and I were near Julia. In this manner, just as we had come in from the chase, did we await the ambassadors of Aurelian.

Announced by trumpets, and followed by their train, they soon wheeled into the lawn, and advanced toward the queen.

"Caius Petronius and Cornelius Varro," said Zenobia, first addressing the ambassadors, and moving toward them a few paces, "we bid you heartily welcome to Palmyra. If we receive you thus without form, you must take the blame partly to yourselves, who have sought us with haste. We put by the customary observances, that we may cause you no delay. These whom you see are all friends or counselors. Speak your errand without restraint."

"We come," replied Petronius, "as you may surmise, great queen, upon no pleasing errand. Yet we cannot but persuade ourselves that the Queen of Palmyra will listen to the proposals of Aurelian, and preserve the good understanding which has lasted so long between the West and the East. There have been brought already to your ears, if I have been rightly informed, rumors of dissatisfaction on the part of our emperor, with the affairs of the East, and of plans of an Eastern expedition. It is my business now to say that these rumors have been well founded. I am further to say that the object at which Aurelian has aimed, in the preparations he has made, is not Persia, but Palmyra."

"He does us too much honor," said Zenobia, her color rising, and her eyes kindling; "and what, may I ask, are specifically his demands and the price of peace?"

"For a long series of years," said the ambassador,

"the wealth of Egypt and the East, as you are aware, flowed into the Roman treasury. That stream has been diverted to Palmyra. Egypt, and Syria, and Bithynia, and Mesopotamia, were dependents upon Rome, and Roman provinces. It is needless to say what they now are. The Queen of Palmyra was once but the Queen of Palmyra; she is now Queen of Egypt and of the East — Augusta of the Roman Empire — her sons styled and arrayed as Cæsars. By whatever consent of former emperors these honors have been won or permitted, it is not, we are required to say, with the consent of Aurelian. By whatever service in behalf of Rome they may, in the judgment of some, be thought to be deserved, in the judgment of Aurelian the reward exceeds greatly the value of the service rendered. But while he would not be deemed insensible to those services, and while he honors the greatness and the genius of Zenobia, he would, he conceives, be unfaithful to the interests of those who have raised him to his high office, if he did not require that in the East, as in the West, the Roman Empire should again be restored to the limits which bounded it in the reigns of the virtuous Antonines. This he holds essential to his own honor, and the glory of the Roman world."

"You have delivered yourself, Caius Petronius," replied the queen, in a calm and firm voice, "as it became a Roman to do, with plainness, and as I must believe, without reserve. So far I honor you. Now hear me, and as you hear, so report to him who sent you. Tell Aurelian that what I am, I have made myself; that the empire which hails me queen had been moulded into what it is by Odenatus and Zenobia; it is no gift, but an

inheritance — a conquest and a possession; it is held, not by favor, but by right of birth and power; and that when he will give away possessions or provinces which he claims as his or Rome's, for the asking, I will give away Egypt and the Mediterranean coast. Tell him that as I have lived a queen, so, the gods helping, I will die a queen — that the last moment of my reign and my life shall be the same. If he is ambitious, let him be told that I am ambitious, too, — ambitious of wider and yet wider empire — of an unsullied fame, and of my people's love. Tell him I do not speak of gratitude on the part of Rome, but that posterity will say that the Power which stood between Rome and Persia, and saved the empire in the East, which avenged the death of Valerian, and twice pursued the kings as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, deserved some fairer acknowledgment than the message you now bring, at the hands of a Roman emperor."

"Let the queen," quickly rejoined Petronius, but evidently moved by what he had heard, "let the queen fully take me. Aurelian purposes not to invade the fair region where I now am, and where my eyes are rejoiced by this goodly show of city, plain, and country. He hails you Queen of Palmyra! He does but ask again those appendages of your greatness which have been torn from Rome, and were once members of her body."

"Your emperor is gracious, indeed!" replied the queen, smiling; "if he may hew off my limbs, he will spare the trunk! — and what were the trunk without the limbs?"

"And is this," said Petronius, his voice significant of

inward grief, "that which I must carry back to Rome? Is there no hope of a better adjustment?"

"Will not the Queen of Palmyra delay for a few days her final answer?" added Varro; "I see, happily, in her train, a noble Roman, from whom, as well as from us, she may obtain all needed knowledge of both the character and purposes of Aurelian. We are at liberty to wait her pleasure."

"You have our thanks, Romans, for your courtesy, and we accept your offer; although in what I have said, I think I have spoken the sense of my people."

"You have, indeed, great queen," interrupted Zabdas with energy.

"Yet I owe it to my trusty counselor, the great Longinus," continued the queen, "who thinks not with me, to look further into the reasons — which, because they are his, must be strong ones — by which he supports an opposite judgment."

"Those reasons have now," said the Greek, "lost much or all of their force" — Zabdas smiled triumphantly — "yet still I would advocate delay."

"Let it be so, then," said the queen; "and in the mean while, let the ambassadors of Aurelian not refuse the hospitalities of the Eastern queen. Our palace is yours, while it shall please you to remain."

"For the night and the morning, we accept your offers; then, as strangers in this region, we would return to the city, to see better than we have yet done the objects which it presents. It seemed to us, on a hasty glance, surrounded by its luxuriant plains, like the habitation of gods. We would dwell there a space."

So saying, Zenobia, putting spurs to her horse, led the

way to the palace, followed by a long train of Romans and Palmyrenes. The generous hospitality of the tables closed the day and wore away the night.

[The visit of the Roman ambassadors to Zenobia was fruitless; for the queen boldly refused to yield any of her territories or to give up her ambition. Then the Roman arms were sent against her, and Palmyra was burned. The queen herself was carried to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian.

The Editor.]

THE ROMAN ROADS

BY J. R. S. STERRETT

THE width of the Roman road varied much according to its importance. Often it was one hundred and twenty feet wide, though in the provinces it was generally sixty, sometimes forty feet wide. In order to understand the reason for this great width and for the substantial construction that was rigidly adhered to, we should bear in mind the make-up of the Roman army, whose comfort and necessities were continually consulted. In the first place, the Roman soldier was burdened by his heavy armor and other impedimenta in such a manner as to render him wholly unfit to repel sudden attacks successfully, as we read on nearly every page of Cæsar's "Commentaries." The baggage-train was far larger and more unwieldy than anything we know of to-day, for the reason that this train had to transport not merely the tents, artillery, arms, munitions of war, army chests, and a host of other things necessary in the warfare of that day; not merely the effects and plunder of the legionaries, but also those of two secondary armies — an army of women, wives of the legionaries and camp-followers, and another army of body-servants, for each legionary had one or more servants, so that the *calones* outnumbered the legionaries themselves. When on the march this unwieldy army maintained the line-of-battle order, theoretically at least, in order to be ready to repel sudden and unexpected attack. Good roads,

therefore, were necessary in order to enable the immense train with which the army was handicapped to keep pace with the legionaries, and wide roads were essential, in order, in case of sudden attack, to allow the individual legionaries to make effective use of their arms without interfering with their neighbors.

The Roman roads were built with more care than is expended upon the beds of our railways even. They were made as straight as possible, and natural obstacles were skillfully overcome by the use of cuts, fills, bridges, culverts, embankments, and even tunnels. Stiff grades were avoided, and a level, once reached, was doggedly maintained, even at the expense of making cuts, fills, etc. The work preliminary to the building of any Roman road consisted in excavating all the dirt down to hardpan, and the excavation thus made was filled in, regardless of expense, with layers of sand, stone, and cement, until the requisite level, however high it might be, had been reached. Finally, the surface was dressed with a layer of metal and cement. The road was practically indestructible, and required only occasional repairs. That continuous or even merely yearly repairs were not necessary seems clear from the fact that, when repairs were made, the proprætor of the province thought it so important an event that he celebrated it by inscribing the fact along with his name on the milestones.

Many years ago Bergier made an examination of certain Roman roads still in use in France. One road was examined at a point where it had been raised twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and a vertical section revealed a structure of five layers. First came the great fill of sixteen feet and one half; on the top

of this fill were layers of flattish stones mixed with cement, flattish stones without cement, firmly packed dirt, small metal in hard cement, and large metal and cement, five layers in all, the first three of twelve inches each, the last two of six inches each. Other roads investigated by Bergier, while differing in treatment, were just as substantial roads. Paved roads were rare, but the Via Appia offers a remarkable instance of a paved road. The stone used in its pavement is of the kind of which millstones are made, and they are so carefully dressed and adjusted that the road often seems to be solid rock, and has proved so indestructible that, after two thousand years of continuous use, it is still a superb road.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT

[Born about 270 A.D. Emperor, 306–337.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

No one who thought for a moment about the state of the empire could have helped seeing that remedies must be found at once for at least two of its troubles. In the first place, the lives of the emperors must be protected so they should not be slain at the whim of the soldiers. Second, the barbarians who were pressing upon the boundaries must be thrust back. Diocletian saw this, and discovered, or thought he had discovered, a certain remedy. Whether certain or not, it was surely an original one. He chose three generals to aid him in the government. To one of these he gave the title of Augustus, which he himself bore. The other two were called Cæsars. His plan was that the four should work together, each ruling a division of the empire. When an Augustus died, a Cæsar was to be promoted to take his place and another Cæsar to be chosen.

There were three reasons why this arrangement seemed to Diocletian a most excellent plan. One was that the succession of the throne was provided for. The second was that the four men could divide the realm among them, and so it would be well cared for and protected. The third was that it would prevent assassination, for the murder of one or two or even three of the four would not change the government in the least; and it would not be easy to plot to kill four men in different parts of the vast empire at the same moment.

All went on smoothly for a while, but it was soon found that keeping up four courts and four sets of officials was an expensive matter. Diocletian had taken Egypt, Asia, and Thrace for his share, and had chosen Nicomedia, near the Bosphorus, as his capital. Here he lived in the utmost luxury and splendor. The Emperor Augustus had gone about among the people in familiar fashion, had lived simply, and had dressed like other well-to-do Romans. The Emperor Diocletian dressed in robes of silk and gold, and even ornamented his shoes with the most precious gems. Instead of the people's meeting their emperor easily and familiarly, there were numerous officials to be passed before any one could reach the presence chamber. There the visitor was required to throw himself upon the ground at the feet of the ruler. Moreover, this ruler wore a crown, a thing which neither Julius nor Augustus would have ventured to do. Augustus had kept up all the old forms of the Republic and had done his best to make the people feel that they were the real rulers, and he was only one of themselves. Diocletian dropped the old forms and did everything to remove himself from the people and induce them to feel that he was not a mere man, but a creature far above them and of a finer clay than they.

To keep up this expensive court and those of the other rulers, required money, as has been said before, and money must be obtained by increasing the taxes of the people. These taxes were already severe, and soon there was rebellion on the part of the peasants in Gaul. These peasants were subdued by arms, but they felt that they were burdened beyond what was just and right, and they were angry and discontented.

Diocletian was inclined to permit the Christians to carry on their worship as they would, but Galerius, one of the Cæsars, was strongly opposed to them. At length Diocletian yielded to him and passed severe laws against them. Their churches were leveled to the ground, and they themselves were tortured, thrown to wild beasts in the arena, or put to death in other ways.

While this persecution was still going on, the Roman world was amazed to learn that both Diocletian and Maximian, the second Augustus, had given up the throne and intended to spend the rest of their lives as private citizens. Diocletian withdrew to Dalmatia, and there on the shore of the Adriatic Sea he built himself a palace. Maximian soon regretted his abdication and wrote to Diocletian to ask if they could not by working together get possession of the sovereignty again. Diocletian gave him little comfort, for he replied, "Were you but to come to Salona and see the vegetables which I raise in my garden with my own hands, you would no longer talk to me of empire.

The persecution of the Christians continued for seven years after the retirement of Diocletian. Galerius finally published an edict putting an end to it. He was then in his last sickness, and it is said that in his sufferings he besought the Christians to pray to their God for him.

When Diocletian and Maximian gave up the throne, Galerius and Constantius became Augusti. So far the plan of Diocletian had worked smoothly; but when Constantius died, the soldiers put aside all Diocletian's plans and declared that their commander, Constantinus, or Constantine, should be emperor. There were, however,

several other claimants to the throne, of whom the most active was Maxentius. It was several years, therefore, before Constantine became the undisputed ruler of the empire.

Instead of persecuting the Christians, Constantine took the cross for his standard. He declared that one day at noon, during his struggle with his rival, Maxentius, he saw a cross in the sky above the sun, and on it was written, in Greek, *In this sign shalt thou conquer*, or, as it was translated into Latin, *In hoc signo vinces*. On the following day, he displayed a cross to his soldiers. From its shorter beam hung a banner of purple silk, flashing with jewels and showing images of him and his children. On the top of the upright beam was a golden crown marked ☧, the Greek letters which stand for the cross and also for the *Ch-r* of "Christ." On this day he fought with Maxentius the battle of Milvian Bridge, one of his most important engagements, and won a great victory. Henceforth his army followed the cross in all their battles. One year later, Constantine published an edict (the Edict of Milan) allowing every one in his realm to practice whatever religion he might choose. Little by little he gave the Christians more rights. Their numbers increased rapidly, for few people had now any faith in the gods, and they had suffered so much that they were glad to learn of a God in whom they could believe.

So it was that the empire gained a new faith. It was not long before it gained a new capital, for Constantine decided to take Byzantium on the Bosphorus for his chief city. He was a wise man, and he had several good reasons for doing this. Perhaps the strongest of all was

that he meant to rule the empire without paying any attention to the Roman Senate or the nobles; and this would be much easier to do in the East where people had always been accustomed to bowing down to their rulers. Another reason was that in Byzantium the emperor would be nearer his most dangerous enemies, — the barbarians north of the Danube, and the Persians. He would also be nearer the mass of his people. Now that Rome ruled Greece and Asia Minor, Byzantium was in a most excellent location for carrying on trade, since all the commerce of the countries around the Black Sea must pass through the Bosphorus. The new city was given the name of Constantinople, or city of Constantine. It is said that more than twelve million dollars was spent on walls, porticoes, and aqueducts alone. Baths, theaters, forum, circus, churches, palaces, all sprang up within a short time. The city was adorned with the works of the greatest artists, for the builder was the master of the world, and he took from the cities of Greece and Asia Minor the finest statues and most perfect ornaments that were in existence.

The next thing to do was to make the government as strong as possible, or rather, to prevent any one's interfering with what Constantine thought best to do, for he himself proposed to be the government. He had decided that the surest way to prevent revolts was not to allow any one man to have too much power. Therefore he made many generals and gave each one fewer soldiers than had been the custom; and he divided the provinces into small districts. This way of ruling prevented rebellions, but it was expensive, for there were very many officials to be paid, and therefore the taxes of the people

rose still higher. Those who had fertile lands far enough from the frontiers to be well protected could generally pay what was demanded; but men near the boundaries whose fields were sometimes devastated by barbarians could not pay, and gradually they abandoned their lands. The result of this was that after a while the country at a safe distance from the boundaries was cultivated; but that which was near the borders of the empire was left wild.

After Constantine's death, first his sons and then his nephew ruled the empire. This nephew was Julian. He is called "the Apostate," because he gave up Christianity and tried to bring his people back to the worship of the old gods. The days of the persecutions had passed, but Julian gave the chief offices to those who would carry on the old worship. He forbade Christians to teach in the schools, and he made them rebuild the temples that had been ruined. He made several campaigns against the Persians, and in one of these he was fatally wounded. His successor was a Christian. With Julian died the last imperial worshiper of the gods.

IX
THE COMING OF THE BARBARIANS

HISTORICAL NOTE

FOR two hundred years Rome had been trying to repel the Germans, who were continually pressing into the empire. Sometimes the Romans drove them away; sometimes they were forced to give them land and accept them as allies. Under Alaric, the Goths actually captured the city. Now came the Huns under Attila. Both Goths and Romans united against them, and they were overcome at Châlons in 451 A.D. The Vandals now attacked Rome and plundered the city.

Ever since 395 A.D., the Empire in the East had had one ruler and the Empire in the West another. In the fifth century the Gothic soldiers demanded land in Italy for homes. They could not be resisted. They made their leader Odoacer ruler of Rome; but he always declared that he held the throne as deputy of the Emperor of the East. Rome, then, became in 476 A.D. only a province of the Empire in the East, and this event is called the fall of the Roman Empire in the West. The fall of the Eastern Empire took place in 1453, when its capital, Constantinople, was captured by the Turks.

ROME PAYS RANSOM TO ALARIC THE GOTH

[409 A.D.]

BY WILKIE COLLINS

[AT the beginning of the fifth century the Roman Empire had become so weak that it was overrun by swarms of barbarians. Prominent among these was Alaric the Goth, who sacked and burned the city. The following scene is supposed to have taken place while he was encamped in Etruria, just before his capture of Rome.

The Editor.]

THE embassy had already exhausted its power of intercession, apparently without moving the leader of the Goths from his first pitiless resolution of fixing the ransom of Rome at the price of every possession of value which the city contained. There was a momentary silence now in the great tent. At one extremity of it, congregated in a close and irregular group, stood the wearied and broken-spirited members of the Senate, supported by such of their attendants as had been permitted to follow them; at the other appeared the stately forms of Alaric and the warriors who surrounded him as his council of war. The vacant space of the middle of the tent was strewn with martial weapons, separating the representatives of the two nations one from the other; and thus accidentally, yet palpably, typifying the fierce hostility which had sundered in years past, and was still to sunder for years to come, the people of the North and the people of the South.

The Gothic King stood a little in advance of his warriors, leaning on his huge, heavy sword. His steady eye wandered from man to man among the broken-spirited senators, contemplating, with cold and cruel penetration, all that suffering and despair had altered for the worse in their outward appearance. Their soiled robes, their wan cheeks, their trembling limbs, were each marked in turn by the cool, sarcastic examination of the conqueror's gaze. Debased and humiliated as they were, there were some among the ambassadors who felt the insult thus silently and deliberately inflicted on them the more keenly for their very helplessness. They moved uneasily in their places, and whispered among each other in low and bitter accents. At last one of their number raised his downcast eyes and broke the silence. The old Roman spirit, which long years of voluntary frivolity and degradation had not yet entirely depraved, flushed his pale wasted face as he spoke thus: —

"We have entreated, we have offered, we have promised — men can do no more! Deserted by our emperor and crushed by pestilence and famine, nothing is now left to us but to perish in unavailing resistance beneath the walls of Rome! It was in the power of Alaric to win everlasting renown by moderation to the unfortunate of an illustrious nation; but he has preferred to attempt the spoiling of a glorious city and the subjugation of a suffering people! Yet let him remember, though destruction may sate his vengeance and pillage enrich his hoards, the day of retribution will yet come. There are still soldiers in the empire, and heroes who will lead them confidently to battle, though the bodies

of their countrymen lie slaughtered around them in the streets of pillaged Rome!"

A momentary expression of wrath and indignation appeared on Alaric's features as he listened to this bold speech, but it was almost immediately replaced by a smile of derision. "What! ye have still soldiers before whom the barbarian must tremble for his conquests!" he cried. "Where are they? Are they on their march, or in ambush, or hiding behind strong walls, or have they lost their way on the road to the Gothic camp? Ha! here is one of them!" he exclaimed, advancing toward an enfeebled and disarmed guard of the Senate, who quailed beneath his fierce glance. "Fight, man," he loudly continued — "fight, while there is yet time, for Imperial Rome! Thy sword is gone — take mine, and be a hero again!"

With a rough laugh, echoed by the warriors behind him, he flung his ponderous weapon, as he spoke, toward the wretched object of his sarcasm. The hilt struck heavily against the man's breast — he staggered and fell helpless to the ground. The laugh was redoubled among the Goths; but now their leader did not join in it. His eyes glowed in triumphant scorn, as he pointed to the prostrate Roman, exclaiming, "So does the South fall beneath the sword of the North! So shall the empire bow before the rule of the Goth! Say, as we look on these Romans before us, are we not avenged of our wrongs? They die not fighting on our swords; they live to entreat our pity, as children that are in terror of the whip!"

He paused. His massive and noble countenance gradually assumed a thoughtful expression. The ambassa-

dors moved forward a few steps — perhaps to make a final entreaty, perhaps to depart in despair; but he signed with his hand, in command to them to be silent, and remain where they stood. The marauder's thirst for present plunder, and the conqueror's lofty ambition of future glory, now stirred in strong conflict within him. He walked to the opening of the tent, and, thrusting aside its curtain of skins, looked out upon Rome in silence. The dazzling majesty of the temples and palaces of the mighty city as they towered before him, gleaming in the rays of the unclouded sunshine, fixed him long in contemplation. Gradually, dreams of future dominion amidst those unrivaled structures, which now waited but his word to be pillaged and destroyed, filled his aspiring soul, and saved the city from his wrath. He turned again toward the ambassadors — with a voice and look superior to them as a being of a higher sphere — and spoke thus: —

"When the Gothic conqueror reigns in Italy, the palaces of her ruler will be found standing for the palaces of his sojourn. I will ordain a lower ransom; I will spare Rome."

A murmur arose among the warriors behind him. The rapine and destruction which they had eagerly anticipated was denied them for the first time by their chief. As their muttered remonstrances caught his ear, Alaric instantly and sternly fixed his eyes upon them; and, repeating in accents of deliberate command, "I' will ordain a lower ransom; I will spare Rome," steadily scanned the countenances of his ferocious followers. Not a word of dissent fell from their lips, not a gesture of impatience appeared in their ranks; they preserved per-

fect silence, as the king again advanced toward the ambassadors, and continued: "I fix the ransom of the city at five thousand pounds of gold; at thirty thousand pounds of silver —" Here he suddenly ceased, as if pondering further on the terms he should exact. The hearts of the Senate, lightened for a moment by Alaric's unexpected announcement that he would moderate his demands, sank within them again, as they thought on the tribute required of them, and remembered their exhausted treasury. But it was no time now to remonstrate or to delay; and they answered with one accord, ignorant though they were of the means of performing their promise, "The ransom shall be paid!"

The king looked at them when they spoke, as if in astonishment that men whom he had just deprived of all freedom of choice ventured still to assert it, by intimating their acceptance of terms which they dared not decline. The mocking spirit revived within him while he thus gazed on the helpless and humiliated embassy; and he laughed once more as he resumed, partly addressing himself to the silent array of the warriors behind him: —

"The gold and silver are but the first dues of the tribute — my army shall be rewarded with more than the wealth of the enemy. You men of Rome have laughed at our rough bear-skins and our heavy armor; you shall clothe us with your robes of festivity! I will add to the gold and silver of your ransom, four thousand garments of silk and three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth. My barbarians shall be barbarians no longer! I will make patricians, epicures, Romans of them!"

The members of the ill-fated embassy looked up as he

paused, in mute appeal to the mercy of the triumphant conqueror; but they were not yet to be released from the crushing infliction of his rapacity and scorn.

"Hold!" he cried, "I will have more — more still! You are a nation of feasters: we will rival you in your banquets when we have stripped you of your banqueting-robes! To the gold, the silver, the silk, and the cloth I will add yet more — three thousand pounds' weight of pepper, your precious merchandise, bought from far countries with your lavish wealth! — see that you bring it hither, with the rest of the ransom, to the last grain! The flesh of *our* beasts shall be seasoned for us like the flesh of *yours!*"

He turned abruptly from the senators, as he pronounced the last words and began to speak in jesting tones and in the Gothic language to the council of warriors around him. Some of the ambassadors bowed their heads in silent resignation; others, with the utter thoughtlessness of men bewildered by all that they had seen and heard during the interview that was now closed, unhappily revived the recollection of the broken treaties of former days, by mechanically inquiring, in the terms of past formularies, what security the besiegers would require for the payment of their demands. "Security!" cried Alaric fiercely, instantly relapsing as they spoke into his sterner mood. "Behold yonder the future security of the Goths for the faith of Rome!" and flinging aside the curtain of the tent, he pointed proudly to the long lines of his camp, stretching around all that was visible of the walls of the fallen city.



HUNS PILLAGING A FRENCH VILLA

BY GEORGES ROCHEGROSSE

(*French painter*, 1859)

EARLY in the fourth century after Christ, the Huns made their appearance in the Western world. These savage horsemen had swept across the plain of Central Asia, and at length had entered Europe.

"Amid those hordes arose a leader destined to leave a memory in the sagas of the Scandinavian bards, in the Nibelungenlied of the Teutons, and a lurid trail in the annals of the Cæsars. He called himself a descendant of the great Nimrod, 'nurtured in Engaddi, by the grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, the Medes; the Dread of the World,' — Attila.

"A profound politician, he alternately cajoled and threatened the peoples whose conquest he undertook; a true barbarian, no food save flesh and milk passed his lips. He and his men worshiped the mysteriously discovered scimitar of Mars, and from Persia to Gaul, from Finland to the walls of Constantinople, his armies ranged. Ambassadors went from his court to China. The great battle of Châlons, in which, aided by the Goths, the dwindling forces of Rome's Western Empire won their last victory, alone preserved Europe from his yoke. His descendants, mixing with succeeding conquerors, have remained until this day in the land that is called, after their dreaded name, Hungary." (From "The Russian Road to China," by Lindon Bates, Jr.)

Gibbon well pictures the horror that was inspired by their coming: "The numbers, the strength, the rapid motions, and the implacable cruelty of the Huns, were felt and dreaded and magnified, by the astonished Goths; who beheld their villages and fields consumed with flames, and deluged with indiscriminate slaughter. To these real terrors they added the surprise and abhorrence which were excited by the shrill voice, the uncouth gestures, and the strange deformity of the Huns."

HOW THE EMPIRE WAS SAVED FROM THE HUNS

[451 A.D.]

BY SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD CREASY

[In the list of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, that of Châlons holds a prominent place. The Goths under Alaric had swept through Rome and Italy. The great Roman Empire was becoming more and more feeble. The question was whether the Huns, heathen savages, or the partly Christianized Goths should inherit its power and become the strongest people of Europe. The battle of Châlons answered the question.

The Editor.]

The year 445 of our era completed the twelfth century from the foundation of Rome, according to the best chronologers. It had always been believed among the Romans that the twelve vultures, which were said to have appeared to Romulus when he founded the city, signified the time during which the Roman power should endure. The twelve vultures denoted twelve centuries. This interpretation of the vision of the birds of destiny was current among learned Romans, even when there were yet many of the twelve centuries to run, and while the imperial city was at the zenith of its power. But as the allotted time drew nearer and nearer to its conclusion, and as Rome grew weaker and weaker beneath the blows of barbaric invaders, the terrible omen was more and more talked and thought of, and in

Attila's time men watched for the momentary extinction of the Roman state with the last beat of the last vulture's wing. Moreover, among the numerous legends connected with the foundation of the city, and the fratricidal death of Remus, there was one most terrible one which told that Romulus did not put his brother to death in accident or in hasty quarrel, but that

> "He slew his gallant twin
> With inexpiable sin," —

deliberately and in compliance with the warnings of supernatural powers. The shedding of a brother's blood was believed to have been the price at which the founder of Rome had purchased from destiny her twelve centuries of existence.

We may imagine, therefore, with what terror in this, the twelve hundredth year after the foundation of Rome, the inhabitants of the Roman Empire must have heard the tidings that the royal brethren, Attila and Bleda, had founded a new capital on the Danube, which was designed to rule over the ancient capital on the Tiber; and that Attila, like Romulus, had consecrated the foundations of his new city by murdering his brother; so that for the new cycle of centuries then about to commence, dominion had been bought from the gloomy spirits of destiny in favor of the Hun by a sacrifice of equal awe and value with that which had formerly obtained it for the Roman. . . .

A strange invitation from a Roman princess gave him a pretext for the war, and threw an air of chivalric enterprise over his invasion. Honoria, sister of Valentinian III, the Emperor of the West, had sent to Attila to offer him her hand and her supposed right to share in

the imperial power. This had been discovered by the Romans, and Honoria had been forthwith closely imprisoned. Attila now pretended to take up arms in behalf of his self-promised bride, and proclaimed that he was about to march to Rome to redress Honoria's wrongs. Ambition and spite against her brother must have been the sole motives that led the lady to woo the royal Hun; for Attila's face and person had all the natural ugliness of his race, and the description given of him by a Byzantine ambassador must have been well known in the imperial courts. . . .

It was not until the year 451 that the Huns commenced the siege of Orleans; and during their campaign in Eastern Gaul, the Roman general Aëtius had strenuously exerted himself in collecting and organizing such an army as might, when united to the soldiery of the Visigoths, be fit to face the Huns in the field. He enlisted every subject of the Roman Empire whom patriotism, courage, or compulsion could collect beneath the standards; and round these troops, which assumed the once proud title of the legions of Rome, he arrayed the large forces of barbaric auxiliaries, whom pay, persuasion, or the general hate and dread of the Huns brought to the camp of the last of the Roman generals. King Theodoric exerted himself with equal energy. Orleans resisted her besiegers bravely as in after times. The passage of the Loire was skillfully defended against the Huns; and Aëtius and Theodoric, after much maneuvering and difficulty, effected a junction of their armies to the south of that important river.

On the advance of the allies upon Orleans, Attila instantly broke up the siege of that city, and retreated

toward the Marne. He did not choose to risk a decisive battle with only the central corps of his army against the combined power of his enemies, and he therefore fell back upon his base of operations, calling in his wings from Arras and Besançon, and concentrating the whole of the Hunnish forces on the vast plains of Châlons-sur-Marne. A glance at the map will show how scientifically this place was chosen by the Hunnish general as the point for his scattered forces to converge upon; and the nature of the ground was eminently favorable for the operations of cavalry, the arm in which Attila's strength peculiarly lay.

It was during the retreat from Orleans that a Christian hermit is reported to have approached the Hunnish king, and said to him, "Thou art the Scourge of God for the chastisement of the Christians." Attila instantly assumed this new title of terror, which thenceforth became the appellation by which he was most widely and most fearfully known.

The confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths at last met their great adversary face to face on the ample battle-ground of the Châlons plains. Aëtius commanded on the right of the allies; King Theodoric on the left; and Sangipan, king of the Alans, whose fidelity was suspected, was placed purposely in the center, and in the very front of the battle. Attila commanded his center in person, at the head of his own countrymen, while the Ostrogoths, the Gepidæ, and the other subject allies of the Huns, were drawn up on the wings. Some maneuvering appears to have occurred before the engagement, in which Aëtius had the advantage, inasmuch as he succeeded in occupying a sloping hill, which commanded

the left flank of the Huns. Attila saw the importance of the position taken by Aëtius on the high ground, and commenced the battle by a furious attack on this part of the Roman line, in which he seems to have detached some of his best troops from his center to aid his left. The Romans, having the advantage of the ground, repulsed the Huns, and while the allies gained this advantage on their right, their left, under King Theodoric, assailed the Ostrogoths, who formed the right of Attila's army. The gallant king was himself struck down by a javelin, as he rode onward at the head of his men; and his own cavalry, charging over him, trampled him to death in the confusion. But the Visigoths, infuriated, not dispirited, by their monarch's fall, routed the enemies opposed to them, and then wheeled upon the flank of the Hunnish center, which had been engaged in a sanguinary and indecisive contest with the Alans.

In this peril Attila made his center fall back upon his camp; and when the shelter of its intrenchments and wagons had once been gained, the Hunnish archers repulsed, without difficulty, the charges of the vengeful Gothic cavalry. Aëtius had not pressed the advantage which he gained on his side of the field, and when night fell over the wild scene of havoc, Attila's left was still undefeated, but his right had been routed, and his center forced back upon his camp.

Expecting an assault on the morrow, Attila stationed his best archers in front of the cars and wagons, which were drawn up as a fortification along his lines, and made every preparation for a desperate resistance. But the "Scourge of God" resolved that no man should boast of the honor of having either captured or slain

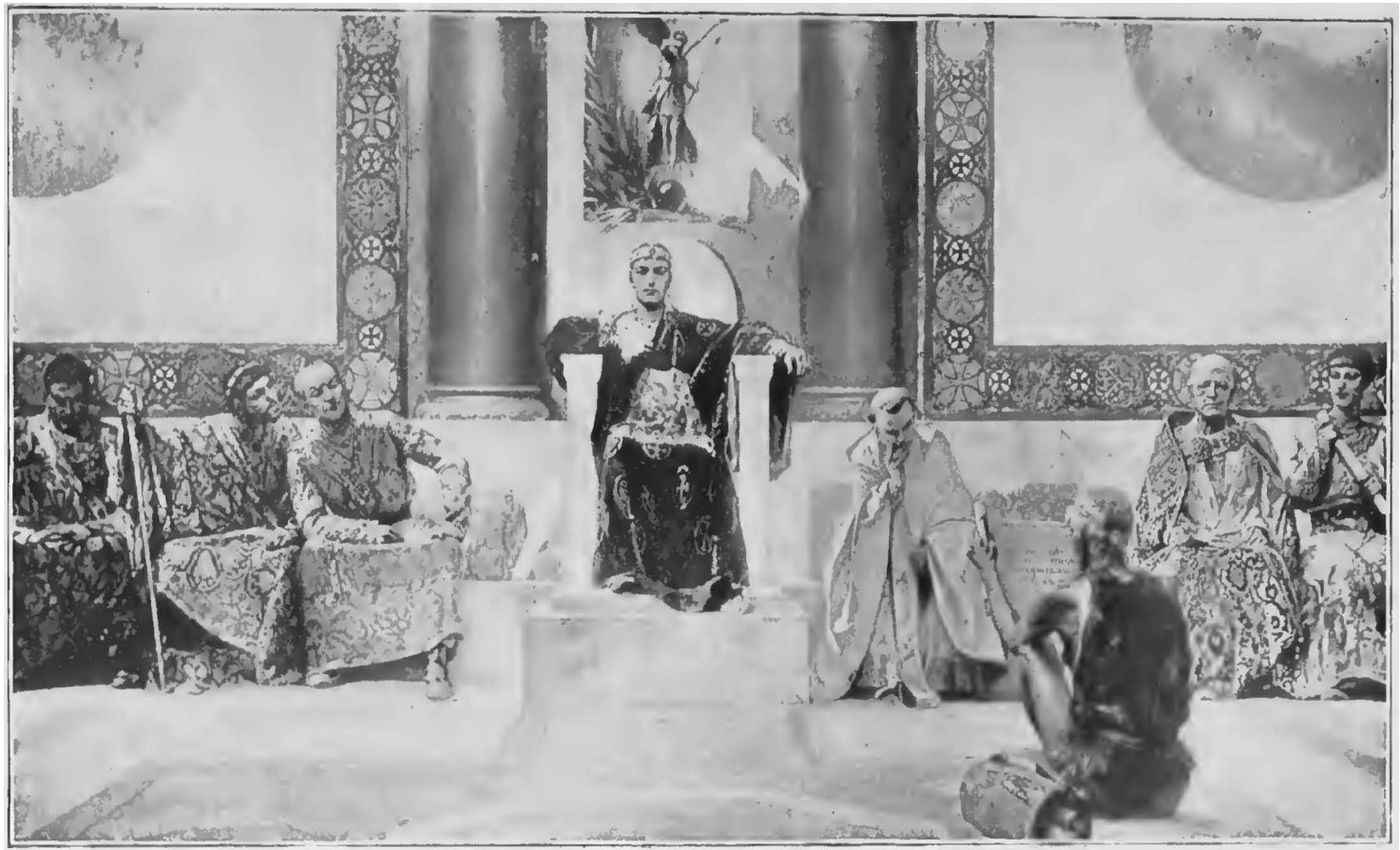
him, and he caused to be raised in the center of his encampment a huge pyramid of the wooden saddles of his cavalry; round it he heaped the spoils and the wealth that he had won; on it he stationed his wives who had accompanied him in the campaign, and on the summit Attila placed himself, ready to perish in the flames, and balk the victorious foe of their choicest booty, should they succeed in storming his defenses.

But when the morning broke and revealed the extent of the carnage with which the plains were heaped for miles, the successful allies saw also and respected the resolute attitude of their antagonist. Neither were any measures taken to blockade him in his camp, and so to extort by famine that submission which it was too plainly perilous to enforce with the sword. Attila was allowed to march back the remnants of his army without molestation, and even with the semblance of success.

It is probable that the crafty Aëtius was unwilling to be too victorious. He dreaded the glory which his allies the Visigoths had acquired, and feared that Rome might find a second Alaric in Prince Thorismund, who had signalized himself in the battle, and had been chosen on the field to succeed his father Theodoric. He persuaded the young king to return at once to his capital, and thus relieved himself at the same time of the presence of a dangerous friend as well as of a formidable though beaten foe.

Attila's attacks on the Western Empire were soon renewed, but never with such peril to the civilized world as had menaced it before his defeat at Châlons; and on his death two years after that battle, the vast empire which his genius had founded was soon dissevered by the

successful revolts of the subject nations. The name of the Huns ceased for some centuries to inspire terror in Western Europe, and their ascendancy passed away with the life of the great king by whom it had been so fearfully augmented.



JUSTINIAN IN COUNCIL

BY JEAN JOSEPH BENJAMIN CONSTANT

(*France.* 1845–1902)

In 330 A.D., Constantine the Great selected the old town of Byzantium as the capital of the empire. Mighty walls, splendid palaces, baths, theaters, porticoes, and hippodrome rose as if by magic. The art treasures of Greece and Asia were poured into this new capital. The love for simplicity and exquisiteness of form soon vanished, and a demand for richness of material took its place. Statues of marble and bronze no longer satisfied the desires of the rulers; all must be of gold or silver. Even the roof of the imperial palace is said to have been decorated with mosaics of gold and precious stones. Tasteless but costly ornamentation prevailed. During the reign of Justinian, this gorgeousness was at its height. He added to the glories of the city by building the famous church of St. Sophia. By means of his commander Belisarius he defended his empire from the Persians, and recovered Italy from the Goths and Africa from the Vandals.

The lasting glory of his reign, however, is due far less to his victories than to the digest of Roman law which he caused to be made. From the enormous mass of material he had two books prepared, the first containing the "Statute Law," the second, "The Pandects," that is, the decisions and opinions of former magistrates and lawyers. To accomplish this undertaking, selections had to be made from more than two thousand volumes. A third book was "The Institutes," an abridgment of the laws in elementary form for use in the law schools. A fourth, "The New Code," was composed of the laws of modern date, including Justinian's own edicts.

PEACE WITH THE GOTHS OR WAR?

[535 A.D.]

BY FELIX DAHN

[AT the time of the fall of the Empire in the West, in 476, Odoacer, leader of the Goths, became "Patrician," and ruled Italy under Zeno, Emperor of the East. Odoacer was not of a submissive turn of mind, and he became more and more independent. Now there were also Ostrogoths, or Eastern Goths, who dwelt north of the Black Sea. They came down upon Italy and wrested the land from the grasp of Odoacer, and their leader, Theodoric, became ruler of Italy in his stead. A few years after Theodoric's death, Justinian, Emperor of the East, sent the great general Belisarius to drive out the Ostrogoths, then ruled by Totila. They resisted stubbornly, and even threatened Byzantium, or Constantinople.

The Editor.]

ON the next day the Emperor Justinian was standing buried in deep reflection before the tall golden crucifix in his room. The expression of his face was very grave, but without a trace of alarm or doubt. Quiet decision lay upon his features, which, else not handsome or noble, at this moment betrayed mental power and superiority. He lifted his eyes almost threateningly to the crucifix.

"God of the Cross," he said, "Thou puttest Thy faithful servant to a hard proof! It seems to me that I have deserved better. Thou knowest all that I have done to the honor of Thy name! Why do not Thy strokes fall

upon Thine enemies, the heathens and barbarians? Why not?"

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by the entrance of his chamberlains and wardrobe-keepers.

Justinian exchanged his morning garment for the robes of state. His slaves served him upon their knees.

He appareled himself in a tunic of white silk, reaching to the knees, embroidered with gold on both sides, and confined by a purple girdle. The tightly fitting hose were also of silk of the same color. His slaves threw over his shoulders a splendid mantle of a lighter shade of purple, with a broad hem of golden thread, upon which red circles and symbolic animal forms, embroidered in green silk, alternated with each other. But the pearls and precious stones which were lavishly strewn over it rendered the design almost invisible and made the mantle so heavy that the assistance of the train-bearers must have been, indeed, a welcome relief.

On each of his arms the emperor wore three broad golden bracelets. The wide crown was made of massive gold, arched over with two rows of pearls. His mantle was fastened on the shoulder with a costly brooch of large precious stones.

The scepter-keeper put into the emperor's hand a golden staff the length of a man, at the top of which was a globe made out of a single large emerald, and surmounted with a golden cross.

The emperor grasped it firmly and rose from his seat.

A slave offered him the thick-soled buskins which he usually wore in order to increase his height.

"No; to-day I need no buskins," said Justinian, and left the room.

Down the Stairs of the Lions, so called from the twenty-four immense marble lions which guarded the twelve steps, and which had been brought from Carthage by Belisarius, the emperor descended to a lower story, and entered the Hall of Jerusalem.

This hall derived its name from the prophyry columns, the onyx vases, the golden tables, and the numerous golden vessels which, arranged on pedestals and along the walls, were said to have formerly decorated the Temple of Jerusalem. These treasures had been taken to Rome by Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem. From Rome the sea-king Geiseric had taken them on his dragon-ships, together with the Empress Eudoxia, to his capital, Carthage. And now Belisarius had brought them from Carthage to the Emperor of the East.

The cupola of the hall, representing the firmament, was wrought in mosaic. Costly blue stones formed the groundwork, in which were inlaid, besides the sun, the moon, the eye of God, the lamb, the fish, the birds, the palm, the vine, the unicorn, and many other symbols of Christianity, the whole zodiac and innumerable stars of massive gold.

The cost of the cupola alone was estimated as high as the whole income of the taxes on property in all the empire for forty-five years.

Opposite the three great arches of the entrance, which were closed by curtains — it was the only entrance to the hall — and were guarded outside by a threefold line of imperial bodyguards, the "Golden Shields," stood, at the bottom of the semicircular hall, the elevated throne of the emperor, and below it on the left the seat of the empress.

PEACE WITH THE GOTHS OR WAR?

When Justinian entered the hall with a numerous retinue of palace officials, all the assembly, consisting of the highest dignitaries of the realm, threw themselves upon their faces in humble prostration.

The empress alone rose, bowed deeply, and crossed her arms upon her bosom. Her dress was exactly similar to that of her husband. Her white stole was also covered with a purple mantle, but without hem. She carried a very short scepter of ivory.

The emperor cast a slight but contemptuous glance at the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, patricians, and senators, who, above thirty in number, occupied a row of gilded chairs set in a semicircle and provided with cushions. He then passed through the middle of the hall and ascended his throne with a quick, firm step. Twelve of the chief officers of the palace stood upon the steps of the two thrones, holding white wands in their hands. A blast of trumpets gave the signal to the kneeling assembly to rise.

"Reverend bishops and worthy senators," began the emperor, "we have called you together to ask your advice in an affair of great moment. But why is our Magister Militum per Orientum, Narses, absent?"

"He returned only yesterday from Persia — he is sick and confined to bed," answered the usher.

"Where is our treasurer of the Sacri Palatii, Trebonius?"

"He has not yet returned from his embassy to Berytus about the code."

"Where is Belisarius, our Magister Militum per Orientum extra Ordinem?"

"He does not reside in Byzantium, but in Asia, in the Red House at Sycæ."

"He keeps too far apart in the Red House. It displeases us. Why does he avoid our presence?"

"He could not be found."

"Not even in the house of his freedman, Photius?"

"He has gone hunting to try the Persian hunting-leopards," said Leo, the assistant huntsman.

"He is never to be found when wanted, and is always present when not wanted. I am not content with Belisarius. — Hear now what has lately been communicated to me by letter; afterwards you shall hear the report of the envoys themselves. You know that we have allowed the war in Italy to die away — for we had other occupation for our generals. You know that the barbarian king sued for peace and the quiet possession of Italy. We rejected it at that time; awaiting more convenient circumstances. The Goth has answered, not in words, but by very insolent deeds. No one in Byzantium knows of it — we kept the news to ourselves, thinking it impossible, or at least exaggerated. But we find that it is true; and now you shall hear it and advise upon it. The barbarian king has sent a fleet and an army to Dalmatia with great haste and secrecy. The fleet entered the harbor of Muicurum near Salona; the army landed and carried the fortress by storm. In a similar way the fleet surprised the coast town of Laureata. Claudianus, our governor at Salona, sent numerous and strongly manned vessels to retake the town from the Goths. But a naval combat took place, and the Goth, Duke Guntharis, beat our squadron so thoroughly that he made prizes of all the vessels without exception, and carried them victoriously into the harbor of Laureata. Further, the Gothic king equipped a second fleet of four hundred large

ships at Centumcellæ. It was formed for the most part of Byzantine vessels, which, sent from the East to Sicily to reinforce Belisarius, in ignorance that the Italian harbors were again in possession of the Goths, had been taken by a Gothic earl, Grippa, with all their crews and freights. The goal of this second fleet was unknown. But suddenly the barbarian king himself appeared with the fleet before Belgium, the fortress in the extreme southern part of Bruttia, which place we had won on our first landing in Italy, and had not since lost. After a brave resistance, the garrison of Herulians and Massagetæ were forced to capitulate. But the tyrant Totila sailed immediately to Sicily, to wrest from us that earliest of Belisarius's conquests. He beat the Roman governor, Domnentiolus, who met him in the open field, and in a short time took possession of the whole island, with the exception of Messana, Panormus, and Syracusæ, which were enabled to hold out by reason of their formidable fortifications. A fleet which I sent to attempt the reconquest of Sicily was dispersed by a storm. A second was driven by the northwest wind to the Peloponnesus. At the same time a third fleet of triremes, equipped by this indefatigable king and commanded by Earl Haduswinth, sailed for Corsica and Sardinia. The first of these islands presently fell to the Goths, after the imperial garrison of the capital city of Alexia had been beaten before the walls. The rich Corsican, Furius Ahalla, to whom the greater part of the island belongs, was absent in India. But his stewards and tenants had been ordered, in case of a landing of the Goths, in no wise to oppose them, but to aid them to the best of their power. From Corsica the barbarians turned to Sar-

dinia. Here, near Karalis, they beat the troops which out magister militum had sent from Africa to conquer the island, and took Karalis as well as Sulci, Castra Trajani, and Turres. The Goths then settled down in both islands, and treated them as permanently acquired dependencies of the Gothic kingdom, placing Gothic commanders in all the towns, and raising taxes according to Gothic law. Strange to say, these taxes are far less heavy than ours, and the inhabitants shamelessly declare that they would rather pay the barbarians fifty than ninety to us. But all this was not enough. Sailing to the northeast from Sicily, the tyrant Totila united his squadron with a fourth fleet, under Earl Teja, off Hydrus. Part of this united fleet, under Earl Thorismuth, sailed to Corcyra, took possession of that island, and thence conquered all the surrounding islands. But not yet enough. The tyrant Totila and Earl Teja already attack the mainland of our empire."

A murmur of terror interrupted the august speaker.

Justinian resumed in an angry voice: —

"They have landed in the harbor of Epirus vetus, carried the towns Nicopolis and Anchisus, southwest of the ancient Dodona, and taken a great many of our ships along the coast. All this may excite your indignation against the insolence of these barbarians; but you have now to hear what will move you in a different way. Briefly, according to reports which reached me yesterday, it is certain that the Goths are in full march upon Byzantium itself!"

At this some of the senators sprang to their feet.

"They intend a double attack. Their united fleet, commanded by Duke Guntharis, Earls Markja, Grippa,

and Thorismuth, has beaten, in a combat of two days' duration, the fleet which protected our island provinces, and has driven it into the straits of Sestos and Abydos. Their army, under Totila and Teja, is marching across Thessaly by way of Dodona against Macedonia. Thessalonica is already threatened. Earl Teja has razed to the ground the 'New Wall,' which we had there erected. The road to Byzantium is open, and no army stands between us and the barbarians. All our troops are on the Persian frontier. And now listen to what the Goth proposes. Fortunately God has befooled and blinded him to our weakness. He again offers us peace under the former conditions, with the one exception that he now intends to keep possession of Sicily. But he will evacuate all his other conquests if we will acknowledge his rule in Italy. As I had no means, neither fleets nor cohorts, to stop his victorious course, I have, for the present, demanded an armistice. This he has agreed to, on condition that afterwards peace is to be concluded on the former conditions. I have agreed to this —"

And, pausing, the emperor cast a searching glance at the assembly, and looked askance at the empress.

The assembly was evidently relieved. The empress closed her eyes in order to conceal their expression. Her small hand grasped convulsively the arm of her throne.

"But I agreed to it with the reservation that I should first hear the opinion of my wife, who has lately been an advocate for peace, and that also of my wise Senate. I added that I myself was inclined to peace."

All present looked more at ease.

"And I believed that I could tell beforehand what would be the decision of my counselors. Upon this

understanding, the horsemen of Earl Teja unwillingly halted at Thessalonica; unfortunately they had already taken prisoner the bishop of that city. But they have sent him here with other prisoners, carrying messages and letters — you shall hear them and then decide. Reflect that if we refuse to conclude a peace, the barbarians will soon stand before our gates, and that we are only asked to yield that which the empire had given up long ago, and which Belisarius in two campaigns failed to reconquer — Italia! Let the envoys approach."

Through the arches of the entrance the bodyguard now led in several men, in clerical, official, and military costume. Trembling and sighing, they threw themselves at the feet of Justinian. Even tears were not wanting.

At a sign from the emperor they rose again, and stood before the steps of the throne.

"Your petitions and lamentations," said the emperor, "I received yesterday. Protonotary, now read to us the letter from the Bishop of Nicopolis and the wounded Governor of Illyricum — since then the latter has succumbed to his wounds."

The protonotary read: —

"To Justinianus, the unconquerable Emperor of the Romani, Dorotheos, Bishop of Nicopolis, and Nazares, Governor of Illyricum. The place whence we write these words will be the best proof of their gravity. We write on board the royal barge of the Gothic king, the *Italia*. When you read these words, you will have already learned the defeat of the fleet, the loss of the islands, the storming of the 'New Wall,' and the destruction of the army of Illyricum. Quicker than the messengers and fugitives from these battles, have the Gothic pursuers

reached us. The Gothic king has conquered and spared Nicopolis. Earl Teja has conquered and burnt Anchisus. I, Nazares, have served in the army for thirty years — and never have I seen such an attack as that in which Earl Teja overthrew me at the gates of Anchisus. They are irresistible, these Goths! Their horsemen sweep the country from Thessalonica to Philippi. The Goths in the heart of Illyricum! That has not been heard of for sixty years. And the king has sworn to return every year until he has peace — or Byzantium! Since he won Corcyra and the Sybotes, he stands upon the bridge of your empire. Therefore, as God has touched the heart of this king, as he offers peace at a moderate price — the price of what he has actually gained — we beseech you, in the name of your trembling subjects, and of your smoking towns, to conclude a peace! Save us and save Byzantium! For your generals Belisarius and Narses will rather be able to stop the course of the sun and the blowing of the wind, than to stay King Totila and the terrible Teja."

"They are prisoners," said the emperor, interrupting the reader; "and perhaps they speak in fear of death. Now it is your turn to speak, venerable Bishop of Thessalonica; you, Anatolius, commander of Dodona; and you, Parmenio, brave captain of the Macedonian lancers. You are safe here under our imperial protection, but you have seen the barbarian generals. What do you advise?"

At this the aged Bishop of Thessalonica again threw himself upon his knees, and cried: —

"O Emperor of the Romani, the barbarian king, Totila, is a heretic, and accursed forever, yet never have I

seen a man more richly endowed with all Christian virtues! Do not strive with him! In the other world he will be damned forever, but — I cannot comprehend it — on earth God blesses all his ways. He is irresistible!"

"I understand it well," interposed Anatolius. "It is his craft which wins for him all hearts — the deepest hypocrisy, a power of dissimulation which outdoes all our much-renowned and defamed Grecian cunning. The barbarian plays the part of a philanthropist so excellently that he almost deceived me, until I reflected that there was no such thing in the world as the love which this man pretends, with all the art of a comedian. He acts as if he really felt compassion for his conquered enemies! He feeds the hungry, he divides the booty — your tax-money, O Emperor! — amongst the country people, whose fields have been devastated by the war. Women who had fled into the woods, and were found by his horsemen, he returns uninjured to their husbands. He enters the villages to the sound of a harp, played by a beautiful youth, who leads his horse. Do you know what is the consequence? Your own subjects, O Emperor of the Romani, rebel to him, and deliver your officers, who have obeyed your severe laws, into his hands. The peasants and farmers of Dodona did so by me. This barbarian is the greatest comedian of the century, and the clever hypocrite understands many other things besides fighting. He has entered into an alliance against you with the distant Persians, with your inveterate enemy Chosroes. We ourselves saw the Persian ambassador ride out of his camp towards the East."

When Anatolius had ceased speaking, the Macedonian captain gave his report, which ran: —

PEACE WITH THE GOTHS OR WAR?

"Ruler of the Romani — since Earl Teja gained the highroad of Thessalonica, nothing stands between your throne and his battle-axe but the walls of this city. He who stormed the 'New Wall' eight times in succession, and carried it at the ninth attempt, will carry the walls of Byzantium at the tenth. You can only repel the Goths if you have sevenfold their number. If you have it not, then conclude a peace."

"Peace! peace! we beseech you, in the name of your trembling provinces of Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia!"

"Deliver us from the Goths!"

"Let us not again see the days of Alaric and Theodoric!"

"Peace with the Goths! Peace! peace!"

And all the envoys, bishops, officials, and warriors sank upon their knees with the cry of "Peace!"

The effect upon the assembly was fearful.

It had often happened that Persians and Saracens in the east, Moors in the south, and Bulgarians and Slavonians in the northwest had made incursions into the country, slaying and plundering, and had sometimes beaten the troops sent against them, and escaped unhindered with their booty. But that Grecian islands should be permanently conquered by the enemy, that Grecian harbors should be won and governed by barbarians, and that the highroad to Byzantium should be dominated by Goths, was unheard of.

With dismay the senators thought of the days when Gothic ships and Gothic armies should overrun all the Grecian islands, and repeatedly storm the walls of Byzantium, only to be stopped by the fulfillment of all

their demands. They already seemed to hear the battle-axe of the "Black Earl" knocking at their gates.

Quietly and searchingly did Justinian look into the rows of anxious faces on his right and on his left.

"You have heard," he then began, "what Church, State, and Army desire. I now ask your opinion. We have already accomplished an armistice. Shall war or shall peace ensue? One word will buy peace — our assent to the cession of Italy, which is already lost. Whoever among you is in favor of war, let him hold up his hand."

No one moved, for the senators were afraid for Byzantium, and they had no doubt of the emperor's inclination for peace.

"My Senate unanimously declares for peace. I knew it beforehand," said Justinian, with a singular smile. "I am accustomed always to follow the advice of my wise counselors — and of my empress."

At this word Theodora started from her seat, and threw her ivory scepter from her with such violence that it flew far across the hall.

The senators were startled.

"Then, farewell," cried the empress; "farewell to what has ever been my pride — my belief in Justinian and his imperial dignity! Farewell all share in the cares and honors of the state! Alas, Justinian! alas for you and me, that I must hear such words from your lips!"

And she hid her face in her purple mantle, in order to conceal the agony which her excitement caused her.

The emperor turned towards her.

"What! the Augusta, my wife, who, since Belisarius returned to Byzantium for the second time, has always

advocated peace — with a short exception — does she now, in such a time of danger, advise —"

"War!" cried Theodora, uncovering her face. And, in her intense earnestness she looked more beautiful than she ever did when smiling in playful sport. "Must I, your wife, remind you of your honor? Will you suffer these barbarians to fix themselves firmly in your empire, and force you to their will? You, who dreamt of the reëstablishment of the Empire of Constantine! You, Justinian, who have taken the names of Persicus, Vandalicus, Alanicas, and Gothicus, — you will allow this Gothic stripling to lead you by the beard whithersoever he will? Are you not the same Justinian who has been admired by the world, by Byzantium, and by Theodora? Our admiration was an error!"

On hearing these words, the Patriarch of Byzantium — he still believed that the emperor had irrevocably decided upon peace — took courage to oppose the empress, who did not always hit upon the strict definition of orthodoxy of which he was the representative.

"What!" he said, "the august lady advises bloody war? Verily, the Holy Church has no need to plead for the heretic. Notwithstanding, the new king is wonderfully mild towards the Catholics in Italy; and we can wait for more favorable times, until —"

"No, priest!" interrupted Theodora; "the outraged honor of this empire can wait no longer! O Justinian!" — he still remained obstinately silent — "O Justinian, let us not be deceived in you! You dare not let that be wrung from you by defiance which you refused to humble petitions! Must I remind you that once before your wife's advice, and will, and courage, saved your honor?

Have you forgotten the terrible rebellion of the Nika? Have you forgotten how the united parties of the circus, of the frantic mob of Byzantium, attacked this house? The flames arose, and the cry of 'Down with the tyrants!' rang in our ears. All your counselors advised flight or compliance; all these reverend bishops and wise senators, and even your generals; for Narses was away in distant Asia, and Belisarius was shut up by the rebels in the palace on the shore. All were in despair. Your wife Theodora was the only hero by your side. If you had yielded or fled, your throne, your life, and most certainly your honor, would have been lost. You hesitated. You were inclined to fly. 'Remain, and die if need be,' I then said; 'but die in the purple!' And you remained, and your courage saved you. You awaited death upon your throne, with me at your side — and God sent Belisarius to our relief! I speak the same now. Do not yield, Emperor of the Romani — do not yield to the barbarians. Stand firm. Let the ruins of the Golden Gate overwhelm you if the axe of the terrible Goth can force it; but die an emperor! This purple is stained by the immeasurable insolence of these Germans. I throw it from me, and I swear by the wisdom of God, never will I again resume it until the empire is rid of the Goths!"

And she tore off her mantle and threw it down upon the steps of the throne. But then, greatly exhausted, she was on the point of sinking back into her seat, when Justinian caught her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom.

"Theodora," he cried, "my glorious wife! You need no purple on your shoulders — your spirit is clothed in

purple! You alone understand Justinian. War, and destruction to the Goths!"

At this spectacle the trembling senators were overwhelmed with terror and astonishment.

"Yes, wise fathers," cried the emperor, turning to the assembly, "this time you were too clever to be men. It is, indeed, an honor to be called Constantine's successor, but it is no honor to be *your* master! Our enemies, I fear, are right; Constantine only planted here the dead mummy of Rome, but the soul of Rome had already fled. Alas for the empire! Were it free or a republic, it would now have sunk in shame forever. It must have a master, who, when, like a lazy horse, it threatens to sink into the quagmire, pulls it up by the rein; a strong master with bridle, whip, and spurs!"

At this moment a little crooked man, leaning on a crutch, forced his way into the hall, and limped up to the steps of the throne.

"Emperor of the Romans," he began, when he rose from his obeisance, "a report reached me on my bed of pain of all that the barbarians had dared, and of what was going on here. I gathered all my strength and dragged myself here with difficulty, for, by one word from you, I must learn whether I have been a fool from the beginning in holding you to be a great ruler in spite of many weaknesses; whether I shall throw your marshal's staff into the deepest well, or still carry it with pride. Speak only one word: war or peace?"

"War! war!" cried Justinian.

BELISARIUS

[505–565 A.D.]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[JUSTINIAN was a thorough statesman, but he was not without weaknesses. As the fame of Belisarius increased, the jealous fears of the emperor increased, and at length he recalled his great general from Italy. The command of the forces in the West was given to Narses, who succeeded in regaining Italy and expelling the Goths in 553.

There is probably no real ground for the truth of the legend on which Longfellow's poem is founded, that the deposed general was blind and a beggar; but the jealousy and ingratitude of his emperor is undoubted.

The Editor.]

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
    Blows through the city gate,
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
    Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
    As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
    Their forage was my feast.

BELISARIUS

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at masthead,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan
Like snowdrifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,

As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced, —
"All, all is vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear; — I still
Am Belisarius!

END OF VOLUME IV

ITALY

I

IN MEDIÆVAL TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 476 A.D., the Roman Empire in the West "fell"; that is, it became subordinate to the Empire in the East. The Ostrogoths then held it for a time, but the Emperor Justinian, by the skill of his generals Belisarius and Narses, recovered it. About one hundred years after the fall, the Lombards forced their way through the mountains and founded a strong kingdom. They even threatened Rome, and the Pope appealed for aid to the Franks. They did not need a second invitation, for it had long been the hope of the sovereigns of these people to establish a new empire in the West, of which they should be rulers. In the eighth century, Charlemagne overcame the Lombard Kingdom, and in the year 800 he was crowned Roman Emperor by the Pope.

After the death of Charlemagne his empire fell apart into France, Germany, and Italy. In Italy there was nothing that could be called a government. Every little district was ruled by whatever noble could build in it the strongest castle. Then, too, there were invasions by the Saracens, the Greeks, and the Hungarians; and both Sicily and southern Italy fell into the hands of Norman marauders.

Up to the eleventh century the power to choose the Pope had been claimed, though not regularly exercised, by the Emperor. Hildebrand, or Gregory VII, declared that the Pope, as representing Christ on earth, had the right to control all sovereigns; moreover, that if any member of the clergy were accused of misdemeanor, he should not be tried by the court of any government, but by the church court. Henry IV, in wrath against the Pope, declared him deposed. The Pope promptly excommunicated him, and it was only by extreme humiliation that he could win pardon. The proud Frederick Barbarossa was obliged to hold the stirrup of the Pope's mule before he could secure confirmation of his right to sit upon the throne. Naturally, there arose two parties: the Guelphs, who upheld the authority of the Pope; and the Ghibellines, who took part with the temporal monarchs; and for many years Italy was torn by the ferocious and incessant struggles of these factions for supremacy.

THE COMING OF CHARLEMAGNE

[774]

BY GUSTAVE MASSON

[EARLY in the reign of Charlemagne, the Pope was greatly annoyed by the Lombards, and in his support the king made a campaign against them. Charlemagne was so completely successful that all the lands of Desiderius or Didier, the Lombard King, fell into his hands, and he placed on his own head the iron crown of this people. The following extract, taken chiefly from the old chroniclers, gives a vivid picture of his coming upon the Lombards.

The Editor.]

DIDIER had with him at that time one of Charlemagne's most famous comrades, Ogier the Dane, who fills a prominent place in the romances and epics, relating to chivalry, of that age. Ogier had quarreled with his great chief and taken refuge with the King of the Lombards. It is probable that his Danish origin and his relations with the King of the Danes, Gottfried, for a long time an enemy of the Franks, had something to do with his misunderstanding with Charlemagne.

However that may be, "when Didier and Ogger [Ogier] heard that the dread monarch was coming, they ascended a tower of vast height whence they could watch his arrival from afar off and from every quarter. They saw, first of all, engines of war such as must have been necessary for the armies of Darius or Julius Cæsar. 'Is not Charles,' asked Didier of Ogger, 'with this great army?' But the other answered, 'No.' The Lombard,

seeing afterwards an immense body of soldiery gathered from all quarters of the vast empire, said to Ogger, 'Certes, Charles advanceth in triumph in the midst of this throng.' 'No, not yet; he will not appear so soon,' was the answer. 'What should we do, then,' rejoined Didier, who began to be perturbed, 'should he come accompanied by a larger band of warriors?' 'You will see what he is when he comes,' replied Oggier; 'but as to what will become of us I know nothing.'

"As they were thus parleying, appeared the body of guards that knew no repose; and at this sight the Lombard, overcome with dread, cried, 'This time 't is surely Charles.' 'No,' answered Ogger, 'not yet.' In their wake came the bishops, the abbots, the ordinaries of the chapels royal, and the counts; and then Didier, no longer able to bear the light of day or to face death, cried out with groans, 'Let us descend and hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth, far from the face and the fury of so terrible a foe.' Trembling the while, Ogger, who knew by experience what were the power and might of Charles and who had learned the lesson by long consuetude in better days, then said, 'When ye shall behold the crops shaking for fear in the fields, and the gloomy Po and the Ticino overflowing the walls of the city with their waves blackened with steel, then may ye think that Charles is coming.'

"He had not ended these words when there began to be seen in the west as it were a black cloud, raised by the northwest wind or by Boreas, which turned the brightest day into awful shadows. But as the emperor drew nearer and nearer, the gleam of arms caused to shine on the people shut up within the city a day more gloomy

than any kind of night. And then appeared Charles himself, that man of steel, with his head encased in a helmet of steel, his hands garnished with gauntlets of steel, his heart of steel and his shoulders of marble protected by a cuirass of steel, and his left hand armed with a lance of steel which he held aloft in the air; for as to his right hand he kept that continually on the hilt of his invincible sword. The outside of his thighs, which the rest, for their greater ease in mounting a-horseback, were wont to leave unshackled even by straps, he wore encircled by plates of steel. What shall I say concerning his boots? All the army were wont to have them invariably of steel; on his buckler there was naught to be seen but steel; his horse was of the color and the strength of steel. All those who went before the monarch, all those who marched at his side, all those who followed after, even the whole mass of the army had armor of the like sort, so far as the means of each permitted. The fields and the highways were covered with steel: the points of steel reflected the rays of the sun; and this steel, so hard, was borne by a people with hearts still harder.

"The flash of the steel spread terror throughout the streets of the city. 'What steel! alack, what steel!' Such were the bewildered cries the citizens raised. The firmness of manhood and of youth gave way at sight of the steel; and the steel paralyzed the wisdom of graybeards. That, which I, poor story-teller, mumbling and toothless, have attempted to depict in a long description, Ogger perceived at one rapid glance, and said to Didier, 'Here is what ye have so anxiously sought'; and whilst uttering these words he fell down almost lifeless."

HOW ROME WAS DEFENDED FROM THE SARACENS

[848]

BY ARCHIBALD BOWER

[WHEN Leo IV became Pope, in 844, he first restored to their former magnificence the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, for they had been robbed by the Saracens of their ornaments, their gold and silver vessels, and their precious stones. He next set to work to build a new city on the Vatican and to inclose it with a wall. The foundations of the city were laid, and every day the Pope went to inspect the work: but the prospect of the coming of the Saracens interrupted his undertakings.

The Editor.]

THIS great undertaking the pope, however, was obliged to interrupt for some time the following year, being certainly informed that the Saracens were equipping a powerful fleet in the ports of Africa, with a design to make a second attempt upon Rome. This intelligence occasioned a general consternation; and Leo, abandoning for the present the work he had begun, employed all his workmen in fortifying the city, and putting it in a condition to withstand any sudden attack or surprise. He repaired the walls in several places, gone quite to decay, rebuilt most of the towers, erected several new ones, two especially of great strength, on the opposite banks of the Tiber, with a chain drawn from the one to the other, to prevent any vessel from passing; and, to defend the city still more effectually, caused a great

many bodies of saints, dug up in the cemeteries without the walls, to be brought into it with great pomp and solemnity.

In the mean time the Saracens, having assembled their fleet at Tozar in Sardinia, the place of their general rendezvous, set sail from thence for Porto, with a design to land part of their forces there, and convey the rest up the Tiber to the very gates of the city. But the inhabitants of Naples, of Amalfi, of Gaeta, and the other maritime places, no sooner heard of their design, than, apprehending their own fate depended upon that of Rome, they assembled in great haste all their armed vessels, and putting to sea, sailed to Porto, resolved to guard the entrance into the river, and to engage the barbarians, should they offer to enter it, or to land any forces. Upon their arrival, they sent some of their chief officers to let the Pope know that they were come as friends (for he distrusted the Greeks and the Beneventan Lombards, to whom those cities belonged) and that they were all to a man ready to venture their lives in his defense, and the defense of the city. Hereupon the Pope, transported with joy, flew to Porto, received there both the soldiers and officers with extraordinary marks of esteem and affection, admitted them to kiss his foot; and, upon expressing a great desire to receive the sacrament at his hands, he went with them in procession to the Church of St. Aurea, and having performed there divine service with great solemnity, and administered the sacrament to them all, he encouraged them to fight manfully, having St. Peter and St. Paul, whose sacred bodies they defended, to fight with them, gave them his blessing, recommending them to the protection of the prince of the

apostles, returned to Rome. The next day, the fleet of the Saracens appeared off Ostia; and the Christian fleet putting thereupon immediately to sea, an engagement ensued; but the two fleets were soon parted by a violent wind that arose unexpectedly, and drove most of the enemy's ships on the shore, where they were dashed to pieces, and all on board miserably perished. The rest were dispersed, and either swallowed up by the sea, or shipwrecked against the rocks and the islands, and very few had the good luck to reach the African coast. The Saracens were almost all either drowned, starved with hunger on the abandoned islands where their vessels were shipwrecked, or taken prisoners, and carried in triumph to Rome. There, and all along the coast, great numbers of them were hanged, and left on the gibbets, to strike terror into their countrymen, and the rest were put in chains by the Pope, and employed as drudges in the most laborious parts of his new works.

THE STORY OF GREGORY THE GREAT

[1050–1085]

BY LOUISE CREIGHTON

[AFTER the days of Charlemagne the rulers of Germany called themselves also Kings of Italy. They wished to hold the supreme power in the land; but the Popes had no idea of allowing the Church to be second to any sovereign. The result was contest after contest, and the struggle lasted for generations.

The Editor.]

THE man who did the most to maintain the power of the Church was Hildebrand, the son of a poor Italian carpenter. As he seemed to be a clever boy, he was sent first to study in Rome and then to Cluni, a famous monastery in France. Many monks in those days lived idle lives, doing just as they pleased. But at Cluni they followed the rule of St. Benedict, the holy man who had bidden his followers divide their time between prayer, study, and work with their hands.

At Cluni, Hildebrand studied and learned to rule himself, but he did not wish to spend his life as a monk. He went back to Rome, and soon was active in the affairs of the Church. He traveled to Germany and spent some time at the court of the Emperor, and he became the chief adviser of five Popes one after the other. Reforms were terribly needed, and Hildebrand, who saw before him a vision of what the Church might be, toiled with all his might to make it pure and strong.

One of the chief abuses was the way in which high

places in the Church were bought and sold. Rich lords bought preferment for their sons, and in this way young boys often became abbots, bishops, and even archbishops. Such men were not likely to care much for the religious duties of their office, and their worldly and pleasure-seeking lives were a disgrace to the Church. The Emperor Henry III, a great ruler who worked hard to bring about good government in Church and State, was anxious to stop the shameful sale of offices in the Church. He wished to choose himself the clergy who should be abbots and bishops in his lands, and the other rulers in Europe had the same desire. Hildebrand, on the other hand, wanted the clergy to elect their own rulers, and for this he struggled all his life with the Emperor. The same struggle went on all over Europe for many years, and it cannot be said that in the end either side exactly won. But it became settled that the Pope should be chosen not by the Emperor or the people of Rome, but by the cardinals, great churchmen chosen by the Pope himself from all the nations of Europe. They were mostly Italians, as the Pope was generally an Italian, and they met in Rome at the death of a Pope to choose his successor.

Hildebrand wished to make the Church not only strong but pure. He tried in every way to get the clergy to do their duty and lead holy lives, and to make the monks keep their rule and give themselves to prayer and study. He also insisted that the law forbidding the clergy to marry should be strictly kept. Many had disobeyed this law, and they were now bidden to put away their wives.

For twenty-five years Hildebrand had been the real

ruler of the Church, but he was in no hurry to be Pope himself. It was at the funeral of Pope Alexander II that men at last insisted that Hildebrand should be Pope. The people of Rome rushed into the church shouting, "Let Hildebrand be Pope!" In vain he tried to calm them, but crying, "St. Peter wills Hildebrand to be Pope," they carried him off to another church, where the assembled cardinals and bishops elected him Pope amidst the joy of all. He took the name of Gregory VII, and set to work to carry out the reforms he so much desired. His fame was spread throughout Europe; in every land his influence was felt, strengthening and purifying the Church. But his work led him into bitter contests. The great Emperor Henry III was dead. His son, Henry IV, was not a wise ruler. He had difficulties with his own people, and he defied the Pope by appointing worthless men, his own favorites, to great places in the Church. Gregory VII's reforms had roused many enemies against him, and at first the German princes took the Emperor's side in the quarrel. An insolent decree was passed by the Emperor and his council, declaring that Gregory VII should be no longer Pope. When this decree was brought to Gregory in Rome, his indignant attendants would have slain the messenger had not he protected him. But his answer was a terrible one. He excommunicated the Emperor and those who held with him, which means that he put them out of the Church, so that no priest might minister to them or give them the sacraments.

Henry IV had not many friends in Germany, and his subjects did not stand by him in this trouble. They even talked of electing another king. So he decided to submit

to the Pope. In mid-winter he crossed the Alps and proceeded to the Castle of Canossa, a grim fortress which crowns a high peak of the Apennines, where Gregory VII was staying. The cold was bitter and snow lay deep upon the ground. Henry IV lodged outside the castle walls and waited for three days, but the Pope would not see him. Then one morning, barefoot and clad in a coarse shirt, he climbed the steep path to the castle, and knocked as a humble penitent for admission at the door. All day he waited shivering in the snow; the next day and the day after he came again. Then at last Gregory was persuaded to name the conditions under which he would pardon him. He was admitted to the castle, and flung himself at the feet of the Pope, crying, "Spare me, Holy Father!" The peace made between the two was not lasting. It would have been wiser if Gregory had been less harsh. Henry IV could not forget or forgive his bitter humiliation. He went back to Germany and his struggle with his enemies, but as soon as he was strong enough he led an army into Italy to attack the Pope. Three times he besieged Rome, and at last forced his way into the city; but Gregory remained safe in the Castle of St. Angelo, a fortress by the Tiber. Then the Pope's friends gathered a great army and drove out Henry; but in their triumph they did not spare the city, and the Pope saw it plundered and reduced to ruins by his deliverers.

The last days of the great Pope were sad. Italy was distracted with wars, Rome was in ruins, its people furious with the Pope, who had to take refuge in the monastery of Monte Cassino in the Apennines. In the following year he died at Salerno.



EXCOMMUNICATED

BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

(*French painter*, 1838)

THE Pope was a temporal ruler; for even before the time of Charlemagne, he held Ravenna and other territories; but far greater than his temporal sway was his spiritual. Gradually it came to pass that all suits at law, which could by any means be construed to have connection with religion, were tried by the bishops, and even in criminal cases they claimed the same right on the ground that crime was sin, and that the Church alone could deal with sin. The Pope was regarded as the court of final appeal. The crusades being religious wars, the Popes were naturally looked upon as leaders. Enormous wealth, together with the power which accompanied it, was given into the hands of the Church as a result of religious enthusiasm.

This picture illustrates the immense power wielded by the mediæval Popes. Hugh Capet, the first of the Capetian rulers of France, died in 996, and was succeeded by his son, Robert II. This Robert had been carefully educated, and by writing many hymns had acquired the surname of "The Pious." He married his cousin Bertha of Burgundy. This was against the will of the Pope; and to act contrary to the papal wishes was a serious matter for any sovereign, for the power of excommunication was a weapon before which the proudest monarch might well bow his head.

When Robert II refused to obey Gregory V and divorce his wife, he was promptly excommunicated, his subjects were absolved of their allegiance to him, and an interdict, the first that is well authenticated, was laid upon his kingdom. In this picture the Church dignitaries are seen leaving the room after pronouncing the formal decree against the French king. They have also emphasized the decree by the language of symbolism, for the lighted candle has been dashed to the ground to indicate that the king is likewise hurled from his position in the Church. This was in 998. Six years later, Robert yielded, and divorced his wife.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

[1182–1226]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THOUSANDS of honest, conscientious men and women had given up their homes, their friends, and even the most innocent pleasures of the world to become monks or nuns or recluses, to live a life that they believed would make them acceptable to God. They taught those who came to their schools, and they fed the hungry folk who gathered at their gates; but there were hundreds of thousands of people who were not reached by the monks and nuns or even by the clergy; and orders were now formed whose business it was, not to remain in a cloister, but to go out into the world to preach the gospel to the poor and needy and help them in every way possible. The men who joined these orders were known as preaching friars, from the Latin "fratres" and the French "frères," meaning "brothers." The founder was St. Francis of Assisi, as he is now called. His father had made him a partner in his business; but the son's only idea of managing money was to give away all that came into his hands, and the father soon brought the partnership to an end. One in particular of the sayings of Jesus burned in the young man's heart, and he said it over and over to himself. It was, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat." This command Jesus gave

to his disciples when he sent them out two by two, and the honest young Francis made up his mind that in this way preachers ought still to go forth into the world. He laid down his staff, put off his shoes, flung away his purse, and fastened up his gown with a girdle of rope. He gave up all claim to his inheritance and went out among the people to tell them that God loved them, that Jesus had died, had risen, and was alive forevermore. A few other enthusiastic men joined him. He required that the vow of poverty should be a real one for them, both as individuals and as an order; that they should work with their hands for their food; and that, if work for wages failed, they should beg their bread from door to door.

Charming little stories of the saint and his followers are told in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." One tells us that he and "Brother Matteo" begged some crusts of bread and sat down on a stone beside a fountain to eat them. "O Brother Matteo, we are not worthy of this great treasure," St. Francis exclaimed. But the matter-of-fact Brother Matteo replied, "How canst thou talk of a treasure when we are so poor and in need of everything? We have neither cloth, nor knife, nor table, nor house to eat in, nor servant or maid to wait upon us." St. Francis answered in all simplicity and sincerity, "And this is just the reason why I look upon it as a great treasure, because man has had no hand in it, but all has been given us by Divine Providence, as we clearly see in this beautiful table of stone, and in this clear fountain. Wherefore let us begof God to make us love with all our hearts the treasure of holy poverty."

The Franciscans went about doing good. The name that their founder chose for them was "Fratres Mi-

nores," or the lesser brethren, for, as he said, none could be less, that is, of lower degree than they. They cared for the sick, and devoted themselves especially to the loathsome lepers, those sufferers who were driven out of the towns as too disgusting for folk to look upon. They journeyed everywhere, from England to Syria. They had no fear, and without a thought of danger they went among the Mohammedans. Francis asked the sultan to have a great fire built, "And I will enter into it together with your priests," he said, "that you may see which religion is the true one." The sultan replied quietly that he hardly thought any of his priests would be willing to make the trial. He offered Francis many gifts, which the saint refused, and then sent him back to the Christian camp.

Francis insisted upon absolute poverty. He would not own even a breviary. A church was given him to be the headquarters of his order. He was glad to have its use, but he refused to own it; and each year he sent to the donors a basket of fish to indicate that it was not his but theirs. He loved animals, and if half the legends of his intercourse with them are true, they recognized this love; and dogs, doves, and even savage wolves trusted him. One of the most beautiful stories told of him is of his preaching to the birds. "My little sisters," he said, "you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing his praises at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty and the air to fly about in, and clothing for yourselves and for your young. He has given you fountains and rivers to quench your thirst, mountains and valleys in which to take refuge, and trees in which to build your nests. Your Creator loves you

much, and therefore he has bestowed such favors upon you. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise your Lord." The story declares that the little birds flapped their wings, bowed their heads to the ground, and after he had made the sign of the cross to dismiss them, they rose from the earth and flew away in four directions, all singing most sweetly.

St. Francis cared little for the learning that comes from books; but educated men were charmed with his sincerity and his lovable character and became his followers. An order of Franciscan nuns was formed, the Poor Ladies; and also the order of the Penitent Men and Women. The members of this third order might remain in the world, but they were to dress simply, to abstain from worldly amusements, to bear no arms save in defense of their country or the Church, and to pay strict attention to the required fasts and times of special devotion. The dress of the Minorites varied somewhat in different countries. In England they wore gray; and therefore in that country they were often called the Grey Friars.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Up soared a lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul released from pain
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard: it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

A DAY IN FLORENCE, IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY GUIDO BIAGI

LET us imagine ourselves entering Florence on some fair spring morning during the second half of the thirteenth century. We arrive on foot or on horseback, and having passed through the outlying suburbs, composed of modest houses and cabins which line the roads outside each gate, we come to the Porta del Vescovo, where the watchful guards, jingling their rusty keys, cry loudly to the wayfarer, "Who art thou? Hast thou nought in thy purse?" Having given that reply which in all ages succeeds in opening gates and taming Cerberus, we cross the moat, pass through the second gateway, and are greeted by the sound of bells as we enter the city just waking to its daily work. From each church and chapel the bells are pealing gayly, and not only from the towers and belfries, but from every arch and niche and window where they can be hung. There are more than eighty of them, and at their persistent call the narrow, tortuous streets below begin to show signs of animation. At the massive doorways of the high houses appear the pale and wary faces of the merchants, who dare not issue forth until they hear that the neighbors and tradesmen are also throwing open their houses and shops; then upon the threshold they say a short prayer, make the sign of the cross, and betake themselves to church.

The streets gradually fill with people. Here are clergy

in great numbers, monks and nuns, pilgrims and lay sisters; here are peasants coming in from the country with their donkey-carts laden with vegetables; knights in armor striding along proudly and impatiently, as though they were lords of all; rough artisans and workmen singing as they urge on their asses by force of kicks and cries; jesters and wandering players go about seeking some good-natured temporary host; fruit-sellers and market-women, carrying their swaddled babies slung at their backs, exercise their tongues over other people's affairs as they trundle along to their stalls, whilst armed men belonging to some of the great houses make their way through the increasing crowd with grim and threatening faces, their hands ready to draw sword or dagger from its sheath. Opposite to the bishop's palace — an elaborate building conspicuous for its *loggia*, or covered terrace, then perhaps the only one in the city — was the *atrium* and entrance to the baptistery of San Giovanni; the church itself was surrounded by arches, partly of marble and partly of stone, beneath which idlers and ragged philosophers of all sorts were accustomed to congregate. The porphyry columns and the pillar commemorating the dead tree which blossomed anew at the funeral of San Zanobius were in the same places where they are seen to-day, but between the baptistery and the church of Santa Reparata, to the left of which was a tower, stood the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist, a refuge for the poor and for pilgrims.

The people crowded into the narrow spaces between these various buildings and overflowed into the churchyard of Santa Reparata, ground afterwards covered by the great transepts of Santa Maria del Fiore. Their

business and their gossip was mostly carried on in the Mercato Vecchio, the old market-place which possessed "four churches at its four corners," amongst the labyrinth of lanes and alleys round Or San Michele, in the Piazza del Commune, which had then not yet been enlarged by extension over the ruins of the Uberti dwellings, or in the open place in front of the Ponte Vecchio, which was used as a market for fruit and vegetables. Here the good people who sat comfortably upon the benches and stone seats listened eagerly to the tales and jokes of the professional jesters and buffoons, to the hair-raising accounts of crime committed in the city, or to the dreadful threats and prophecies of some friar or hermit just returned from the Holy Land; but even if these conversations could be repeated, the meaning and the witticisms would in most cases be incomprehensible to our modern minds. The old men recalled events of their youth; they described floods so terrible that the swollen Arno overflowed its banks and turned the city into a lake, causing widespread ruin and the deaths of many persons by drowning. Besides this feared and constantly recurring disaster, there were the fires which had several times destroyed Florence, and which were due partly to the carelessness of the inhabitants and the great amount of inflammable material collected within a confined space, and partly to the malice and revenge of the various parties and factions. These conflagrations claimed many victims; whole families perished together and a great deal of property, valuable furniture and precious things were lost. Wherefore the sage advisers of the day were constantly reminding the people to take all precautions against fire and to have a way of escape

ready from doors, windows, or roof in case of a blaze in the house. There were also the robberies committed by the armed adherents or servants of certain families, who sallied forth at night with a banner bearing their master's arms and an escort of foot-soldiers, and broke into houses, carrying off everything, even to the garments and bedclothes of the household and "leaving the children, both male and female, naked upon their bedsteads; worse things were not done even in Acre by the Saracens." These attacks, moreover, were arranged beforehand, for it is related how certain persons previously went about to all the threatened houses, warning the women and "offering to take charge of and keep safely anything which they might desire to place in security during the time of danger then about to begin." But when once these ruffians had got hold of the property they gave very little of it back to the owners, and only replied with threats to those who demanded the restoration of their ill-gotten gains.

These melancholy tales, however, were often varied by more cheerful memories. The gossips would tell of the merry discussions held in lordly assemblies where the guests passed their time in listening to jests and entertaining stories, and where the jesters and story-tellers who were engaged to provide the amusement sometimes failed to please and were maltreated in consequence. Repartee and witty remarks were permitted to inferiors, even to the servants who waited at table.

"A company of knights was once supping in one of the great Florentine houses, and there was present a jester who was a most excellent story-teller. When the supper was finished he began a tale which seemed as

though it would never end. A youth belonging to the house, who was serving the company and was probably hungry for his own supper, called him by name and said —

"'He who taught thee that tale did not teach thee all.'

"'How so?' asked the jester.

"And the youth replied, 'Because he did not teach thee the end.'"

Those who made it their business to spread city gossip took less delight in witty sayings, however, than in the practical jokes played upon countrymen and persons of feeble mind. . . . Those who were stupid or dull-witted had to take the consequences, beside being the victims of practical jokes, as was the case with Ser Frulli, an old man who owned a fine farm on the hill of San Giorgio, and lived there with his family almost all the year round. Every morning he used to send his servant to sell fruit and vegetables in the square near the bridge, and he was so utterly miserly and distrustful that he tied up the bundles of vegetables himself, counted them, and told the girl how much money he expected her to bring back. The chief injunction he laid upon her, however, was that she must never dawdle in the street of San Giorgio, because the women there were thieves. Now there was a Florentine named Bito, who lived in the quarter of San Giorgio and was noted for his amusing tricks, one of which he determined to play on Ser Frulli. He put on a rich, fur-trimmed dress, the best he had, and sat down on the seat outside his own door. When the servant came by with a basket of cabbages, he called her, and she went up to him immediately,

although she had paid no attention to several women who had previously offered to buy from her.

"Good woman, how much do these cabbages cost?" asked Bito.

"Messere, two bundles for a penny."

"Certainly this is a good portion. But seeing that all my family is away in the country and that I am alone here with my servant, a whole portion would be too much for me. Moreover, I prefer to eat my vegetables whilst they are fresh."

At that time small medals were in current use in Florence, two medals being worth a penny; wherefore Bito said: —

"Give me a medal's worth. Now, then, give thou me a penny and I give thee a medal, and another day will I take the second bundle."

The girl thought it was all right and did as she was told; then she went on and sold the remainder of her vegetables at the price fixed by her master. When she returned home she handed the money to Ser Frulli, who immediately counted it over and found it a penny short. He questioned the girl, but she replied that it was impossible; the money was correct. Thereupon he grew angry with her and asked her if she had stopped anywhere in San Giorgio. At first she tried to deny it, but her master frightened her so much that she admitted it and said: —

"Yes, I stopped and sold to a fair knight, and he paid me well. Moreover, he bade me bring him another bundle of cabbages."

"Then we have lost half a penny," answered Ser Frulli.

He thought over the matter and presently perceived the trick, whereupon he began to abuse the servant roundly, and asked where the man lived to whom she had sold the cabbages. She described the house, and then he knew that it was Bito, who had already played him a number of tricks. He was furious, and the next morning he got up early, hid a rusty sword under his cloak and went to the square by the bridge, where he found Bito sitting with a number of other people. Ser Frulli drew his sword and would have wounded Bito if another man had not immediately seized him by the arms; and the people all drew back in alarm, thinking there was going to be an uproar. Bito was frightened at first, but then, remembering what had happened, he began to laugh. Thereupon the people surrounded Ser Frulli and asked what was the matter, and he described the whole affair, though he was so breathless he could scarcely speak. Bito called for silence, however, and said: —

"Ser Frulli, I will make terms with you; let us have no more words. Give me back my penny and take your medal, and ye may also have your cabbages, and a curse go with them!"

Ser Frulli answered, "It is well, and if ye had spoken thus at the first, all this trouble would never have been."

And not perceiving the fresh trick, he gave back the penny and received a medal in exchange and departed quite content, amidst great laughter from the crowd.

II
DANTE AND HIS AGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the end of the Middle Ages Italy was divided into many separate states, of which the most important were Florence, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. Within the states the bitter quarrels of the two great parties, the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or Neri and Bianchi (blacks and whites), as they were called in Florence, kept the citizens in constant turmoil.

In spite of the bitter strife of the factions within the cities and the incessant warfare between the cities themselves, these small states grew apace. By combining against their overlord, the Emperor of Germany, the cities of northern Italy had been able to fling off the last vestige of foreign control. They had then turned against the nobles, deprived them of their powers, and formed republics. These republics, however, were for the most part of brief duration. The causes that led to the formation of the Guelph and the Ghibelline parties were forgotten, but the factions remained, and quarreled with unabated vigor, the only difference being that now the Guelphs were simply the party of progress and the Ghibellines the conservatives. The constant warfare of these turbulent little commercial cities was too great a strain for the cumbersome forms of democracy that each had evolved, and one by one they slipped back into despotism, the usurper of power in most cases being some successful general.

In the South affairs were no less tumultuous. In 1282 occurred at Sicily one of the bloodiest massacres in the history of Italy, the Sicilian Vespers, so called, during which all the French in the island, more than 8000 in number, were murdered. In 1309 the residence of the Popes was transferred to Avignon in France, and here it remained until 1376. This exile is known as the "Babylonish Captivity" and was followed by many years of schisms and disputes within the Church.

Such were the age and the country in which Dante was born.

DANTE'S VISION OF HEAVEN

[1265–1321]

BY NORLEY CHESTER

[When Dante Alighieri was thirty-five years old, he was made chief magistrate of Florence, his native city. Now Florence was at this time kept in a constant turmoil by the quarrels between the Neri and the Bianchi. Dante believed that exiling the leaders of the struggle would give peace to the city. They were exiled; but this act aroused such enmity that before long he himself was driven from the city and condemned to be burned alive if he should ever venture to return. Dante lived for nineteen years after this decree, but never again did he enter his beloved Florence. It was during those years of absence that he wrote his "Divine Comedy," a marvelous poem describing a journey to hell, purgatory, and heaven. At first, Virgil is his guide; but as he enters heaven, Beatrice, whom he had loved even as a child, appears to him and leads him through the beauties of Paradise, and shows him the joys and glories of the radiant world of bliss.

The Editor.]

When St. Benedict had finished speaking to Dante, he joined the other spirits again, and Dante beheld them all swept upwards on the ladder of light, as if by a whirlwind, and following a sign from Beatrice he too was carried up it, and so left the planets and came to the region of Fixed Stars. Here Beatrice bade him pause, and, gazing down through the immense starry space before him, Dante saw this little earth, which he had left but so short a time before, and never before had the poet real-

ized how small and tiny a place it held amid the countless glories and hosts of sparkling worlds of God's great universe. As he looked down, he could not help thinking how poor is the aim of those who seek nothing beyond the world and its rewards, and he felt strengthened himself in his purpose of following something nobler, and of being true to that ideal which Beatrice had taught him to love so passionately. But a sight more glorious than even that of all the starry hosts awaited the poet, for suddenly the radiance of Beatrice seemed to increase, and at the same time, in a sparkling vision, appeared all the spirits whom he had before seen in their different spheres, and in their midst the figure of the world's Redeemer, Jesus Christ Himself. As He passed from sight again, Dante's eyes sought out the Virgin Mary, and he saw her with the Archangel Gabriel encircling her in the form of a crown of light, and heard him sing a sweet song to her. Then she, too, soared out of his vision, and all the spirits joined in singing a hymn of praise.

After this, Dante had still a higher flight to take in order to reach the very highest Heaven of all, but, before doing so, he had to pass through an examination on Faith by St. Peter, on Hope by St. James, and on Love by St. John. Having answered their questions satisfactorily, he was led by Beatrice to the highest Heaven or Empyrean, where his eyes were at first blinded by the light which greeted them, and which, Beatrice told him, was the expression of welcome from God to those who entered there; and as he became more accustomed to the glory, he saw what appeared to be a river of light, on the banks of which blossomed the flowers of an eternal spring, on which sparkling drops seemed

to fall from the river, till they shone like rubies set in gold. In this stream Beatrice told Dante to bathe his eyes, and, having done so, the scene was quite changed, and he found that what he had taken for a river was in reality the Court of Heaven filled with saints and angels. It was in the form of an enormous white rose with white petals, in which sat the saints, while God's own light shone like a sun in the midst, and the angels flitted from rank to rank, plunging into the petals like a swarm of bees, and ever returning to the golden center for a fresh increase of the ardor and peace which they spread among the saints; their faces were of living flame and their wings of gold, and their bodies of a whiteness surpassing that of snow.

And Dante walked among all this wondrous throng, wondering ever, and longing to be worthy to join them; but, when he turned to Beatrice with the old wish for enlightenment, Beatrice was no longer by his side, and in her place stood St. Bernard, an old man with a radiant face and a kind, paternal expression. Then there broke from the poet's lips the three words, "Where is she?" And the saint told him that he had been sent by Beatrice to tell him this, and he pointed out to Dante her beloved face far, far away among the thrones, highest in the heavens. Then a prayer of thanksgiving arose from Dante's heart as he thought how he had made his marvelous journey, and of all it had taught him, and how he had been led by it from the path of error; and with this arose also an eager longing to follow those high and noble things which Beatrice had revealed to him. Beatrice did not speak in reply to his words, but from her high place she gazed down at him, and through all the

sparkling waves of light, past the rows of shining saints and glistening angels, Dante once more beheld that smile which had filled him with exaltation so often before, and with this sweet sign of encouragement and promise, Beatrice bade him farewell.

FRANCESCO PETRARCH

[1304–1374]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

HUNDREDS of thousands of men returned from the crusades with their minds full of new ideas. They had seen the distant countries of the East with their mountains, rivers, plains, and seas. In the great cities they had gazed upon hundreds of handsome buildings different from anything in their own lands. Many of the French, German, and English crusaders had gone to Venice to take ship to cross the Mediterranean, and there they had seen most superb structures of colored marble. The outside of the Venetian palaces was generally adorned with bas-relief, and the groundwork was often colored a deep, rich blue, while the sculpture was covered with gold leaf. Moreover, the crusaders had learned that their own ways of living were not always the best and most comfortable. They had found that there were kinds of food and materials for clothing better than those to which they had been accustomed; that there were beautiful furnishings for houses of which they had never dreamed. Having seen such things or heard of them, people wished to buy them. The cities about the Adriatic sea, especially Venice and Genoa, were ready to supply all these newly discovered needs. Long before this, the Venetians had driven the pirates from the Adriatic and had claimed the sea as their own. To symbolize this victory, they had a poetical custom. Every Ascension

Day the doge, or ruler of the city, sailed out in a vessel most magnificently decorated, and with a vast amount of ceremony dropped a golden ring into the water to indicate that the city had become the bride of the sea. Venice had built ships and carried the armies of crusaders across the water. She had gained stations on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and might fairly claim to rule the whole sea. She had used her ships for other purposes, however, than carrying armies, for she had an enormous trade, as we have said, in the beautiful things that were made in the distant lands of the East. She brought home cargoes of rich tapestries and silks, jewels, glassware, and most exquisite pieces of work in iron and gold and enamel. Her workmen copied them and found in them hints and suggestions for other work. These things were carried over Europe, and even in far-away England it was taken for granted that any particularly handsome article had been brought from Italy. Macaroni was the best-known food of the Italians, and the English began to call anything dainty and delicate and graceful "macaroni," or even anything dandified and foppish, as "Yankee Doodle" shows in the lines, —

> "Stuck a feather in his hat,
> And called it macaroni."

The crusades not only taught people about other lands and other customs, but they taught them to wish to see more of the world, to know what men of other countries were doing and thinking. People began to have more interest in what was written in books. They had thought that a man encased in armor, carrying a sword and a lance, and set upon a horse, was the great-

est hero on earth. Now they began to have a glimmering idea that the man who had noble thoughts and could put them into noble words was greater than the man with the sword.

The most famous scholar of the age was an Italian poet called Petrarch. Even as a boy he loved the writings of the early Latin and Greek authors. His father wished him to become a lawyer, and the boy listened to some lectures on law; but all the while he was saving his money to buy the works of Cicero and Virgil. His father threw the precious manuscripts into the fire; but when he saw the grief of the boy, he snatched them out again. Thus Petrarch slowly won his way to being a poet and scholar. He became a great collector of manuscripts, especially of the Greek and Roman writers; and, moreover, he showed people how to study them. Before his day, even students had felt that if two copies of an author's work did not agree, one was as likely to be correct as the other. Petrarch taught people to compare manuscripts, to study them, and so learn whether one was copied from another, or whether those in hand had all been copied from some older writing that was lost.

Princes and other great men of Italy admired his poetry and showed him much respect, but there were two special honors for which he longed. One was to be crowned poet laureate by the Roman Senate; the other was to wear a similar crown in Paris. On one happy September day invitations to receive both these crowns came to him. He had always taught that it was wrong for a man not to make the most of himself, and even when he was seventy, he did not think of giving up work. His physicians said, "You must rest"; but,

instead of resting, he engaged five or six secretaries and worked as hard as ever. One morning he was found in his library, his head lying on an open book. He was dead.

His influence, however, did not die. Others, too, began to collect the long-forgotten manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors. They searched monasteries and churches and made many copies of the precious writings. Italy was all alive with interest in the great works of the ancient writers. The Italian students thought wistfully of the manuscripts that must be stored away in Greece. They did not know how soon they would be able to read them for themselves and without leaving their own country.

Thus it was that, although the crusaders did not win Jerusalem, and though the Holy City is even to-day in the hands of the Mohammedans, yet the crusaders did much to give people new ideas on many subjects, and to prepare them to receive the knowledge that was coming to them swiftly from the East.



POPE BONIFACE DEFIES HIS ASSAILANTS

BY ALBERT MAIGNAN

(*France.* 1844–1908)

When Boniface VIII became pope, in 1294, he had a magnificent induction into office. On the way to the Lateran the kings of Hungary and Sicily held the bridle of his horse; and when he was seated at table they served him with their crowns on their heads. His reign was stormy, for he had bitter enemies in Philip the Fair, King of France, and the cardinals of the house of Colonna, the most powerful of the aristocratic families of Rome. Boniface excommunicated them; but this did not appear to trouble them in the least. They accused him of several serious crimes, and it was determined to call a general council to consider his deposition. He fled to his native town of Anagni, but soon found that he had not escaped from his pursuers.

It is said that when his palace was stormed he put on his tiara and his pontifical robes, and with cross and keys in his hand seated himself in the papal chair, saying to his assailants, "Since I am betrayed, as Jesus Christ was betrayed, I will at least die as a pope." He was arrested nevertheless, but the Anagnese took up arms and delivered him. He returned to Rome, but died a month later.

A SUPPOSED STREET SCENE IN VERONA IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[THE fourteenth century was a time of confusion and discord. There was the great quarrel between the Neri and Bianchi; there were quarrels between cities on account of grudges and jealousy; and between the great families there were quarrels whose first cause was sometimes so slight as to have been entirely forgotten. These last feuds were taken up by the followers and retainers of the families, and street brawls were of constant occurrence. A word or a gesture was enough to bring on a hand-to-hand fight with bloodshed and murder. Such a scene is pictured in the following extract from "Romeo and Juliet." Sampson and Gregory, servants of the house of Capulet, are talking together in a public place in Verona when they see approaching Abraham and Balthasar, servants of the house of Montague.

The Editor.]

Gre. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter two other serving-men [ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR].

Sam. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens [*and* OFFICERS], *with clubs or partisans.*

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

Lady Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* his train.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stainèd steel, —
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

ITALY

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulets, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker's hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away.
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

THE RULE OF RIENZI

[1347–1354]

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[In the fourteenth century the great nobles of Rome quarreled so fiercely that each took a stronghold for himself and his followers. There was little of either trade or manufacture. The citizens were abased, and Rome was humiliated. Cola di Rienzi was put into public office by the Pope, and showed himself therein both faithful and honest. He succeeded in making the Roman people realize the depth to which they had sunk and in arousing them to take the state into their own hands. Rienzi was put at its head, and the title of "Tribune" was given him. For a while no fault could be found with his government. Then his success became too much for him. He put on kingly airs, he taxed the peopleheavilyand unfairly, and showed himself a tyrant. In 1354, the Romans revolted and Rienzi was slain. "Montreal" is a Knight of St. John, the determined opponent of Rienzi in seeking freedom for the people.

The Editor.]

One day, as Montreal, with a small troop in attendance, passed on horseback near the walls of Terracina, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and a numerous throng issued forth, preceded by a singular figure, whose steps they followed bareheaded and with loud blessings; a train of monks closed the procession, chanting a hymn, of which the concluding words were as follows: —

> Beauteous on the mountains, — lo,
> The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing;

The flowers along his pathway grow,
And voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing;
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way, Young Messenger of Peace!
O'er the mount, and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure.
Day and night no fear thou knowest,
Lonely, — but with God thou goest.
Where the heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armèd throng thou piercest.
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white.
For the sinful sword, — thy hand
Bearing bright the silver wand.
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By a word the wildest taming,
And the world to Christ reclaiming:
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War and wrath and rapine cease,
Hush'd round thy charmèd path, O Messenger of Peace!

The stranger to whom these honors were paid was a young, unbearded man, clothed in white wrought with silver: he was unarmed and barefooted; in his hand he held a tall silver wand. Montreal and his party halted in astonishment and wonder, and the knight, spurring his horse towards the crowd, confronted the stranger.

"How, friend," quoth the Provençal, "is thine a new order of pilgrims, or what especial holiness has won thee this homage?"

"Back, back!" cried some of the bolder of the crowd; "let not the robber dare arrest the Messenger of Peace."

Montreal waved his hand disdainfully.

"I speak not to you, good sirs, and the worthy friars

in your rear know full well that I never injured herald or palmer."

The monks, ceasing from their hymn, advanced hastily to the spot; and indeed the devotion of Montreal had ever induced him to purchase the good will of whatever monastery neighbored his wandering home.

"My son," said the eldest of the brethren, "this is a strange spectacle, and a sacred; and when thou learnest all, thou wilt rather give the messenger a passport of safety from the unthinking courage of thy friends than intercept his path of peace."

"Ye puzzle still more my simple brain," said Montreal impatiently; "let the youth speak for himself. I perceive that on his mantle are the arms of Rome blended with other quarterings, which are a mystery to me, though sufficiently versed in heraldic art, as befits a noble and a knight."

"Signor," said the youth gravely, "know in me the messenger of Cola di Rienzi, Tribune of Rome, charged with letters to many a baron and prince in the ways between Rome and Naples. The arms wrought upon my mantle are those of the pontiff, the city, and the tribune."

"Umph! thou must have bold nerves to traverse the Campagna with no other weapon than that stick of silver!"

"Thou art mistaken, sir knight," replied the youth boldly, "and judgest of the present by the past. Know that not a single robber now lurks within the Campagna; the arms of the tribune have rendered every road around the city as secure as the broadest street of the city itself."

"Thou tellest me wonders."

"Through the forest and in the fortress, through the wildest solitudes, through the most populous towns, have my comrades borne this silver wand unmolested and unscathed. Wherever we pass along, thousands hail us, and tears of joy bless the messengers of him who hath expelled the brigand from his hold, the tyrant from his castle, and insured the gains of the merchant and the hut of the peasant."

"*Par Dieu!*" said Montreal, with a stern smile, "I ought to be thankful for the preference shown to me. I have not yet received the commands nor felt the vengeance of the tribune; yet, methinks, my humble castle lies just within the patrimony of St. Peter."

"Pardon me, signor cavalier," said the youth; "but do I address the renowned Knight of St. John, warrior of the Cross, yet leader of banditti?"

"Boy, you are bold; I am Walter de Montreal."

"I am bound, then, sir knight, to your castle."

"Take care how thou reach it before me, or thou standest a fair chance of a quick exit. How now, my friends?" seeing that the crowd at these words gathered closer round the messenger. "Think ye that I, who have my mate in kings, would find a victim in an unarmed boy? Fie! give way, give way. Young man, follow me homeward; you are safe in my castle as in your mother's arms."

So saying, Montreal, with great dignity and deliberate gravity, rode slowly towards his castle, his soldiers, wondering, at a little distance, and the white-robed messenger following with the crowd, who refused to depart; so great was their enthusiasm that they even

ascended to the gates of the dreaded castle, and insisted on waiting without until the return of the youth assured them of his safety.

Montreal, who, however lawless elsewhere, strictly preserved the rights of the meanest boor in his immediate neighborhood, and rather affected popularity with the poor, bade the crowd enter the courtyard, ordered his servitors to provide them with wine and refreshment, regaled the good monks in his great hall, and then led the way to a small room, where he received the messenger.

"This," said the youth, "will best explain my mission," as he placed a letter before Montreal.

The knight cut the silk with his dagger, and read the epistle with great composure.

"Your tribune," said he, when he had finished it, "has learned the laconic style of power very soon. He orders me to render this castle and vacate the papal territory within ten days. He is obliging; I must have breathing-time to consider the proposal. Be seated, I pray you, young sir. Forgive me, but I should have imagined that your lord had enough upon his hands with his Roman barons, to make him a little more indulgent to us foreign visitors. Stephen Colonna —"

"Is returned to Rome, and has taken the oath of allegiance; the Savelli, the Orsini, the Frangipani, have all subscribed their submission to the Buono Stato."

"How!" cried Montreal in great surprise.

"Not only have they returned, but they have submitted to the dispersion of all their mercenaries and the dismantling of all their fortifications. The iron of the Orsini Palace now barricades the Capitol, and the stone-

work of the Colonna and the Savelli has added new battlements to the gates of the Lateran and St. Laurence."

"Wonderful man!" said Montreal, with reluctant admiration. "By what means was this effected?"

"A stern command and a strong force to back it. At the first sound of the great bell, twenty thousand Romans rise in arms. What to such an army are the brigands of an Orsini or a Colonna? Sir knight, your valor and renown make even Rome admire you; and I, a Roman, bid you beware."

"Well, I thank thee; thy news, friend, robs me of breath. So the barons submit, then?"

"Yes. On the first day, one of the Colonna, the Lord Adrian, took the oath; within a week, Stephen, assured of safe conduct, left Palestrina, the Savelli in his train; the Orsini followed. Even Martino di Porto has silently succumbed."

"The tribune — But is that his dignity? Methought he was to be king —"

"He was offered, and he refused the title. His present rank, which arrogates no patrician honors, went far to conciliate the nobles."

"A wise knave! — I beg pardon, a sagacious prince! Well, then, the tribune lords it mightily, I suppose, over the great Roman names?"

"Pardon me; he enforces impartial justice from peasant or patrician; but he preserves to the nobles all their just privileges and legal rank."

"Ha! and the vain puppets, so they keep the semblance, scarce miss the substance, — I understand. But this shows genius. The tribune is unwed, I think. Does he look among the Colonna for a wife?"

"Sir knight, the tribune is already married; within three days after his ascension to power he won and bore home the daughter of the Baron di Raselli."

"Raselli! no great name; he might have done better."

"But it is said," resumed the youth, smiling, "that the tribune will shortly be allied to the Colonna, through his fair sister, the Signora Irene. The Baron di Castello woos her."

"What, Adrian Colonna! Enough; you have convinced me that a man who contents the people and awes or conciliates the nobles is born for empire. My answer to this letter I will send myself. For your news, sir messenger, accept this jewel," and the knight took from his finger a gem of some price. "Nay, shrink not; it was as freely given to me as it is now to thee."

The youth, who had been agreeably surprised and impressed by the manner of the renowned freebooter, and who was not a little astonished himself with the ease and familiarity with which he had been relating to Fra Moreale, in his own fortress, the news of Rome, bowed low as he accepted the gift.

The astute Provençal, who saw the evident impression he had made, perceived also that it might be of advantage in delaying the measures he might deem it expedient to adopt. "Assure the tribune," said he, on dismissing the messenger, "shouldst thou return ere my letter arrive, that I admire his genius, hail his power, and will not fail to consider as favorably as I may of his demand."

"Better," said the messenger warmly (he was of good blood and gentle bearing), "better ten tyrants for our enemy than one Montreal."

"An enemy! Believe me, sir, I seek no enmity with

princes who know how to govern, or a people that has the wisdom at once to rule and to obey."

The whole of that day, however, Montreal remained thoughtful and uneasy; he dispatched trusty messengers to the Governor of Aquila (who was then in correspondence with Louis of Hungary), to Naples, and to Rome, — the last charged with a letter to the tribune, which, without absolutely compromising himself, affected submission, and demanded only a longer leisure for the preparations of departure. But at the same time fresh fortifications were added to the castle, ample provisions were laid in, and, night and day, spies and scouts were stationed along the pass and in the town of Terracina. Montreal was precisely the chief who prepared most for war when most he pretended peace.

III
THE RENAISSANCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE period of the crusades extended from 1096 to 1272. When the crusaders returned, they brought with them wonder-stories of the science and learning of the East. People began to discover the value of the old Greek and Latin manuscripts. Libraries and monasteries, even attics and cellars, were eagerly searched for the parchment treasures. More than this, the minds of men were so aroused and stimulated that they felt an impulse to attempt many kinds of work and to do in original and more excellent ways whatever they attempted. This awakening was so marked that the name Renaissance, or new birth, has been given to it.

By the middle of the fifteenth century, Italy had obtained an enviable position. The little courts of her princes were models in culture and magnificence for all Europe. The ships of Venice and Genoa swarmed in every port. The manufacture of woolen goods alone employed about 30,000 workmen in Florence and yielded more than $12,000,000 yearly. In the same city were eighty banks, a single one of which lent Edward III of England the equivalent of more than $15,000,000. In the fine arts, Italy was entering on a period of incomparable splendor. And all this was at a time when the rest of Europe was just emerging from the Dark Ages.

But this very prosperity bore within it the germs of destruction. The rapid increase of wealth and luxury sapped the old fighting spirit of the citizens. The busy merchant or artisan found it more convenient to use his money in hiring soldiers to fight for him, than to spend his own valuable time on the battlefield. The result of this enervation was soon apparent. In 1494, a French army passed the length of Italy with scarcely a shadow of opposition. The weakness of the unfortunate country was now as apparent as her wealth, the temptation was too great for her more powerful enemies, and Italy became the battle-ground of Europe.

HOW THE DOGES OF VENICE WERE CHOSEN

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[IN 687, the people who had settled on the Venetian islands appointed a common head. To him they gave the title of Doge, or leader, from the Latin *dux*. Five hundred years later, the Grand Council was formed, to which no newcomers were admitted. The noble families who had a right to representation in this council were enrolled in what was called the Golden Book. Later, a Council of Ten, a Senate, a Cabinet of Sages, and six Ducal Councilors were chosen. The Doge was the nominal head of all these bodies. He had much magnificence, but little real power.

The Editor.]

THEN the noble Doge Rainieri Zeno died, and was buried, clad in cloth of gold; and seventeen days after, Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo was elected Doge. At that time there were six councilors in Venice who remained in the palace until the new Doge was elected, and their vicar was Messer Nicolao Michele. And he assembled all the people in the church of St. Mark, and spoke to them very wisely of all that belonged to the electing a Doge of Venice, and all that the Doge must swear to observe; and the people approved that which had been established. And this was how the election was made: The noble councilors assembled that day the Great Council; and for each one who was in the council there was made a little ball of wax, and inside thirty of these balls was a piece of parchment on which was written "Lector." Then each one took a ball, and the councilors and the

forty broke them in the sight of all; and when there was found within the word "Lector," he who had drawn it went and sat down in a certain place, and those who found nothing written went behind. Thus when all was done there were thirty electors. When they were assembled together, Messer Nicolao Michele spoke to them of the manner in which the election was to be made. And when they had sworn their oath before the council they remained in their room above in the palace, and the others went away. Then these thirty men made balls of wax, and in nine of them was a parchment with the word "Lector"; and each one took his ball, and those who found the word within tarried and the others went away. Then these nine assembled together and chose forty Venetians; and they had power to choose from the council, and from outside the council, seven of them agreeing together. And when they were agreed, they made known to Messer Nicolao Michele, and to the councilors, and to the three heads of the forty, the names of the forty men whom they had chosen; and they sent to fetch them to the palace. And they made forty balls of wax of which twelve had within the word "Lector"; and they put the forty balls in a hat. And there was brought in a child of the age of eleven years; and as each one came up, they said to the little child: "Put your hand into the hat, and take out a wax ball for such a one" (naming him); and the child took it and gave it to the councilors, and they broke it before him; and if there was written within "Lector," they made him sit down, and if not they sent him away. Then the vicar made the twelve chosen swear to observe all that the wise men had established; and they went

into a room and chose twenty-five men, eight of them agreeing together. Then they made known the names to the vicar and to the others; and they assembled them together, and made twenty-five balls, and within nine of them was the parchment with the word "Lector." And they came one after the other up to the hat, and the child drew a ball for each and the councilors broke them. And they made the nine chosen swear the oath, and they went into a chamber and chose forty-five men, seven men agreeing together. Then the vicar and the others assembled the forty-five, and made forty-five balls of wax, and in eleven of them put the parchment; and the child drew for them. And the eleven having been sworn, went into a chamber, and chose forty-one men, nine men agreeing together. These forty-one were to choose the Doge, twenty-five agreeing together. So they made the forty-one swear to observe the rules that the people had approved, and to support and defend the Doge who should be chosen.

So these forty-one men chose Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo; and they were of the nobles of Venice. Also in all the elections there was no man chosen who was not thirty years old at least.

There was great joy in Venice when Messer Lorenzo Tiepolo was chosen; for the people remembered the goodness of Messer Jacopo Tiepolo, his father, and the great things he had done, and Messer Lorenzo had learned of him well. And they assembled in the church of St. Mark, and he was declared to be elected Doge; and they stripped off his clothes and led him before the altar, and there he took the oath, and there was given him the gonfalon of St. Mark, and he took it. Then

amid great rejoicing he went up to the palace, and on the stairs he stopped with the gonfalon in his hand, and the chaplains of St. Mark cried aloud: "Let Christ conquer! let Christ reign! let Christ rule! And to our Lord Lorenzo Tiepolo, by the grace of God, illustrious Doge of Venice, Dalmatia, and Croatia, and lord of the fourth part and a half of the Empire of Romania, be safety, honor, long life, and victory! May St. Mark be thine aid!" Then the Doge entered the palace, and the chaplains went to S. Agostino, where there was the Dogaressa, and sang praises to her.

THE BURNING OF THE VANITIES

[1497]

BY GEORGE ELIOT

[From the end of the fourteenth century, the Medici, a powerful family of Italy, had ruled Florence and Tuscany. The most famous of the Medici was Lorenzo, surnamed "The Magnificent." From 1478 to his death, in 1492, he governed Florence. He bore no title, but ruled entirely by his ability. He held enormous wealth, was wise and kind and generous, and a munificent patron of the arts and sciences. Under his wise control, the republic enjoyed many years of peace. With him died the glory of Italy.

In the last days of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the city of Florence was given up to shameless immorality. The monk Savonarola preached boldly against the sins of the day until his eloquence and earnestness won the hearts of the people. Lorenzo died, the French made a fruitless invasion into Italy, Lorenzo's son was driven into exile, and for the moment Florence became a republic. No regular government had been formed, and Savonarola was the strongest power in the city. Whatever laws he proposed were made, and rich and poor listened eagerly to his teachings. Religion was the absorbing interest of the day. The streets echoed with the singing of hymns. The children were as enthusiastic as their elders, and in 1497, during the season of Carnival just preceding Lent, they went about from house to house, begging people to destroy not only their immoral books, but also their handsome clothes and their jewels. The destruction of these was known as the "Burning of the Vanities."

All Florence had bowed down to the earnest preacher, but there was soon a reaction. Moreover, he had aroused the

enmity of the Pope. He was tried, with his bitterest enemies as judges, was tortured, and put to death.

The Editor.]

On the last day of the Carnival, between ten and eleven in the morning, Romola walked out, according to promise, towards the Corso degli Albizzi, to fetch her cousin Brigida, that they might both be ready to start from the Via de'-Bardi early in the afternoon, and take their places at a window which Tito had had reserved for them in the Piazza della Signoria, where there was to be a scene of so new and striking a sort that all Florentine eyes must desire to see it. For the Piagnoni were having their own way thoroughly about the mode of keeping the Carnival. In vain Dolfo Spina and his companions had struggled to get up the dear old masks and practical jokes, well spiced with indecency. Such things were not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king.

Romola set out in that languid state of mind with which every one enters on a long day of sight-seeing purely for the sake of gratifying a child or some dear childish friend. The day was certainly an epoch in carnival-keeping; but this phase of reform had not touched her enthusiasm, and she did not know that it was an epoch in her own life when *another* lot would begin to be no longer secretly but visibly entwined with her own.

She chose to go through the great piazza that she might take a first survey of the unparalleled sight there while she was still alone. Entering it from the south, she saw something monstrous and many-colored in the shape of a pyramid, or, rather, like a huge fir-tree, sixty feet high, with shelves on the branches, widening and

widening towards the base till they reached a circumference of eighty yards. The piazza was full of life: slight young figures, in white garments, with olive wreaths on their heads, were moving to and fro about the base of the pyramidal tree, carrying baskets full of bright-colored things; and maturer forms, some in the monastic frock, some in the loose tunics and dark-red caps of artists, were helping and examining, or else retreating to various points in the distance to survey the wondrous whole; while a considerable group, among whom Romola recognized Piero di Cosimo, standing on the marble steps of Orgagna's Loggia, seemed to be keeping aloof in discontent and scorn.

Approaching nearer, she paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards along with blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading-dresses used in the old Carnival shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Pulci, and other books of a vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity, — rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances; lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of market-

able abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival.

This was the preparation for a new sort of bonfire, — the Burning of Vanities. Hidden in the interior of the pyramid was a plentiful store of dry fuel and gunpowder; and on this last day of the festival, at evening, the pile of vanities was to be set ablaze to the sound of trumpets, and the ugly old Carnival was to tumble into the flames amid the songs of reforming triumph.

This crowning act of the new festivities could hardly have been prepared but for a peculiar organization which had been started by Savonarola two years before. The mass of the Florentine boyhood and youth was no longer left to its own genial promptings towards street mischief and crude dissoluteness. Under the training of Fra Domenico, a sort of lieutenant to Savonarola, lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for Unseen Good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort, — singing divine praises and walking in white robes. It was for them that the ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and they had been used to hear Savonarola appeal to them as the future glory of a city specially appointed to do the work of God.

These fresh-cheeked troops were the chief agents in the regenerated merriment of the new Carnival, which was a sort of sacred parody of the old. Had there been bonfires in the old time? There was to be a bonfire now, consuming impurity from off the earth. Had there been

symbolic processions? There were to be processions now, but the symbols were to be white robes and red crosses and olive wreaths, — emblems of peace and innocent gladness, — and the banners and images held aloft were to tell the triumphs of goodness. Had there been dancing in a ring under the open sky of the piazza, to the sound of choral voices chanting loose songs? There was to be dancing in a ring now, but dancing of monks and laity in fraternal love and divine joy, and the music was to be the music of hymns. As for the collections from street passengers, they were to be greater than ever, — not for gross and superfluous suppers, but for the benefit of the hungry and needy; and, besides, there was the collecting of the *Anathema*, or the Vanities to be laid on the great pyramidal bonfire.

Troops of young inquisitors went from house to house on this exciting business of asking that the Anathema should be given up to them. Perhaps, after the more avowed vanities had been surrendered, Madonna, at the head of the household, had still certain little reddened balls brought from the Levant, intended to produce on a sallow cheek a sudden bloom of the most ingenuous falsity? If so, let her bring them down and cast them into the basket of doom. Or, perhaps, she had ringlets and coils of "dead hair"? If so, let her bring them to the street-door, not on her head, but in her hands, and publicly renounce the Anathema which hid the respectable signs of age under a ghastly mockery of youth. And, in reward, she would hear fresh young voices pronounce a blessing on her and her house.

The beardless inquisitors, organized into little regiments, doubtless took to their work very willingly. To

coerce people by shame, or other spiritual pelting, into the giving up of things it will probably vex them to part with, is a form of piety to which the boyish mind is most readily converted; and if some obstinately wicked men got enraged and threatened the whip or the cudgel, this was also exciting. Savonarola himself evidently felt about the training of these boys the difficulty weighing on all minds with noble yearnings towards great ends, yet with that imperfect perception of means which forces a resort to some supernatural constraining influence as the only sure hope. The Florentine youth had had very evil habits and foul tongues: it seemed at first an unmixed blessing when they were got to shout, "*Viva Gesù!*" But Savonarola was forced at last to say from the pulpit, "There is a little too much of shouting of '*Viva Gesù!*' This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa."

Nevertheless, as the long stream of white-robed youthfulness, with its little red crosses and olive wreaths, had gone to the Duomo at dawn this morning to receive the communion from the hands of Savonarola, it was a sight of beauty; and, doubtless, many of those young souls were laying up memories of hope and awe that might save them from ever resting in a merely vulgar view of their work as men and citizens. There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness, and these boys became the generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their Republic. Now, in the intermediate hours between the early communion and dinner-time, they were making their last perambulations to collect alms and vanities,

and this was why Romola saw the slim white figures moving to and fro about the base of the great pyramid.

"What think you of this folly, Madonna Romola?" said a brusque voice close to her ear. "Your Piagnoni will make *l'inferno* a pleasant prospect to us, if they are to carry things their own way on earth. It's enough to fetch a cudgel over the mountains to see painters, like Lorenzo di Credi and young Baccio there, helping to burn color out of life in this fashion."

"My good Piero," said Romola, looking up and smiling at the grim man, "even you must be glad to see some of these things burnt. Look at those gewgaws and wigs and rouge-pots: I have heard you talk as indignantly against those things as Fra Girolamo himself."

"What, then?" said Piero, turning round on her sharply. "I never said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense, — leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church! — talk of heresy, indeed! And I should like to know what the excellent Messer Bardo would have said to the burning of the divine poets by these Frati, who are no better an imitation of men than if they were onions with the bulbs uppermost. Look at that Petrarca sticking up beside a rouge-pot: do the idiots pretend that the heavenly Laura was a painted harridan? And Boccaccio, now: do you mean to say, Madonna Romola — you who are fit to be a model for a wise Saint Catherine of Egypt, — do you mean to say

you have never read the stories of the immortal Messer Giovanni?"

"It is true I have read them, Piero," said Romola. "Some of them a great many times over, when I was a little girl. I used to get the book down when my father was asleep, so that I could read to myself."

"*Ebbene?*" said Piero, in a fiercely challenging tone.

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola; "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke. And I cannot blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

"Yes, yes, it's very well to say so now you've read them," said Piero bitterly, turning on his heel and walking away from her.

Romola, too, walked on, smiling at Piero's innuendo, with a sort of tenderness towards the old painter's anger, because she knew that her father would have felt something like it.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, A GOLDSMITH OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY[1]

[1500–1571]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THERE is at Florence a bridge called the Ponte-Vecchio, which is covered with houses to this day; these houses were in the old days goldsmiths' shops.

But the word is not to be understood as we understand it to-day. The goldsmith of our day follows a trade; formerly, the goldsmith was an artist.

So it was that there was nothing in the world so wondrously beautiful as these shops, or rather as the articles with which they were stocked. There were round cups of onyx, around which dragons' tails were twined, while heads and bodies of these fabulous creatures confronted one another with gold-bespangled sky-blue wings outspread, and with jaws wide open like chimeras, shot threatening glances from their ruby eyes. There were ewers of agate, with a festoon of ivy clinging around the base, and climbing up in guise of handle well above the orifice concealing amid its emerald foliage some marvelous bird from the tropics, in brilliant plumage of enamel, seemingly alive and ready to burst forth in song. There were urns of lapis lazuli over the edge of which leaned, as if to drink, lizards chiselled with such art that one could almost see the changing reflections of their gol-

[1] From *Ascanio*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1895, by Little, Brown, and Company.

den cuirasses, and might have thought that they would fly at the least sound, and seek shelter in some crevice in the wall. There were chalices and monstrances and bronze and gold and silver medallions, all studded with precious stones, as if in those days rubies, topazes, carbuncles, and diamonds could be found by searching in the sand on river banks, or in the dust of the highroad; and there were nymphs, naiads, gods, goddesses, a whole resplendent Olympus mingled with crucifixes, crosses, and Calvarys; Mater Dolorosas, Venuses, Christs, Apollos, Jupiters launching thunderbolts, and Jehovahs creating the world; and all this not only cleverly executed, but poetically conceived; not only admirable, viewed as ornaments for a woman's boudoir, but magnificent masterpieces fit to immortalize the reign of a king or the genius of a nation.

To be sure, the goldsmiths of that epoch bore the name of Donatello, Ghiberti, Guirlandajo and Benvenuto Cellini.

Now, Benvenuto Cellini has himself described in his memoirs, which are more interesting than the most interesting novel, the adventurous life of the artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Titian was painting in a coat of mail, when Michael Angelo was sculpturing with his sword at his side, when Masaccio and Vomenichino died of poison, and Cosmo I secluded himself in his laboratory to discover the mode of tempering steel so that it would cut porphyry.

To show the character of the man, we will take a single episode in his life, — which was the occasion of his coming to France.

Benvenuto was at Rome, whither Pope Clement VII

had summoned him, and was at work with characteristic ardor upon the beautiful chalice which his Holiness had ordered; but as he desired to display his talent at its best upon the precious work, he made but slow progress. Now, Benvenuto, as may well be imagined, had many rivals, who envied him the many valuable orders he received from the Pope, as well as the marvelous skill with which he executed them. The result was that one of his confrères, named Pompeo, who had nothing to do but slander his betters, took advantage of the delay to do him all possible injury in the Pope's sight, and kept at work persistently, day in and day out, without truce or relaxation, sometimes in undertones, sometimes aloud, assuring him that he would never finish it, and that he was so overwhelmed with orders that he executed those of other people to the neglect of His Holiness's.

He said and did so much, did good Pompeo, that when Benvenuto Cellini saw him enter his workshop one day with smiling face, he divined at once that he was the bearer of bad news for him.

"Well, my dear confrère," Pompeo began, "I have come to relieve you from a heavy burden. His Holiness realizes that your neglect in completing *his* chalice is not due to lack of zeal, but to lack of time; he therefore considers it no more than just to relieve you from some one of your important duties, and of his own motion he dismisses you from the post of Engraver to the Mint. It will be nine paltry ducats[1] a month less in your pocket but an hour more each day at your disposal."

Benvenuto was conscious of an intense longing to

[1] A ducat ranged in value from $1.46 to $2.30.

throw the jeering varlet out of the window, but he restrained his feelings, and Pompeo, seeing that not a muscle of his face moved, thought that he had missed his aim.

"Furthermore," he continued, "why, I know not, but in spite of all that I could say in your behalf, His Holiness demands his chalice at once, in whatever condition it may be. Verily, I am afraid, dear Benvenuto, I say it in all friendliness, that it is his purpose to have some other finish it."

"Oh, no, not that!" cried the goldsmith, starting up like one bitten by a serpent. "My chalice is my own, even as the office at the Mint is the Pope's. His Holiness hath no right to do more than bid me return the five hundred crowns paid to me in advance, and I will dispose of my work as may seem good to me."

"Beware, my master," said Pompeo; "imprisonment may be the sequel of your refusal."

"Signor Pompeo, you 're an ass!" retorted Benvenuto.

Pompeo left the shop in a rage.

On the following day two of the Holy Father's chamberlains called upon Benvenuto Cellini.

"The Pope has sent us," said one of them, "either to receive the chalice at your hands, or take you to prison."

"Monsignori," rejoined Benvenuto, "an artist like myself deserves no less than to be given in charge to functionaries like yourselves. Here I am; take me to prison. But I give you fair warning that all this will not put the Pope's chalice forward one stroke of the graver."

Benvenuto went with them to the governor of the prison, who, having doubtless received his instructions in advance, invited him to dine with him. Throughout

the repast the governor used every conceivable argument to induce Benvenuto to satisfy the Pope by carrying the chalice to him, assuring him that, if he would make that concession, Clement VII, violent and obstinate as he was, would forget his displeasure. But the artist replied that he had already shown the Holy Father his chalice six times since he began it, and that was all that could justly be required of him; moreover, he said that he knew His Holiness, and that he was not to be trusted; that he might very well, when he had the chalice in his hands, take it from him altogether, and give it to some idiot to finish, who would spoil it. He reiterated his readiness to return the five hundred crowns paid in advance.

Having said so much, Benvenuto met all subsequent arguments of the governor by exalting his cook to the skies, and praising his wines.

After dinner, all his compatriots, all his dearest friends, all his apprentices, led by Ascanio, called upon him to implore him not to rush headlong to destruction by resisting the commands of Clement VII; but Benvenuto told them that he had long desired to establish the great truth that a goldsmith can be more obstinate than a Pope; and as the most favorable opportunity he could ask for was now at hand, he certainly would not let it pass, for fear that it might not return.

His compatriots withdrew, shrugging their shoulders, his friends vowing that he was mad, and Ascanio weeping bitterly.

Fortunately Pompeo did not forget Cellini, and meanwhile he was saying slyly to the Pope, —

"Most Holy Father, give your servant a free hand; I

will send word to this obstinate fellow, that, since he is so determined, he may send me the five hundred crowns; as he is a notorious spendthrift he will not have that sum at his disposal, he will be compelled to give up the chalice to me."

Clement considered this an excellent device and bade Pompeo do as he suggested. And so, that same evening, as Cellini was about to be taken to the cell assigned him, a chamberlain made his appearance and informed the goldsmith that His Holiness accepted his ultimatum, and demanded the delivery of the chalice or the five hundred crowns without delay.

Benvenuto replied that they had but to take him to his workshop, and he would give them the five hundred crowns.

He was escorted thither by four Swiss, accompanied by the chamberlain. He entered his bedroom, drew a key from his pocket, opened a small iron closet built into the wall, plunged his hand into a large bag, took out five hundred crowns, and, having given them to the chamberlain, showed him and the four Swiss to the door. It should be said, in justice to Benvenuto Cellini, that they received four crowns for their trouble, and in justice to the Swiss, that they kissed his hands as they took their leave.

The chamberlain returned forthwith to the Holy Father, and delivered the five hundred crowns, whereupon His Holiness, in his desperation, flew into a violent rage, and began to abuse Pompeo.

"Go thyself to my great engraver at his workshop, animal," he said, "employ all the soothing arguments of which thy ignorant folly is capable, and say to him

that if he will consent to finish my chalice, I will give him whatever facilities he may require."

"But, Your Holiness," said Pompeo, "will it not be time to-morrow morning?"

"I fear lest it be already too late this evening, imbecile, and I do not choose that Benvenuto shall sleep upon his wrath; therefore do my bidding on the instant, and let me not fail to have a favorable reply to-morrow morning at my levée."

Pompeo thereupon left the Vatican with drooping feathers, and repaired to Benvenuto's workshop; it was closed.

He peered through the keyhole and through the cracks in the door, and scrutinized all the windows, one after another, to see if there was not one which showed a light; but all were dark. He ventured to knock a second time somewhat louder than at first, and then a third time, still louder.

Thereupon a window on the first floor opened, and Benvenuto appeared in his shirt, arquebus in his hand.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"I," the messenger replied.

"Who art thou?" rejoined the goldsmith, although he recognized his man at once.

"Pompeo."

"Thou liest," said Benvenuto; "I know Pompeo well, and he is far too great a coward to venture out into the streets of Rome at this hour."

"But, my dear Cellini, I swear —"

"Hold thy peace! thou art a villain, and hast taken the poor devil's name to induce me to open my door, and then to rob me."

"Master Benvenuto, may I die —"

"Say but another word," cried Benvenuto, pointing the arquebus toward his interlocutor, "and that wish of thine will be gratified."

Pompeo fled at full speed, crying "Murder!" and disappeared around the corner of the nearest street.

Benvenuto thereupon closed his window, hung his arquebus on its nail and went to bed once more, laughing in his beard at poor Pompeo's fright.

The next morning, as he went down to his shop, which had been opened an hour earlier by his apprentices, he spied Pompeo on the opposite side of the street, where he had been doing sentry duty since daybreak, waiting to see him descend.

As soon as he saw Cellini, Pompeo waved his hand to him in the most affectionately friendly way imaginable.

"Aha!" said Cellini, "is it you, my dear Pompeo? By my faith! I was within an ace last night of making a churl pay dearly for his insolence in assuming your name."

"Indeed!" said Pompeo, forcing himself to smile, and drawing gradually nearer to the shop; "how did it happen, pray?"

Benvenuto thereupon described the incident to His Holiness's messenger; but as his friend Benvenuto had described him in their nocturnal interview as a coward, Pompeo did not dare confess his identity with the visitor. When his tale was finished, Cellini asked Pompeo to what happy circumstance he was indebted for the honor of so early a visit from him.

Pompeo thereupon acquitted himself, but in somewhat different terms, be it understood, of the errand

upon which Clement VII had sent him to his goldsmith. Benvenuto's features expanded as he proceeded. Clement VII yielded; *ergo* the goldsmith had been more obstinate than the Pope.

"Say to His Holiness," said Benvenuto, when the message was duly delivered, "that I shall be very happy to obey him, and do anything in my power to regain his favor, which I have lost not by any fault of my own, but through the evil machinations of envious rivals. As for yourself, Signor Pompeo, as the Pope does not lack retainers, I counsel you, in your own interest, to look to it that another than you is sent to me hereafter; for your health's sake, Signor Pompeo, interfere no more in my affairs; in pity for yourself, never happen in my path, and for the welfare of my soul, Pompeo, pray God that I be not your Cæsar."

Pompeo waited to hear no more, but returned to Clement VII with Cellini's reply, of which, however, he suppressed the peroration.

Sometime thereafter, in order to put the seal to his reconciliation with Benvenuto, Clement VII ordered his medallion struck by him. Benvenuto struck it in bronze, in silver, and in gold, and then carried it to him. The Pope was so enraptured with it that he cried out in his admiration, that so beautiful a medallion had never been produced by the ancients.

"Ah, well, Your Holiness," said Benvenuto, "had I not displayed some firmness, we should have been at enmity to-day; for I would never have forgiven you, and you would have lost a devoted servant. Look you, Holy Father," he continued, by way of good counsel, "Your Holiness would not do ill to remember now and

then the opinion of many discreet folk, that one should bleed seven times before cutting once, and you would do well also to allow yourself to be something less easily made the dupe of lying tongues and envious detractors; so much for your guidance in the future, and we will say no more about it, Most Holy Father."

Thus did Benvenuto pardon Clement VII, which he certainly would not have done had he loved him less.



GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION

BY JOSEPH NICHOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY

(*French painter*, 1792–1890)

THE discoveries of Galileo are a generous part of the foundation of modern science. He discovered that time might be measured by the movement of a pendulum, and that all bodies falling in a vacuum will descend with equal velocity. He invented the telescope and the microscope, and a balance by which the specific gravity of solids might be ascertained. He discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and declared that the moon gave light by reflection, and that the Milky Way was a mighty tract of stars. He noted spots on the sun, and inferred from their motion that the sun revolves. In 1615 he stood out boldly in defense of the Copernican system, namely, that the earth revolves around the sun. Now came trouble. This was rank heresy, said the Church; for why should Joshua bid the sun stand still if it was already motionless? Galileo was called before the Inquisition, and bidden to abjure his theory of the motion of the earth. Under the threat of torture he did this. Then came the moment pictured in the illustration when, according to tradition, he whispered doggedly, "E pur si muove" (Nevertheless, it does move). Unfortunately there is said to be no foundation for this tradition. He was condemned to an indefinite term of imprisonment, but was soon released. He died in 1642.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

BY LORD BYRON

[This bridge, which was built in 1597, connects the ducal palace of Venice with the prison. Over it prisoners were led.
The Editor.]

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

IV
STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS

HISTORICAL NOTE

FROM the seventh to the thirteenth century, Constantinople was the "art center" of the Western world, but the art was in the style known as Byzantine. The figures were long and thin and stiff; the faces had no hint of expression, and the background was usually gilded. In 1204, the Venetians captured Constantinople, and this capture brought the Byzantine painters to Italy and their method with them. This method was at first followed with the utmost servility by the Italian painters; but after a while Cimabue and others ventured to draw figures a little more like human beings. Their robes fell into somewhat natural folds, and their faces had some little expression. Cimabue's pupil, Giotto, continued in the same line, and took a long step forward toward naturalism. With the fifteenth century came the Renaissance, with its inspiration to go directly to nature for models. Painting and sculpture advanced rapidly, and with Leonardo da Vinci there appeared complete mastery of composition and the use of light and shade. "During the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the grand climax of art was reached, and within that period the greatest painters of modern times flourished together, exercising in some sort a reciprocal influence, but each working out his own peculiar aims." It was during this time that Michael Angelo's early work was done; and with him the figures not only live but think and feel. The working years of Raphael's short life also fall within this period. In design he stands almost without a rival; in grandeur he is surpassed by Angelo alone. Titian, of the Venetian school of painting, was "the first to handle a brush with absolute freedom and facility." He sought only pictorial effects; and he produced them with unsurpassed excellence. After the middle of the sixteenth century, the great painters died one by one, and there were none to fill their places.

CIMABUE, THE FATHER OF PAINTING

[1240–1302]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

AFTER the decline of what is termed "Ancient Art," — that is to say, in the strictest sense, Greek Art, — there was a long period, of the individual artists of which we can tell almost nothing. Ancient Rome was full of wonderful works of art; but many of them were brought from Greece or other Eastern countries. Many more were made by Grecian artists in Rome, and after the time of the Emperor Augustus there were many years of which we shall not speak.

Giovanni Cimabue, the artist who is honored as the first Italian that revived any portion of the old beauty of painting, was born in Florence, in 1240. He was of noble family, and his parents allowed him to follow his inclination for art, until at last he painted the Madonna of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, which has always been, and must continue to be, a work of great interest. This was done when the artist was thirty years old.

I fancy that any one who now sees this picture wonders at its ugliness, instead of being filled with admiration, as were the Florentines more than six hundred years ago. But then Cimabue was watched with intense interest, and all the more because he would allow no one to see what he was painting. At length it happened that Charles of Anjou passed through Florence

on the way to his kingdom of Naples. Of course the noble Florentines did all in their power to entertain this royal guest, and besides other places he visited the studio of Cimabue, who now uncovered his work for the first time. Many people flocked to see it, and expressed their delight so loudly that the portion of the city in which the studio was has ever since been called the *Borgo Allegri*, or "the joyous quarter."

When the picture was completed, it was borne to the church in a grand solemn procession. The day was a festival; music was played, the magistrates of Florence graced the occasion with their presence, and the painter must have felt that he was more than repaid for all that he had done.

After this, Cimabue became famous all over Italy. He died about 1302, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore; above his tomb were inscribed these words: "Cimabue thought himself master of the field of painting. While living, he was so. Now he holds his place among the stars of heaven."

GIOTTO AND HIS "O"

[1276–1336]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

ONE of the titles that is given to Cimabue is that of the "Father of Painting"; and this may well be said of him when we remember that it was Cimabue who found Giotto, and acted the part of a father to the boy who was to be such a wonderful painter. The story is that when Cimabue was quite old and very famous, he was riding in the valley of Vespignano, a few miles from Florence, and saw a shepherd boy, who while his flocks were feeding was making a portrait of one of his sheep on a bit of slate with a pointed stone. Cimabue looked at the sketch, and found it so good that he offered to take the little Giotto — who was only twelve years old — and teach him to paint. The boy was very happy, and his father — whose name was Bondone — was glad of this good fortune for his son; so Giotto di Bondone lived thenceforth with the noble Cimabue, and was instructed in letters by Brunetto Latini, who was also the teacher of the great poet Dante, while his art studies were made under his adopted father, Cimabue.

In the first picture by Giotto of which we have any account, he introduced the portraits of Dante and his teacher Latini, with several others. In later times, when Dante was persecuted by his enemies in Florence, this picture was covered with whitewash, and it was only restored to the light in 1841, after centuries of conceal-

ment. It is a precious memento of the youth of two men of great genius, — Dante and Giotto.

Pope Boniface VIII, hearing in Rome of Giotto's paintings, sent to invite him to his court. The messenger of the Pope asked Giotto to show him something of the art which had made him so famous; and Giotto, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil, drew quickly with a single motion a circle so perfect that it was considered a miracle, and gave rise to a proverb, which the Italians still love to use: *Piu tondo che l'O di Giotto*, — "Rounder than the O of Giotto." When in Rome the artist executed both mosaics and paintings for the Pope, and by the time that he was thirty years old, the dukes, princes, and kings, far and near, contended for his time and labors.

When at Naples, in the employ of King Robert, one very hot day the king said: "Giotto, if I were you, I would leave work and rest."

"So would I, Sire, *if I were you*," said Giotto.

When the same king asked him to paint a picture of his kingdom, Giotto drew an ass bearing a saddle, on which were a crown and scepter; on the ground beside the ass was another saddle, with a very new, bright crown and scepter, which the ass was eagerly smelling. This was to signify that the Neapolitans were so fickle that they were always searching for a new king.

Giotto was a great architect as well as a great painter, for he it was who made all the designs, and even some of the working models for the beautiful bell-tower, or campanile of Florence, near the cathedral and baptistery. When the Emperor Charles V saw this tower, he exclaimed, "It should be kept under glass." A citizen of

Verona, who was in Florence while this tower of Giotto's was building, exclaimed that "the riches of two kingdoms would not suffice for such a work." This speech being overheard, he was thrown into prison and kept there several weeks, and was not permitted to leave the city until he had been taken to the treasury and convinced that the Florentines could afford to build a whole city of marble. Giotto died in 1336, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore with great honors, and Lorenzo de' Medici afterward erected a monument to him.

STORIES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

[1452–1519]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[LEONARDO DA VINCI was perhaps the most universal genius of all times. He was painter, sculptor, poet, architect, engineer, musician, philosopher, mathematician, chemist, botanist, and geologist. He invented or greatly improved the camera obscura, the hydrometer, the wheelbarrow, the door-spring, the derrick, artillery, machines for rope-making, grinding colors, and sawing stone, an automatic file-cutter, and other contrivances of less importance. He seems to have been acquainted with the earth's motion, the principle of velocity, the effect of the moon on tides, and the circulation of the blood long before the reputed discovery of any of these laws of nature. He experimented in aëronautics, and suggested the use of steam as a motive power. He originated the science of hydraulics, discovered the cause of fossilization, and is thought to have devised the algebraic signs + and −. He was probably the best anatomist, the greatest civil engineer, and the most skillful maker of military maps of his age in Italy.

As a painter he has been equaled, perhaps, but never surpassed. He was the first to achieve real truth to nature and to life, and to obtain complete mastery of anatomy and the use of colors. In every way he was centuries in advance of his age, and hinted at more than we even yet know. "In all the race, it is perhaps he who makes one proudest of being a thinking creature."

The Editor.]

LEONARDO was fond of all animals, ever treating them with infinite kindness and consideration; as a proof of this it is related that when he passed places where birds

were sold, he would frequently take them from their cages, and having paid the price demanded for them by the sellers, would then let them fly into the air, thus restoring to them the liberty they had lost. Leonardo was in all things so highly favored by nature, that to whatever he turned his thoughts, mind, and spirit, he gave proof in all of such admirable power and perfection, that whatever he did bore an impress of harmony, truthfulness, goodness, sweetness and grace, wherein no other man could ever equal him. . . .

It is related that Ser Piero da Vinci, being at his country house, was there visited by one of the peasants on his estate, who, having cut down a fig tree on his farm, had made a shield from part of it with his own hands, and then brought it to Ser Piero, begging that he would be pleased to cause the same to be painted for him in Florence. This the latter very willingly promised to do, the countryman having great skill in taking birds and in fishing, and being often serviceable to Ser Piero in such matters. Having taken the shield with him to Florence, therefore, without saying anything to Leonardo as to whom it was for, he desired the latter to paint something upon it. Accordingly, he one day took it in hand, but finding it crooked, coarse, and badly made, he straightened it at the fire, and giving it to a turner, it was brought back to him smooth and delicately rounded, instead of the rude and shapeless form in which he had received it. He then covered it with gypsum, and having prepared it to his liking, he began to consider what he could paint upon it that might best and most effectually terrify whomsoever might approach it, producing the same effect with that formerly attributed to the head

of Medusa. For this purpose, therefore, Leonardo carried to one of his rooms, into which no one but himself ever entered, a number of lizards, hedgehogs, newts, serpents, dragon-flies, locusts, bats, glow-worms, and every other sort of strange animal of similar kind on which he could lay his hands; from this assemblage, variously adapted and joined together, he formed a hideous and appalling monster, breathing poison and flames, and surrounded by an atmosphere of fire; this he caused to issue from a dark and rifted rock, with poison reeking from the cavernous throat, flames darting from the eyes, and vapor rising from the nostrils in such sort that the result was indeed a most fearful and monstrous creature: at this he labored until the odors arising from all those dead animals filled the room with a mortal fetor, to which the zeal of Leonardo and the love which he bore to art rendered him insensible or indifferent. When this work, which neither the countryman nor Ser Piero any longer inquired for, was completed, Leonardo went to his father and told him that he might send for the shield at his earliest convenience, since, so far as he was concerned, the work was finished; Ser Piero went accordingly one morning to the room for the shield, and having knocked at the door, Leonardo opened it to him, telling him nevertheless to wait a little without, and having returned into the room he placed the shield on the easel, and shading the window so that the light falling on the painting was somewhat dimmed, he made Ser Piero step within to look at it. But the latter, not expecting any such thing, drew back, startled at the first glance, not supposing that to be the shield, or believing the monster he beheld to be a painting, he there-

fore turned to rush out; but Leonardo withheld him, saying: The shield will serve the purpose for which it has been executed, take it therefore and carry it away, for this is the effect it was designed to produce. The work seemed something more than wonderful to Ser Piero, and he highly commended the fanciful idea of Leonardo, but he afterwards silently bought from a merchant another shield, whereon there was painted a heart transfixed with an arrow, and this he gave to the countryman, who considered himself obliged to him for it to the end of his life. Some time after Ser Piero secretly sold the shield painted by Leonardo to certain merchants for one hundred ducats,[1] and it subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Milan, sold to him by the same merchants for three hundred ducats. . . .

It is worthy of admiration that this great genius, desiring to give the utmost possible relief to the works executed by him, labored constantly, not content with his darkest shadows, to discover the ground tone of others still darker; thus he sought a black that should produce a deeper shadow, and be yet darker than all other known blacks, to the end that the lights might by these means be rendered still more lucid, until he finally produced that totally dark shade, in which there is absolutely no light left, and objects have more the appearance of things seen by night, than the clearness of forms perceived by the light of day, but all this was done with the purpose of giving greater relief, and of discovering the attaining to the ultimate perfection of art.

Leonardo was so much pleased when he encountered faces of extraordinary character, or heads, beards, or

[1] About $228.

hair of unusual appearance, that he would follow any such, more than commonly attractive, through the whole day, until the figure of the person would become so well impressed on his mind that, having returned home, he would draw him as readily as though he stood before him. Of heads thus obtained there exist many, both masculine and feminine; and I have myself several of them drawn with a pen by his own hand, in the book of drawings so frequently cited. . . .

On the death of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, in the year 1493, Ludovico Sforza was chosen in the same year to be his successor, when Leonardo was invited with great honor to Milan by the Duke, who delighted greatly in the music of the lute, to the end that the master might play before him; Leonardo therefore took with him a certain instrument which he had himself constructed almost wholly of silver, and in the shape of a horse's head, a new and fanciful form calculated to give more force and sweetness to the sound. Here Leonardo surpassed all the musicians who had assembled to perform before the Duke; he was besides one of the best *improvisatori* in verse existing at that time, and the Duke, enchanted with the admirable conversation of Leonardo, was so charmed by his varied gifts that he delighted beyond measure in his society, and prevailed on him to paint an altar-piece, the subject of which was the Nativity of Christ, which was sent by the Duke as a present to the Emperor. For the Dominican monks of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, he also painted a Last Supper, which is a most beautiful and admirable work; to the heads of the Apostles in this picture the master gave so much beauty and majesty that he was

constrained to leave that of Christ unfinished, being convinced that he could not impart to it the divinity which should appertain to and distinguish an image of the Redeemer. But this work, remaining thus in its unfinished state, has been ever held in the highest estimation by the Milanese, and not by them only, but by foreigners also: Leonardo succeeded to perfection in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the Apostles, and the desire felt by them to know by whom their Master is to be betrayed; in the faces of all appear love, terror, anger, or grief and bewilderment, unable as they are to fathom the meaning of their Lord. Nor is the spectator less struck with admiration by the force and truth with which, on the other hand, the master has exhibited the impious determination, hatred, and treachery of Judas. The whole work, indeed, is executed with inexpressible diligence even in its most minute part; among other things may be mentioned the table-cloth, the texture of which is copied with such exactitude, that the linen cloth itself could scarcely look more real.

It is related that the Prior of the Monastery was excessively importunate in pressing Leonardo to complete the picture; he could in no way comprehend wherefore the artist should sometimes remain half a day together absorbed in thought before his work, without making any progress that he could see; this seemed to him a strange waste of time, and he would fain have had him work away as he could make the men do who were digging in his garden, never laying the pencil out of his hand. Not content with seeking to hasten Leonardo, the Prior even complained to the Duke, and tormented

him to such a degree that the latter was at length compelled to send for Leonardo, whom he courteously entreated to let the work be finished, assuring him nevertheless that he did so because impelled by the importunities of the Prior. Leonardo, knowing the Prince to be intelligent and judicious, determined to explain himself fully on the subject with him, although he had never chosen to do so with the Prior. He therefore discoursed with him at some length respecting art, and made it perfectly manifest to his comprehension, that men of genius are sometimes producing most when they seem to be laboring least, their minds being occupied in the elucidation of their ideas, and in the completion of those conceptions to which they afterwards give form and expression with the hand. He further informed the Duke that there were still wanting to him two heads, one of which, that of the Saviour, he could not hope to find on earth, and had not yet attained the power of presenting it to himself in imagination, with all that perfection of beauty and celestial grace which appeared to him to be demanded for the due representation of the Divinity incarnate. The second head still wanting was that of Judas, which also caused him some anxiety, since he did not think it possible to imagine a form of feature that should properly render the countenance of a man who, after so many benefits received from his master, has possessed a heart so depraved as to be capable of betraying his Lord and the Creator of the world; with regard to that second, however, he would make search, and after all — if he could find no better, he need never be at any great loss, for there would always be the head of that troublesome and impertinent Prior. This made the

Duke laugh with all his heart, he declared Leonardo to be completely in the right, and the poor Prior, utterly confounded, went away to drive on the digging in his garden, and left Leonardo in peace: the head of Judas was then finished so successfully that it is indeed the true image of treachery and wickedness; but that of the Redeemer remained, as we have said, incomplete. The admirable excellence of this picture, the beauty of its composition, and the care with which it was executed, awakened in the King of France a desire to have it removed into his own kingdom, insomuch that he made many attempts to discover architects, who might be able to secure it by defenses of wood and iron, that it might be transported without injury. He was not to be deterred by any consideration of the cost that might be incurred, but the painting, being on the wall, His Majesty was compelled to forego his desire, and the Milanese retained their picture. . . .

He afterwards gave his attention, and with increased earnestness, to the anatomy of the human frame, a study wherein Messer Marcantonio della Torre, an eminent philosopher, and himself, did mutually assist and encourage each other. Messer Marcantonio was at that time holding lectures in Pavia, and wrote on the same subject; he was one of the first, as I have heard say, who began to apply the doctrines of Galen to the elucidation of medical science, and to diffuse light over the science of anatomy, which, up to that time, had been involved in the almost total darkness of ignorance. In this attempt Marcantonio was wonderfully aided by the genius and labor of Leonardo, who filled a book with drawings in red crayons, outlined with the pen, all copies made

with the utmost care from bodies dissected by his own hand. In this book he set forth the entire structure, arrangement, and disposition of the bones, to which he afterwards added all the nerves, in their due order, and next supplied the muscles, of which the first are affixed to the bones, the second give the power of cohesion or holding firmly, and the third impart that of motion. Of each separate part he wrote an explanation in rude characters, written backwards and with the left hand, so that whoever is not practised in reading cannot understand them, since they are only to be read with a mirror. Of these anatomical drawings of the human form, a great part is now in the possession of Messer Francesco da Melzo, a Milanese gentleman, who, in the time of Leonardo, was a child of remarkable beauty, much beloved by him, and is now a handsome and amiable old man, who sets great store by these drawings, and treasures them as relics, together with the portrait of Leonardo of blessed memory. To all who read these writings it must appear almost incredible that this sublime genius could, at the same time, discourse, as he has done, of art, and of the muscles, nerves, veins, and every part of the frame, all treated with equal diligence and success. There are, besides, certain other writings of Leonardo, also written with the left hand, in the possession of N. N., a painter of Milan; they treat of painting, of design generally, and of coloring. This artist came to see me in Florence no long time since; he then had an intention of publishing this work, and took it with him to Rome, there to give this purpose effect, but what was the end of the matter I do not know. . . .

For Francesco del Giocondo, Leonardo undertook to

paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife, but, after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished. This work is now in the possession of King Francis of France, and is at Fontainebleau. Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature, may do so to perfection in this head, wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil has been faithfully reproduced. The eyes have the lustrous brightness and moisture which is seen in life, and around them are those pale, red, and slightly livid circles, also proper to nature, with the lashes, which can only be copied, as these are, with the greatest difficulty; the eyebrows also are represented with the closest exactitude, where fuller and where more thinly set, with the separate hairs delineated as they issue from the skin, every turn being followed, and all the pores exhibited in a manner that could not be more natural than it is: the nose, with its beautiful and delicately roseate nostrils, might easily be believed to be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outline, has the lips uniting the rose tints of their color with that of the face, in the utmost perfection, and the carnation of the cheek does not appear to be painted, but truly of flesh and blood: he who looks earnestly at the pit of the throat cannot but believe that he sees the beating of the pulses, and it may be truly said that this work is painted in a manner well calculated to make the boldest master tremble, and astonishes all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art. Mona Lisa was exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait, he took the precaution of keeping some one constantly near her, to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her,

to the end that she might continue cheerful, and so that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they take. In this portrait of Leonardo's, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression, and a smile so sweet, that while looking at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it has ever been esteemed a wonderful work, since life itself could exhibit no other appearance. . . .

The death of Leonardo caused great sorrow to all who had known him, nor was there ever an artist who did more honor to the art of painting. The radiance of his countenance, which was splendidly beautiful, brought cheerfulness to the heart of the most melancholy, and the power of his word could move the most obstinate to say "No," or "Yes," as he desired; he possessed so great a degree of physical strength, that he was capable of restraining the most impetuous violence, and was able to bend one of the iron rings used for the knockers of doors, or a horseshoe, as if it were lead: with the generous liberality of his nature, he extended shelter and hospitality to every friend, rich or poor, provided only that he were distinguished by talent or excellence; the poorest and most insignificant abode was rendered beautiful and honorable by his works; and as the city of Florence received a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, so did it suffer a more than grievous loss at his death. To the art of painting in oil this master contributed the discovery of a certain mode of deepening the shadows, whereby the later artists have been enabled to give great force and relief to their figures. His abilities in statuary were proved by three figures in bronze, which are over the

north door of San Giovanni; they were cast by Gio Francesco Rustici, but conducted under the advice of Leonardo, and are, without doubt, the most beautiful castings that have been seen in these later days, whether for design or finish.

PADRE BANDELLI PROSES TO THE DUKE LUDOVICO SFORZA ABOUT LEONARDO DA VINCI

BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

[When Leonardo da Vinci was about thirty, he went to Milan, where he served the Duke Ludovico as head engineer in various military enterprises, worked as an architect, and took charge of several brilliant festivals. All this was besides his teaching of painting. It was for the Duke Ludovico that he painted his famous "Last Supper." After the fall of the Duke, Leonardo served Cesare Borgia as a military engineer, and painted the wonderful Mona Lisa, whose mysterious smile has baffled the critics for four centuries. This picture was stolen from the Louvre in 1911 and recovered two years later in Milan. Leonardo became court painter to Louis XII; then to Francis I. His last days were spent in scientific research.

Clara Erskine Clement says: "The greatest work which Leonardo did there [in Milan] was the painting of the Last Supper, on the wall of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie. This picture has remained famous to this day, and although it is now almost destroyed by the effect of time, such engravings have been made from it that we can imagine how it looked when perfect. Some good copies, made while it was in fair preservation, exist in other cities."

The Editor.]

Two steps, your Highness, — let me go before,
And let some light down this dark corridor, —
Ser Leonardo keeps the only key
To the main entrance here so jealously,

That we must creep in at this secret door
If we his great Cenacolo would see.

The work shows talent, — that I must confess;
The heads, too, are expressive, every one;
But, with his idling and fastidiousness,
I fear his picture never will be done.

'T is twenty months since first upon the wall
This Leonardo smoothed his plaster, — then
He spent two months before he began to scrawl
His figures, which were scarcely outlined, when
Some new fit seized him, and he spoilt them all.
As he began the first month that he came,
So he went on, month after month the same.
At times, when he had worked from morn to night
For weeks and weeks on some apostle's head,
In one hour, as it were from sudden spite,
He'd wipe it out. When I remonstrated,
Saying, "Ser Leonardo, you erase
More than you leave, — that's not the way to paint;
Before you finish we shall all be dead";
Smiling he turns (he has a pleasant face,
Though he would try the patience of a saint
With all his wilful ways), and calmly said,
"I wiped it out because it was not right;
I wish it had been, for your sake, no less
Than for this pious convent's; and indeed,
The simple truth, good Padre, to confess,
I've not the least objection to succeed:
But I must please myself as well as you,
Since I must answer for the work I do."

There was St. John's head, *that* I verily thought
He'd never finish. Twenty times at least
I thought it done, but still he wrought and wrought,
Defaced, remade, until at last he ceased
To work at all, — went off and locked the door, —
Was gone three days, — then came and sat before
The picture full an hour, — then calmly rose
And scratched out in a trice the mouth and nose.
This is sheer folly, as it seems to me,
Or worse than folly. Does your Highness pay
A certain sum to him for every day?
If so, the reason's very clear to see.
No? Then his brain *is* touched, assuredly.

At last, however, as you see, 't is done, —
All but our Lord's head, and the Judas there.
A month ago he finished the St. John,
And has not touched it since. That I'm aware;
And now he neither seems to think nor care
About the rest, but wanders up and down
The cloistered gallery in his long dark gown,
Picking the black stones out to step upon;
Or through the garden paces listlessly
With eyes fixed on the ground, hour after hour,
While now and then he stoops and picks a flower,
And smells it, as it were, abstractedly.
What he is doing is a plague to me!
Sometimes he stands before yon orange-pot,
His hands behind him just as if he saw
Some curious thing upon its leaves, and then,
With a quick glance, as if a sudden thought
Had struck his mind, there, standing on the spot,

LUDOVICO SFORZA AND DA VINCI

He takes a little tablet out to draw,
Then, muttering to himself, walks on again.
He is the very oddest man of men!

But, as I was observing, there have passed
Some twenty long and weary months since he
First turned us out of our refectory,
And who knows how much longer this may last,
Yet if our painter worked there steadily,
I could say nothing; but the work stands still,
While he goes idling round the cloisters' shade.
Pleasant enough for him, — but is he paid
For idle dreaming thoughts, or work and skill?

I crave your pardon; if I speak amiss,
Your Highness will, I hope, allowance make
That I have spoken for your Highness' sake,
And not that us it inconveniences,
Although it is a scandal to us all
To see this picture half done on the wall.
A word from your most gracious lips, I feel,
Would greatly quicken Ser Leonardo's zeal,
And we should soon see o'er our daily board,
The Judas finished, and our blessed Lord.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND POPE JULIUS II

[1506-1512]

BY ANNA JAMESON

[WHEN only a boy Michael Angelo became a student in the school of the Medici. Some of his work was so pleasing to Lorenzo the Magnificent that until the death of the Duke, in 1492, his house was the boy's home. Orders for statues and shrines and groups poured in upon the young artist. Before many years had passed, he undertook, though unwillingly, to carry out the Pope's wish that he should decorate the vault of the Sistine Chapel. This was an enormous undertaking for any one man, but it was carried out with a genius that has won for it the admiration of the world. Another superb work of his is the Chapel of the Medici; and yet another is the tomb of Pope Julius II, in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. Here stands his colossal "Moses," at whose completion the artist is said to have cried, "Speak, for thou canst!" The last years of his life were devoted to architecture, and were filled not only with every honor that could be shown him, but also with most perfect friendships.

The Editor.]

MICHAEL ANGELO had at all times a lofty idea of his own dignity as an artist, and never would stoop either to flatter a patron or to conciliate a rival. Julius II, though now seventy-four, was as impatient of contradiction, as fiery in temper, as full of magnificent and ambitious projects, as if he had been in the prime of life; in his service was the famous architect Bramante, who beheld with jealousy and alarm the increasing fame of Michael Angelo and his influence with the pontiff, and set himself

by indirect means to lessen both. He insinuated to Julius that it was ominous to erect his own mausoleum during his lifetime, and the Pope gradually fell off in his attentions to Michael Angelo, and neglected to supply him with the necessary funds for carrying on the work. On one occasion Michael Angelo, finding it difficult to obtain access to the Pope, sent a message to him to this effect, that "henceforth, if His Holiness desired to see him, he should send to seek him elsewhere"; and the same night, leaving orders with his servants to dispose of his property, he departed for Florence. The Pope dispatched five couriers after him with threats, persuasions, promises, but in vain. He wrote to the Gonfaloniere Soderini, then at the head of the Government of Florence, commanding him, on pain of his extreme displeasure, to send Michael Angelo back to him; but the inflexible artist absolutely refused; three months were spent in vain negotiations. Soderini, at length, fearing the Pope's anger, prevailed on Michael Angelo to return, and sent with him his relation, Cardinal Soderini, to make up the quarrel between the high contending powers. The Pope was then at Bologna, and at the moment when Michael Angelo arrived, he was at supper; he desired him to be brought into his presence, and on seeing him burst into transports of fury, "Instead of obeying our commands and coming to us, thou hast waited till we came in search of thee!" (Bologna being much nearer to Florence than to Rome.) Michael Angelo fell on his knees, and entreated pardon with a loud voice. "Holy Father," said he, "my offense has not arisen from an evil nature; I could no longer endure the insults offered to me in the palace of Your Holiness!"

He remained kneeling, and the Pope continued to bend his brows in silence; when a certain bishop, in attendance on the Cardinal Soderini, thinking to mend the matter, interfered with excuses, representing that "Michael Angelo — poor man! — had erred through ignorance; that artists were wont to presume too much on their genius," and so forth. The irascible Pope, interrupting him with a sharp blow across the shoulders with his staff, exclaimed, "It is thou that art ignorant and presuming, to insult him whom we feel ourselves bound to honor; take thyself out of our sight!" And as the terrified prelate stood transfixed with amazement, the Pope's attendants forced him out of the room. Julius, then, turning to Michael Angelo, gave him his forgiveness and his blessing, and commanded him never again to leave him, promising him on all occasions his favor and protection. This extraordinary scene took place in November, 1506. It was some time after this (about 1512) that Julius II, in speaking of Michael Angelo to Sebastian del Piombo, again showed, in the midst of his anger, his entire appreciation of the man and the artist. "Look," he said, "at the work of Raphael! [the fresco of the Heliodorus.] He no sooner saw the work of Michael Angelo [the ceiling of the Sistine] than he threw aside the manner of Perugino and tried to imitate that of Michael Angelo, who is, notwithstanding [here he burst into a rage], a *terrible* fellow. There is no getting on with him!"

The work on the tomb was not, however, immediately resumed. Michael Angelo was commanded to execute a colossal statue of the Pope to be erected in front of the principal church of Bologna. He threw into the figure

and attitude so much of the haughty and resolute character of the original that Julius, on seeing the model, asked him with a smile whether he intended to represent him as blessing or as cursing. To which Michael Angelo prudently replied that he intended to represent His Holiness as admonishing the inhabitants of Bologna to obedience and submission. "And what," said the Pope, well pleased, "wilt thou put into the other hand?" "A book, may it please Your Holiness." "A book, man!" exclaimed the Pope; "put rather a sword; thou knowest I am no scholar." The fate of this statue, however we may lament it, was fitting and characteristic: a few years afterwards, in 1511, the populace of Bologna rebelled against the popedom, flung down the statue of Julius, and out of the fragments was constructed a cannon, which from its origin was styled "La Giuliana."

On his return to Rome, Michael Angelo wished to have resumed his work on the mausoleum; but the Pope had resolved on the completion of the Sistine Chapel: he commanded Michael Angelo to undertake the decoration of the vaulted ceiling; and the artist was obliged, though reluctantly, to obey. At this time the frescoes which Raphael and his pupils were painting in the chambers of the Vatican had excited the admiration of all Rome. Michael Angelo, who had never exercised himself in the mechanical part of the art of fresco, invited from Florence several painters of eminence to execute his designs under his own superintendence; but they could not reach the grandeur of his conceptions, which became enfeebled under their hands, and one morning, in a mood of impatience, he destroyed all that they had done, closed the doors of the chapel against

them, and would not thenceforth admit them to his presence. He then shut himself up, and proceeded with incredible perseverance and energy to accomplish his task alone; he even prepared his colors with his own hands. He began with the end towards the door; and in the two compartments first painted (though not first in the series), the Deluge, and the Vineyard of Noah, he made the figures too numerous and too small to produce their full effect from below, a fault which he corrected in those executed subsequently. When almost half the work was completed, the Pope insisted on viewing what was done, and the astonishment and admiration it excited rendered him more and more eager to have the whole completed at once. The progress, however, was not rapid enough to suit the impatient temper of the pontiff. On one occasion he demanded of the artist when he meant to finish it; to which Michael Angelo replied calmly, "When I can." "When thou canst!" exclaimed the fiery old Pope: "thou hast a mind that I should have thee thrown from the scaffold!" At length, on the day of All Saints, 1509, half of the ceiling was uncovered to public view, and by October, 1512, the entire work was completed. Michael Angelo had employed on the painting only, without reckoning the time spent in preparing the cartoons, twenty-two months.



MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL IN THE VATICAN

BY HORACE VERNET

(*France.* 1789–1863)

THE beginning of the Vatican Palace is thought to have been a house built in the days of the Emperor Constantine. One Pope after another added to it, and in 1377 it became the papal residence. Little of the present building is older than the fifteenth century; but its lack of architectural harmony is more than made up by its magnificence and the great interest which attaches to it. The Vatican covers thirteen and one half acres and contains more than a thousand rooms. Its picture gallery and its collections of manuscripts are the most valuable in the world. In the times of the Renaissance each Pope in turn aimed at beautifying the Vatican and leaving something to show his touch upon the palace. Alexander VI renovated the old building; Sixtus IV added the Sistine Chapel; Julius II founded the museum; Fra Angelico, Perugino, Michael Angelo, and Raphael were all called upon to adorn what is one of the most magnificent and most famous buildings in the world.

This painting was inspired by the following anecdote. It is said, probably without truth, that Michael Angelo, encountering Raphael in the court of the Vatican, attended by his many pupils, sneeringly remarked, "You walk with the retinue of a prince." To which Raphael is supposed to have given the somewhat uncourteous reply, "And you alone, like an executioner."

In the center of the picture Raphael is seen sketching on a paper that is held by one of his pupils. He has been struck by the graceful attitude of a young mother seated with her child among the throng in the courtyard, and is transferring to canvas by rapid touches the outline of some future picture of the Madonna. Michael Angelo is in front, carrying the model of a statue. From the steps at the right Leonardo da Vinci watches the scene with evident interest, and at the left is Pope Julius II, his head shaded by an umbrella.

RAPHAEL AND HIS CRITIC

[1483–1520]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[RAPHAEL was the son of a painter and grew up in the artistic little city of Urbino. He became a pupil of Perugino, but soon began to execute independent work, and, when barely twenty-one, was met as an equal by the great artists of Florence. The Coronation of the Virgin, painted when he was but twenty, was his first great work. This was in the style of his teacher, but he soon set himself free from all imitative work, and his paintings in the Vatican are in his own individual style. These were done for Julius II, but the succeeding Pope, Leo X, was no less eager to secure the genius of Raphael, and the artist worked as if he realized how few years lay before him. He not only adorned the Vatican, but he was for a time chief architect of St. Peter's; he arranged festivities for the Popes, and wrote a large book on archæology. He died at the age of thirty-seven, and "all Rome flocked to the place for a last sight of the 'divino pittore.'"

The Editor.]

HIS [Raphael's] glory grew great, and the fame of him reached to France and Flanders, and Albert Dürer, the great German painter and engraver, sent to Raffaello a tribute of his own works, a portrait of himself painted in water-color on very fine linen, so that it showed equally on both sides. And Raffaello, marveling at it, sent to him many drawings from his own hand, which were much prized by Albert. Also the goldsmith, Francesco Francia of Bologna, heard of him, and desired greatly to

see him. For while he was enjoying in peace the glory he had earned by his labors in Bologna, many gentlemen of that city going to Rome went to see Raffaello and his works. And as it is usually the case that men like to praise to others those of their own house who have talent, so these Bolognese began to talk to Raffaello in praise of Francia's works, and his life and virtues; and so between them there sprang up a kind of friendship, and Francia and Raffaello saluted each other by letter. And Francia, hearing of the divine works of Raffaello, desired much to see them, but being already old was loath to leave his Bologna. Then it happened that Raffaello painted a picture of St. Cecilia, which was to be sent to Bologna and placed in a chapel in San Giovanni in Monte, and having packed it, he directed it to Francia as his friend that he might set it up in the chapel. At which Francia was very glad, having so long desired to see one of Raffaello's works. And having opened Raffaello's letter (in which he prayed him, if he found it scratched, to mend it, and also, if he saw any error, like a true friend, to correct it), with great delight he drew the picture out of the case and put it in a good light. But so great was his astonishment at what he saw that, recognizing his foolish presumption, he fell sick of grief, and in a short time died. For the picture of Raffaello was divine, not painted but living; and Francia, half dead with the shock, and altogether disheartened by the beauty of the picture compared with those which he saw around him by his own hand, had it placed carefully in the chapel where it was to be, and then in a few days took to his bed, feeling that in art he was nothing compared to what he had thought himself

to be and was reputed by others, and died of grief and melancholy. However, some people say that his death was so sudden that it was more like poison or apoplexy.

After this Raffaello painted for the Brothers of Monte Oliveto, in the monastery called Santa Maria dello Spasimo of Palermo, a picture of Christ bearing his cross, which when it was finished nearly met with an evil end. For as it was being borne by sea to Palermo, a horrible tempest cast the ship upon a rock, and it was broken to pieces, and all the crew lost, with the merchandise, except this picture, which was carried in its case by the sea to Genoa. Here being drawn to shore, it was seen to be a thing divine, and was taken care of, being found uninjured, even the fury of the winds and waves having respect to the beauty of such a work. When the news of it was spread abroad, the monks sought to regain it, and with the intercession of the Pope obtained it, satisfying the demands of those that saved it. Being carried safe to Sicily, it was placed in Palermo, where it has more reputation than the volcano itself.

VASARI'S MEMORIES OF TITIAN

[1477–1576]

BY GIORGIO VASARI

[TITIAN was born in a little town in the Alps, in 1477. When a child of nine, he was apprenticed to a maker of mosaics in Venice. He was slow in developing, and while Raphael was called to Rome at the age of twenty-seven, no such invitation came to Titian until he was forty. This invitation he declined, and was soon made portrait painter to the Doges. Honors came rapidly and in generous measure. He was made court painter of Spain, and was summoned to paint a portrait of the Emperor. During the last years of his life, he painted little but religious pictures. His rapid, sweeping method of painting did away in great degree with the painfully finished detail work of earlier artists. He died in 1576, in his hundredth year.

The Editor.]

IN the year 1546 he [Titian] was called by Cardinal Farnese to Rome, where he found Vasari employed in the hall of the cardinal, and Titian being recommended to his care, he took him about to see Rome. And after he had rested some days, rooms were given him in the Belvedere that he might paint the Pope Paul III, Cardinal Farnese, and Duke Ottavio, which he completed to their great satisfaction. Afterwards he painted an Ecce Homo to present to the Pope; but whatever the cause might be, it did not appear to painters equal to his other paintings, especially his portraits.

One day Michael Angelo and Vasari went together to

see Titian in the Belvedere, and he showed them a picture he had just painted of Danaë in the shower of gold, and they praised it much. After they had left him, talking over Titian's work, Buonarotti commended him greatly, saying that his color pleased him, but that it was a fault that at Venice they did not learn first of all to draw well, for if this man, he said, were assisted by art as he is by nature, especially in imitating life, it would not be possible to surpass him, for he has the finest talent and a very pleasant, vivacious manner.

Titian left Rome at length, having received many gifts, particularly a benefice with good revenues for his son Pomponio. Coming to Florence, he saw the rare things in that city, and was no less astonished than he had been at Rome, and so returned to Venice.

But because his works are infinite, especially his portraits, it is impossible to mention them all. So to speak only of the most remarkable without order of time. He painted Charles V many times, and was at last called to his court that he might paint him as he was almost in his last years; and so much did he please that invincible Emperor that he would never afterwards be painted by any other painter, and every time Titian painted him he had a donative of one thousand crowns of gold. His Majesty also made him a knight, with a provision of two hundred crowns from the treasury of Naples. When he painted the portraits of Philip, King of Spain, and his son Carlos, he received from him a settled provision of two hundred crowns; so that, adding these four hundred to the three hundred that he had from the Venetian Signory, he received seven hundred crowns a year without any labor for it. He painted Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and

his sons, and the Queen Maria. But what is the use of losing time in this way? There is no lord of note or prince or great lady who has not been painted by Titian; and besides, at different times, he produced many other works.

It is true that his way of working in his last pictures is very different from that of his youth. For his first works were finished with great diligence, and might be looked at near or far; but the last are worked with great patches of color, so that they cannot be seen near, but at a distance they look perfect. This is the reason that many think they are done without any trouble, but this is not true. And this way of working is most judicious, for it makes the pictures seem living.

All these works, with a great many others, which cannot be mentioned, lest I should become tedious, he has completed, having now reached the age of seventy-six. He has been most healthy, and as fortunate as any one has ever been. In his house at Venice he has received all the princes and learned and famous men who have come to Venice; for besides his excellence in art, his manners have been most pleasant and courteous. He has had some rivals, but not very dangerous ones. He has earned much, for his works have always been well paid; but it would be well for him, in these his last years, to work only for pastime, lest he diminish his reputation.

When the present writer was in Venice in 1566, he went to visit Titian, and found him, old as he was, with his brush in his hand, painting, and he found great pleasure in seeing his works and talking with him.

Thus Titian, having adorned Venice, or rather, Italy,

and other parts of the world, with the finest pictures, deserves to be loved and studied by artists, and in many things imitated, for he has done works worthy of infinite praise, which will last as long as illustrious men are remembered.

V

MODERN ITALY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THERE is little to say of either the seventeenth or the eighteenth century, except that the latter was especially marked by warfare. The War of the Spanish Succession, that of the Polish Succession, and that of the Austrian Succession all threw Europe into a ferment. After the settlement of the last, Italy dwelt in comparative peace for some forty years; then came the French Revolution and the rule of Napoleon.

At the breaking-out of the French Revolution, the Two Sicilies and Parma were ruled by Spain; north of the Sicilies and beginning with Gaeta and Rome, the States of the Church, a long, irregular strip stretching to the northward, belonged to the Pope; to the northwest of this were Lombardy, Modena, and Piacenza, which were subject to Austria, as was also Tuscany, with the little republic of Lucca. Farther west was the Kingdom of Sardinia. Venice and Genoa were half independent; Corsica had been given up to France. Within the States of the Church was the tiny republic of San Marino.

At the downfall of Napoleon, representatives of the different European States met at Vienna in 1814 to rearrange the boundaries which his conquests had thrown into confusion. Italy was put as nearly as possible into the same condition as before the French Revolution; but she had no idea of remaining there. The insurrections of her people were crushed by Austria; but the spirit of freedom had been fully aroused and would not down. In 1848, a third attempt was made to win independence and a united country. This was suppressed by the Austrians and the French. But the end was not yet. On the throne of Sardinia was Victor Emmanuel II. His minister was Count Cavour. These two, together with Garibaldi, a man of the most venturesome daring, singularly combined with rare ability as a commander, finally led the Italians to their independence. In 1871, Victor Emmanuel II entered Rome and took up his residence in the city as the capital of Italy.

Such is the story of the struggle of the Italians for liberty and union.

WHEN NAPOLEON CROSSED THE ALPS

[1800]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[IN 1796, the French under Napoleon succeeded in driving the Austrians from their holdings in northern Italy; but while Napoleon was in Egypt, in 1799, the French armies were defeated both in Italy and on the Rhine. Napoleon had now become First Consul. During the following year he crossed the Alps and by the victory of Marengo became master of the whole peninsula. He divided it up into small States, and gave over their government into the hands of his relatives and friends.

The following extract pictures Napoleon's crossing of the Alps.

The Editor.]

MARSHAL MELAS had spread his vast host of one hundred and forty thousand Austrians through all the strongholds of Italy, and was pressing with tremendous energy and self-confidence upon the frontiers of France. Napoleon, instead of marching with his inexperienced troops to meet the heads of the triumphant columns of Melas, resolved to climb the rugged and apparently inaccessible fortresses of the Alps, and, descending from the clouds over pathless precipices, to fall with the sweep of the avalanche upon their rear. It was necessary to assemble this army at some favorable point, to gather in vast magazines its munitions of war. It was necessary that this should be done in secret, lest the Austrians, climbing to the summits of the Alps, and defending the gorges through which the troops of Napoleon would

be compelled to wind their difficult and tortuous way, might render the passage impossible. English and Austrian spies were prompt to communicate to the hostile powers every movement of the First Consul.

Napoleon fixed upon Dijon and its vicinity as the rendezvous of his troops. He, however, adroitly and completely deceived his foes by ostentatiously announcing the very plan he intended to carry into operation. Of course the Allies thought that this was a foolish attempt to draw their attention from the real point of attack. The more they ridiculed the imaginary army of Dijon, the more loudly did Napoleon reiterate his commands for battalions and magazines to be collected there. The spies who visited Dijon reported that but a few regiments were assembled in that place, and that the announcement was clearly a very weak pretense to deceive. The print-shops of London and Vienna were filled with caricatures of the army of Dijon. The English especially made themselves very merry with Napoleon's grand army to scale the Alps. It was believed that the energies of the Republic were utterly exhausted in raising the force which was given to Moreau. One of the caricatures represented the army as consisting of a boy dressed in his father's clothes, shouldering a musket which he could with difficulty lift, and eating a piece of gingerbread, and an old man with one arm and a wooden leg. The artillery consisted of a rusty blunderbuss. This derision was just what Napoleon desired. Though dwelling in the shadow of that mysterious melancholy which ever enveloped his spirit, he must have enjoyed in the deep recesses of his soul the majestic movements of his plans.

WHEN NAPOLEON CROSSED THE ALPS

On the eastern frontiers of France there surge up, from luxuriant meadows and vine-clad fields and hillsides, the majestic ranges of the Alps, piercing the clouds, and soaring with glittering pinnacles into the region of perpetual ice and snow. Vast spurs of the mountains extend on each side, opening gloomy gorges and frightful defiles, through which foaming torrents rush impetuously, walled in by almost precipitous cliffs, whose summits, crowned with melancholy firs, are inaccessible to the foot of man. The principal pass over this enormous ridge was that of the Great St. Bernard. The traveler, accompanied by a guide, and mounted on a mule, slowly and painfully ascended a steep and rugged path, now crossing a narrow bridge, spanning a fathomless abyss, again creeping along the edge of a precipice, where the eagle soared and screamed over the fir tops in the abyss below, and where a perpendicular wall rose to giddy heights in the clouds above. The path, at times, was so narrow, that it seemed that the mountain goat could with difficulty find a foothold for its slender hoof. A false step, or a slip upon the icy rocks, would precipitate the traveler, a mangled corpse, a thousand feet upon the fragments of granite in the gulf beneath. As higher and higher he climbed these wild, rugged, and cloud-enveloped paths, borne by the unerring instinct of the faithful mule, his steps were often arrested by the roar of the avalanche, and he gazed appalled upon its resistless rush, as rocks, and trees, and earth, and snow, and ice, swept by him with awful and resistless desolation, far down into the dimly discerned torrents which rushed beneath his feet.

At God's bidding the avalanche fell. No precaution

could save the traveler who was in its path. He was instantly borne to destruction, and buried where no voice but the archangel's trump could ever reach his ear. Terrific storms of wind and snow often swept through those bleak altitudes, blinding and smothering the traveler. Hundreds of bodies, like pillars of ice, embalmed in snow, are now sepulchered in those drifts, there to sleep till the fires of the last conflagration shall have consumed their winding sheet. Having toiled two days through such scenes of desolation and peril, the adventurous traveler stands upon the summit of the pass, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet higher than the crest of Mount Washington, our own mountain monarch. This summit, over which the path winds, consists of a small level plain, surrounded by mountains of snow of still higher elevation.

The scene here presented is inexpressibly gloomy and appalling. Nature in these wild regions assumes her most severe and somber aspect. As one emerges from the precipitous and craggy ascent upon this Valley of Desolation, as it is emphatically called, the Convent of St. Bernard presents itself to the view.

This cheerless abode, the highest spot of inhabited ground in Europe, has been tenanted for more than a thousand years by a succession of joyless and self-denying monks, who, in that frigid retreat of granite and ice, endeavor to serve their Maker by rescuing bewildered travelers from the destruction with which they are ever threatened to be overwhelmed by the storms which battle against them. In the middle of this ice-bound valley lies a lake, clear, dark, and cold, whose

depths, even in midsummer, reflect the eternal glaciers which soar sublimely around. The descent to the plains of Italy is even more precipitous and dangerous than the ascent from the green pastures of France. No vegetation adorns these dismal and stormswept cliffs of granite and of ice. The pinion of the eagle fails in its rarefied air, and the chamois ventures not to climb its steep and slippery crags. No human beings are ever to be seen on these bleak summits, except the few shivering travelers who tarry for an hour to receive the hospitality of the convent, and the hooded monks, wrapped in thick and coarse garments, with their staves and their dogs, groping through the storms of sleet and snow. Even the wood, which burns with frugal faintness on their hearths, is borne, in painful burdens, up the mountain sides upon the shoulders of the monks.

Such was the barrier which Napoleon intended to surmount, that he might fall upon the rear of the Austrians, who were battering down the walls of Genoa, where Massena was besieged, and who were thundering, flushed with victory, at the very gates of Nice. Over this wild mountain pass, where the mule could with difficulty tread, and where no wheel had ever rolled, or by any possibility could roll, Napoleon contemplated transporting an army of sixty thousand men, with ponderous artillery and tons of cannon balls, and baggage, and all the bulky munitions of war. England and Austria laughed the idea to scorn. The achievement of such an enterprise was apparently impossible.

Napoleon, however, was as skillful in the arrangement of the minutest details as in the conception of the grandest combinations. Though he resolved to take the mass

of his army, forty thousand strong, across the pass of the Great St. Bernard, yet, to distract the attention of the Austrians, he arranged also to send small divisions across the passes of St. Gothard, Little St. Bernard, and Mount Cenis. He would thus accumulate suddenly, and to the amazement of the enemy, a body of sixty-five thousand men upon the plains of Italy. This force, descending like an apparition from the clouds, in the rear of the Austrian army, headed by Napoleon, and cutting off all communication with Austria, might indeed strike a panic into the hearts of the assailants of France.

The troops were collected in various places in the vicinity of Dijon, ready at a moment's warning to assemble at the place of rendezvous, and with a rush to enter the defile. Immense magazines of wheat, biscuit, and oats had been noiselessly collected in different places. Large sums of specie had been forwarded, to hire the services of every peasant, with his mule, who inhabited the valleys among the mountains. Mechanic shops, as by magic, suddenly rose along the path, well supplied with skillful artisans, to repair all damages, to dismount the artillery, to divide the gun-carriages and the baggage-wagons into fragments, that they might be transported, on the backs of men and mules, over the steep and rugged way. For the ammunition a vast number of small boxes were prepared, which could easily be packed upon the mules. A second company of mechanics, with camp forges, had been provided, to cross the mountain with the first division, and rear their shops upon the plain on the other side, to mend the broken harness, to reconstruct the carriages, and remount the pieces.

On each side of the mountain a hospital was established, and supplied with every comfort for the sick and the wounded. The foresight of Napoleon extended to sending, even at the very last moment, to the convent upon the summit, an immense quantity of bread, cheese, and wine. Each soldier, to his surprise, was to find, as he arrived at the summit, exhausted with herculean toil, a generous slice of bread and cheese, with a refreshing cup of wine, presented to him by the monks. All these minute details Napoleon arranged, while at the same time he was doing the work of a dozen energetic men in reorganizing the whole structure of society in France. If toil pays for greatness, Napoleon purchased the renown which he attained. And yet his body and mind were so constituted that his sleepless activity was to him a pleasure.

The appointed hour at last arrived. On the 7th of May, 1800, Napoleon entered his carriage at the Tuileries, saying, —

"Good-bye, my dear Josephine! I must go to Italy. I shall not forget you, and I will not be absent long."

At a word, the whole majestic array was in motion. Like a meteor he swept over France. He arrived at the foot of the mountains. The troops and all the paraphernalia of war were on the spot at the designated hour. Napoleon immediately appointed a very careful inspection. Every foot-soldier and every horseman passed before his scrutinizing eye. If a shoe was ragged, or a jacket torn, or a musket injured, the defect was immediately repaired. His glowing words inspired the troops with the ardor which was burning in his own bosom. The genius of the First Consul was infused into

the mighty host. Each man exerted himself to the utmost. The eye of their chief was everywhere, and his cheering voice roused the army to almost superhuman exertions. Two skillful engineers had been sent to explore the path, and to do what could be done in the removal of obstructions. They returned with an appalling recital of the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the way.

"Is it *possible*," inquired Napoleon, "to cross the pass?"

"Perhaps," was the hesitating reply; "it is within the limits of *possibility*."

"Forward, then," was the energetic response.

Each man was required to carry, besides his arms, food for several days and a large quantity of cartridges. As the sinuosities of the precipitous paths could only be trod in single file, the heavy wheels were taken from the carriages, and each, slung upon a pole, was borne by two men. The task for the foot-soldiers was far less than for the horsemen. The latter clambered up on foot, dragging their horses after them. The descent was very dangerous. The dragoon, in the steep and narrow path, was compelled to walk before his horse. At the least stumble he was exposed to being plunged headlong into the abysses yawning before him. In this way many horses and several riders perished. To transport the heavy cannon and howitzers, pine logs were split in the center, the parts hollowed out, and the guns sunk into the grooves. A long string of mules, in single file, were attached to the ponderous machines of war, to drag them up the slippery ascent. The mules soon began to fail, and then the men, with hearty good will, brought

their own shoulders into the harness — a hundred men to a single gun. Napoleon offered the peasants two hundred dollars for the transportation of a twelve-pounder over the pass. The love of gain was not strong enough to allure them to such tremendous exertions. But Napoleon's fascination over the hearts of his soldiers was a more powerful impulse. With shouts of encouragement they toiled at the cables, successive bands of a hundred men relieving each other every half hour. High on those craggy steeps, gleaming through the mist, the glittering bands of armed men like phantoms appeared. The eagle wheeled and screamed beneath their feet. The mountain goat, affrighted by the unwonted spectacle, bounded away, and paused in bold relief upon the cliff, to gaze upon the martial array which so suddenly had peopled the solitude.

When they approached any spot of very especial difficulty, the trumpets sounded the charge, which re-echoed, with sublime reverberations, from pinnacle to pinnacle of rock and ice. Animated by these bugle notes, the soldiers strained every nerve as if rushing upon the foe. Napoleon offered to these bands the same reward which he had promised to the peasants. But to a man they refused the gold. They had imbibed the spirit of their chief, his enthusiasm, and his proud superiority to all mercenary motives. "We are not toiling for money," said they, "but for your approval, and to share your glory."

Napoleon, with his wonderful tact, had introduced a slight change into the artillery service, which was productive of immense moral results. The gun carriages had hitherto been driven by mere wagoners, who, being

considered, not as soldiers, but as servants, and sharing not in the glory of victory, were uninfluenced by any sentiment of honor. At the first approach of danger, they were ready to cut their traces and gallop from the field, leaving their cannon in the hands of the enemy.

Napoleon said, "The cannoneer who brings his piece into action performs as valuable a service as the cannoneer who works it. He runs the same danger, and requires the same moral stimulus, which is the sense of honor."

He therefore converted the artillery drivers into soldiers, and clothed them in the uniform of their respective regiments. They constituted twelve thousand horsemen, who were animated with as much pride in carrying their pieces into action and in bringing them off with rapidity and safety, as the gunners felt in loading, directing, and discharging them. It was now the great glory of these men to take care of their guns. They loved, tenderly, the merciless monsters. They lavished caresses and terms of endearment upon the glittering, polished, death-dealing brass. The heart of man is a strange enigma. Even when most degraded, it needs something to love. These blood-stained soldiers, brutalized by vice, amid all the horrors of battle, lovingly fondled the murderous machines of war, responding to the appeal, "Call me pet names, dearest." The unrelenting gun was the stern cannoneer's lady-love. He kissed it with unwashed, mustached lip. In rude and rough devotion he was ready to die rather than abandon the only object of his idolatrous homage. Consistently he named it Mary, Emma, Lizzie. In crossing the Alps, dark night came on, as some cannoneers were flounder-

ing through drifts of snow, toiling at their guns. They would not leave the gun alone in the cold storm, to seek for themselves a dry bivouac; but, like brothers guarding a sister, they threw themselves, for the night, upon the bleak and frozen snow by its side. It was the genius of Napoleon which thus penetrated these mysterious depths of the human soul, and called to his aid those mighty energies. "It is nothing but imagination," said one once to Napoleon. "*Nothing but imagination!*" he rejoined. "*Imagination rules the world.*"

When they arrived at the summit, each soldier found, to his surprise and joy, the abundant comforts which Napoleon's kind care had provided. One would have anticipated there a scene of terrible confusion. To feed an army of forty thousand hungry men is not a light undertaking. Yet everything was so carefully arranged, and the influence of Napoleon so boundless, that not a soldier left the ranks. Each man received his slice of bread and cheese, and quaffed his cup of wine, and passed on. It was a point of honor for no one to stop. Whatever obstructions were in the way were to be at all hazards surmounted, that the long file, extending nearly twenty miles, might not be thrown into confusion. The descent was more perilous than the ascent. But fortune seemed to smile. The sky was clear, the weather delightful, and in four days the whole army was reassembled on the plains of Italy.

Napoleon had sent Berthier forward to receive the division and to superintend all necessary repairs, while he himself remained to press forward the mighty host. He was the last man to cross the mountains. Seated upon a mule, with a young peasant for a guide, slowly

and thoughtfully he ascended those silent solitudes. He was dressed in the gray coat which he always wore. Art has pictured him as bounding up the cliff, proudly mounted on a prancing charger; but truth presents him in an attitude more simple and more sublime. Even the young peasant who acted as his guide was entirely unconscious of the distinguished rank of the plain traveler whose steps he was conducting.

Much of the way Napoleon was silent, abstracted in thought. And yet he found time for human sympathy. He drew from his young and artless guide the secrets of his heart. The young peasant was sincere and virtuous. He loved a fair maid among the mountains. She loved him. It was his heart's great desire to have her for his own. He was poor, and had neither house nor land to support a family. Napoleon, struggling with all his energies against combined England and Austria, and with all the cares of an army, on the march to meet one hundred and twenty thousand foes, crowding his mind, won the confidence of his companion, and elicited this artless recital of love and desire.

As Napoleon dismissed his guide with an ample reward, he drew from his pocket a pencil, and upon a loose piece of paper wrote a few lines, which he requested the young man to give, on his return, to the Administrator of the Army upon the other side. When the guide returned and presented the note, he found, to his unbounded surprise and delight, that he had conducted Napoleon over the mountains, and that Napoleon had given him a field and a house. He was thus enabled to be married, and to realize all the dreams of his modest ambition. Generous impulses must have been instinc-

tive in a heart which, in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathizing with a peasant's love. This young man but recently died, having passed his quiet life in the enjoyment of the field and the cottage which had been given him by the ruler of the world.

The army now pressed forward, with great alacrity, along the banks of the Aosta. They were threading a beautiful valley, rich in verdure, and blooming beneath the sun of early spring. Cottages, vineyards and orchards in full bloom, embellished their path, while upon each side of them rose, in majestic swells, the fir-clad sides of the mountains. The Austrians, pressing against the frontiers of France, had no conception of the storm which had so suddenly gathered, and which was, with resistless sweep, approaching their rear. The French soldiers, elated with the achievement they had accomplished, and full of confidence in their leader, marched gayly on. But the valley before them began to grow more and more narrow. The mountains on either side rose more precipitous and craggy. The Aosta, crowded into a narrow channel, rushed foaming over the rocks, leaving barely room for a road along the side of the mountain. Suddenly the march of the whole army was arrested by a fort, built upon an inaccessible rock, which rose pyramidally from the bed of the stream. Bristling cannon, skillfully arranged on well-constructed bastions, swept the pass, and rendered further advance apparently impossible.

Rapidly the tidings of this unexpected obstruction spread from the van to the rear. Napoleon immediately

hastened to the front ranks. Climbing the mountain opposite the fort by a goat path, he threw himself down upon the ground, where a few bushes concealed his person from the shot of the enemy, and with his telescope long and carefully examined the fort and the surrounding crags. He perceived one elevated spot, far above the fort, where a cannon might by possibility be drawn. From that position its shot could be plunged upon the unprotected bastions below.

Upon the face of the opposite cliff, far beyond the reach of cannon-balls, he discerned a narrow shelf in the rock, by which he thought it possible that a man could pass. The march was immediately commenced, in single file, along this giddy ridge. And even the horses, inured to the terrors of the Great St. Bernard, were led by their riders upon the narrow path which a horse's hoof had never trod before, and probably will never tread again. The Austrians in the fort had the mortification of seeing thirty-five thousand soldiers, with numerous horses, defile along this airy line, as if adhering to the side of the rock, but neither bullet nor ball could harm them.

Napoleon ascended this mountain ridge, and upon its summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness and toil, laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chieftain might not be disturbed. It was an interesting spectacle to witness the tender affection beaming from the countenances of these bronzed and war-worn veterans, as every foot trod softly and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon.

The artillery could by no possibility be thus transported; and an army without artillery is a soldier without weapons. The Austrian commander wrote to Melas that he had seen an army of thirty-five thousand men and four thousand horse creeping by the fort, along the face of Mount Albaredo. He assured the commander-in-chief, however, that not one single piece of artillery had passed, or could pass, beneath the guns of his fortress. When he was writing this letter, already had one half the cannon and ammunition of the army been conveyed by the fort, and were safely and rapidly proceeding on their way down the valley.

In the darkness of the night, trusty men, with great caution and silence, strewed hay and straw upon the road. The wheels of the lumbering carriages were carefully bound with cloths and wisps of straw, and, with axles well oiled, were drawn by the hands of these picked men beneath the very walls of the fortress, and within half pistol-shot of its guns. In two nights the artillery and the baggage-trains were thus passed along, and in a few days the fort itself was compelled to surrender. Melas, the Austrian commander, now awoke, in consternation, to a sense of his peril. Napoleon — the dreaded Napoleon — had, as by a miracle, crossed the Alps.

HOW ITALY BECAME A UNITED COUNTRY

[1848–1861]

BY LOUISE CREIGHTON

AFTER the fall of Napoleon, the princes whom he had driven out of Italy came back to their lands. In the north of Italy, Lombardy and Venice fell again under Austrian rule. The dukes and princes who ruled in the other parts of Italy were all friends of the Emperor of Austria; many of them were not even Italians; and they ruled very harshly. The Italians hated the rule of Austria. The ideas of the French Revolution had made them, too, long for liberty and equality. Many Italians said that Italy ought to be one country with a government of its own, and that the Austrians must be driven out. Italy had never been one nation, and this was a new idea; but to free Italy from the foreigner, and to unite all Italians now became the passionate desire of many who were inspired by the love of their beautiful land, and by the memory of the great men who had made her name famous.

Chief amongst these patriots was Mazzini, a native of Genoa. By his words and his writings, he taught the Italians to realize their wrongs, to burn with hatred for all oppressors, and to long for liberty. There were Austrian spies everywhere, and these new ideas could only be spread by secret societies. Many of those who belonged to the party of "Young Italy," which Mazzini founded, were thrown into prison. Mazzini himself was exiled

and spent much of his life in London. But wherever he was, he guided "Young Italy" by his writings and taught his followers to work for a united Italy.

In 1848 the French in Paris had once more risen against the monarchy that had been imposed upon them after the fall of Napoleon. They established a republic, and their example led to risings of the people all over Europe. In Italy most of the rulers were forced to give their peoples constitutions. The Austrians were driven out of Milan, and the King of Sardinia and Piedmont, the one prince who was a true Italian, put himself at the head of the patriots. Most of the states in the north joined him; but he was not strong enough to defeat the well-trained Austrian army, and at the battle of Novara he was utterly defeated. The hopes of "Young Italy" were crushed, and the old King of Piedmont gave up his crown to his son Victor Emmanuel.

In Rome the people had risen against the Pope, driven him out, and set up a republic with Mazzini's help. But the Pope found a friend in the nephew of Napoleon, who had just been chosen President of the French Republic. He sent French troops, who won back Rome for the Pope. All hope of freedom and unity for Italy seemed over, and Austria was triumphant.

The young King of Sardinia and Piedmont, Victor Emmanuel, was very different from the other rulers of Italy. He wanted to be a true friend to his people and to rule them well. He was helped in his reforms by a wise minister, Cavour, who had traveled much and studied the ways of other countries. Those who longed for better things for Italy began to look hopefully to Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. But Cavour was wise and would

not be hurried, and he knew that the little kingdom of Sardinia and Piedmont alone could not be successful against Austria. Victor Emmanuel was a good soldier and did much to improve his little army. He found a friend in France, where the President had succeeded in getting himself made Emperor as Napoleon III. Napoleon now agreed to help the Italians against Austria.

When Victor Emmanuel opened his Parliament in 1859, he told it that it was impossible to be deaf to the cry of anguish that came from many parts of Italy. His words were greeted with enthusiasm. All present sprang to their feet with passionate cries of devotion. Austria, angry at the growth of Victor Emmanuel's power, had bidden him disarm his soldiers if he wished peace to be kept. But now Cavour felt that the time had come to defy Austria. The Sardinian army was bidden to march into Lombardy. The Emperor of the French himself brought French troops to help his ally; and he and Victor Emmanuel led their armies to fight the Austrians. There were two great battles, at Magenta and Solferino. But then Napoleon III thought that he had done enough. He made a truce with Austria at Villafranca by which it was agreed that Lombardy should be united with Piedmont and Sardinia, but Venice was left to Austria, and the other princes were undisturbed.

Cavour was indignant, and would have nothing to do with this treaty. But Victor Emmanuel was wise enough to see that for the moment he must be content. The next year, the other states in North Italy of their own accord joined the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour saw that his master had been right. But it was a bitter moment for them both when they were forced

to give up to Napoleon III as payment for his friendship Savoy on the French side of the Alps and a bit of the coast of the Mediterranean between Mentone and Marseilles. The Italian patriots abused Cavour as a traitor for yielding, but he was powerless.

Amongst those who had fought for the liberation of Italy was the brave soldier Garibaldi. He had gathered round him his own band of followers, brave men who were ready to follow him anywhere. They wore no regular uniform, but were distinguished by their red shirts. Garibaldi's courage and skill as a leader made him the hero of Italy. The peace of Villafranca had done nothing to help the people of Naples and Sicily, who suffered under the most hideous tyranny, and next year the Sicilians rose in revolt. Garibaldi determined to go to their help. Cavour could not allow him to go, because Victor Emmanuel was supposed to be at peace with Bomba, King of Naples and Sicily; but he gave secret instructions that his going was not to be prevented. Garibaldi landed in Sicily and carried all before him. He crossed to Naples, and there, too, he was everywhere victorious. Bomba was driven out, and Garibaldi was named dictator. Then men wondered what he would do next. Mazzini wanted him to proclaim a republic. Cavour was afraid that in the pride of victory he would march to Rome and turn the Pope out, for then the French Emperor would interfere to defend the Pope, and all that had been gained for Italy would be lost.

Cavour thought it well to send some troops south to be ready to keep order. So when Garibaldi had finally defeated Bomba and marched north, he met Victor Emmanuel with his army. To him he gave up the king-

dom he had won, which he called a new and brilliant jewel for his crown. Garibaldi having done his work, asked nothing for himself, and went back quietly to his home in the little island of Caprera.

Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venice, was at last united. The capital, which was first at Turin, the chief city of Piedmont, was moved after a few years to Florence. The government was arranged as a constitutional monarchy, much like that of England. Some, especially Mazzini and his followers, were bitterly disappointed that united Italy was not made a republic, and Garibaldi could not be content so long as Rome was left to the Pope and Venice to Austria. But Victor Emmanuel and his successors have ruled as true constitutional monarchs. Italy has been as free as it would have been under a republic, and many years did not pass before Venice was taken from the Austrians and made part of the kingdom of Italy.

When Naploeon III lost his power and could no longer defend the Pope with French soldiers, the Italians entered Rome, and it is now the capital of Italy. Unfortunately the Pope has always refused to accept the new state of things. The great church of St. Peter and the palace of the Vatican, with its wide gardens, are left to him, and there he lives without ever coming outside.

[Victor Emmanuel II was succeeded by his son Humbert, the "gallant Humbert," as he was called because of his bravery at the battle of Magenta when he was only fifteen years of age. He was greatly beloved by his people; but not even their devotion could protect him from the bullet of an anarchist, and in 1900 he was assassinated.

The Editor.]

THE FORCED RECRUIT

Solferino, 1859

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[This poem is founded upon the fact that many Italians were forced by Austria to fight against their fellow countrymen.
The Editor.]

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him.
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands; —

ITALY

"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he — without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her
Died faithful and passive: 't was hard.

'T was sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory — let *him* have a tear.

GARIBALDI AND HIS PRISONER

[1860]

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

[WHEN Garibaldi was a young man, he was exiled from Italy on political grounds. He could not help his own country to become free, and therefore he went to South America and lent his aid to Rio Grande do Sul and then to Uruguay. In 1849, the "Roman Republic" was established. Of course, Garibaldi was on the spot, and when it came to an end, after only one year of existence, he was again exiled, and came to America.

The following scene is from a work of fiction, but it gives a vivid picture of the famous leader.

The Editor.]

THE battle of Milazzo was over, and Garibaldi, surrounded by his officers, sat in the large living-room of the castle overlooking the blue dancing waves of the Mediterranean. The castle was bare and dreary, for it had long been uninhabited, but in the midst of dust and dingy cobwebs the soldiers secured a few hours of much needed rest, lying stretched at full length upon the stones of the courtyard or in the cellars, the cool dampness very grateful to the weary men after a desperate fight which had lasted many hours.

The room in which the general sat about three o'clock of this eventful day was long and narrow. On the side three windows opened upon the sea, overlooking the gray houses of the village which, in mediæval fashion, were clustered about it. In this manner all country

towns in Italy are built; miniature cities, clinging closely to the cardinal's palace or the castle of a feudal lord. The roofs of the buildings were tiled with red, and terraces opened from them, broad, full of flowers, through which a girl's face occasionally peeped out, half in fear, half in mischief, to watch the doings at the long unoccupied castle. Along the damaged walls of this once handsome hall hung paintings grimly black with age; portraits of former governors — long-nosed, narrow-faced men, whose eyes glared down at the rebel general who had dared to come into their presence and usurp their places. Garibaldi gave but a glance at these relics of a more glorious past. He threw off his cap with an air of relief and motioned the Neapolitan general to sit near him, on one of the plain wooden chairs.

"Be careful that it has a firm seat," he remarked humorously; and the general responded with a smile, "I fear we have not provided luxurious quarters for our conquerors."

"As good as I am used to." Garibaldi shrugged his shoulders. "A bed of roses has never fallen to my share."

The general bowed. His face was pale, and an old wound in his arm had evidently broken out afresh in the exertions of that terrible fight. Though Palermo had been taken at the cost of many lives and much shedding of blood, the battle of Milazzo had been still more sanguinary. Any one but the iron General Garibaldi, who had fought his way through life with his own strong sword, would have been exhausted by the day. He showed a few heavy lines around his eyes, but he might have marched forth to conquer other fortresses if it had been necessary.

Count Romoli looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and admiration. From his bed in the lovely villa he had risen to go back to his soldiers. He had heard how the Sicilians had welcomed Garibaldi, calling him "Savior," "Deliverer," falling on their knees before him and worshiping him as a divine being, with far more reverence than the pagans showed when they bowed before Jove. He knew how the women called down blessings upon him and held up their children that he might lay his hand on their little black heads. And he had listened to the marvelous tales of his bravery; how he fought a whole army single-handed in the jungles of Brazil, how he had been helped by the Amazons; how he had escaped from terrible dangers — been shipwrecked, been captured by pirates — all these, and many other exaggerated tales, passed from mouth to mouth until the name of Garibaldi was surrounded by a halo of romance equal to that of Achilles, of Agamemnon, and all the ancient heroes of Greece and Asia.

"You are my prisoner, I suppose," said General Garibaldi, after a few words of conversation of the battle, "but I beg that you will accept my poor hospitality and eat at my table until orders come from Naples."

A dull crimson swept over Count Romoli's white face. The situation was humiliating. The battle was lost and he was a prisoner. Who would carry the news of the defeat to Alicia, waiting so anxiously at home? The full force of his position came upon him. He — the conqueror — was the prisoner of the rebel Garibaldi!

"I thank you, General," he replied, a little stiffly. "Your courtesy is appreciated. If you permit, I will go

now to the wounded soldiers under my command. They need me."

Garibaldi looked at him a moment, very gravely. Then a smile crossed his face, illuminating and beautifying it. Rising, he held out his hand cordially. As simply as a child he spoke. "Believe me, I could n't help it. I would have given years of my life to save your men their suffering and you this sorrow. But it had to be done, General; it had to be done, and there was no other way but through streams of blood. It is not such noble men as you who have harassed and tortured these people till they were crazy in their agony and sent Crispi to ask me to help them. It is that tyrant at Naples!" He paused for an instant. Fascinated by his earnestness, Count Romoli stood, grasping his hand, and a great love for this brave soldier of fortune sprang up in his soul. Garibaldi was right. The people had been tortured, but the fault lay in the barbarous selfishness of those in authority at Naples, not in the army, which only carries out the commands of its superiors. "Your pardon, General! You are at liberty. Go where you please and return when you please. Only do not forget that in an hour we shall have bread and wine and a little soup — very poor fare — served here, and if your appetite is like mine you will enjoy it."

"I give you my word of honor," stammered Count Romoli, with scarlet face. He loosened from his belt his sword and laid it on the long deal table, which with the rough chairs completed the furnishing of the hall. The metal clanged as the heavy weapon fell upon the wood. "I shall not run away." The count's lips trembled.

Garibaldi sprang forward, seized the sword, fastened the buckle of the belt securely at Count Romoli's waist, and suddenly, exuberantly, kissed the captive general on both cheeks, in the warm, Southern manner.

"We are gentlemen!" he said proudly. "I require no 'parole d'honneur' from my friends."

Stumbling down the irregular stone staircase set deep into the massive walls, the count went. His eyes were dim with tears. Garibaldi, the rebel, had surprised him into emotion. He no longer felt humiliated, for he had experienced that love which binds men together sometimes in links so strong, so lasting, that only death can break them, even though fate may have made them outward enemies, born to lead armies against each other.